

# APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

## "THE MULTITUDINOUS SEAS."

SECOND PAPER.

ONE of the indications that a ship has reached the edge of the Gulf Stream is the Gulf-weed, as it is called, floating by first in small patches and

away. The origin of the Gulf-weed has been a subject of much speculation, the first and natural conjecture being that it was kelp torn off the reefs



GULF-WEED.

then in masses, growing larger and larger and more frequent, and giving the idea that land is not far distant, when perhaps it is yet many hundred miles

washed by the southern portion of the current; but it now seems more probable that the weed is generated on the surface, and is in every sense of the term

an aquatic plant. It is studded with berries like seed-pods, which are really air-floats, without which it would sink, while later investigations have shown that some of the sea-birds deposit their eggs in nests formed in the weed, and thus their young are literally rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Large deposits of this weed grow and float on the surface of the ocean, in the centre of the Atlantic eddies, at a spot called the sea of Sargasso, south and westward of the Canary Islands; it collects there in such dense masses as almost to seem like fen-lands overflowed, and presents considerable resistance to the progress of a ship. Similar floating islands of verdure exist north of the Sandwich Islands and in the neighborhood of Australia, which have not been much explored, being out of the regular track of ships. They are doubtless due, like the sea of Sargasso, to an eddy or neutral point between ocean-currents. Such a place is the Lumber Yard, as it is called, north of the line in the East Atlantic, where there appears to be a common centre or point of convergence for the currents of the North Atlantic. Thither, at last, came fragments of wreck—planks, barrels, or bottles, thrown overboard in a tempest from foundering ships, after floating hither and thither about the stormy seas. There at last rot and waste away all vestiges of many a tragedy, all memorials of many an ill-starred bark whose mysterious fate has caused suspense and despair. The career of a ship is like the career of man: launched with hope and pride to battle for its existence and win renown, perchance it goes down when it has scarcely started on its first voyage; perchance after many wild adventures it endures through all to end a green old age at last in the port where it was built; or, perchance, it wanders off to perish miserably on a hidden shoal, or to vanish mysteriously and leave no record of its fate, while those at home linger and wait in vain. It is not strange that the Anglo-Saxon, with his passionate sea-love, also loves his ship, and affectionately regards it as of the feminine gender. The beauty of form, the coquetry of action, the alternate wayward willfulness and willing submissiveness, the proud bearing, the listless, graceful languor, remind one of the nature of woman; while he remembers, too, that his fate has often been combined with that of his ship, his destiny bound up with hers; together they have battled for very existence; with her aid he has wrested whatever rewards he has won from Fortune; without her he is at a loss what to do; and, with her, perchance he will at last shuffle off this mortal coil, this chrysalis shell of mortality, and going through a sea-change pass away to the ocean of eternity.

Akin to ocean-currents, because suggesting them in appearance, are those smooth, whitish, phosphorescent streaks that often appear on the surface, called sometimes milk-canals. Usually they are caused by myriads of animalcules; those seen in the daytime look more as if oil had been poured on the surface. It is difficult to assign the certain origin of this phenomenon, although sometimes I think it may be due to the presence of a school of fish—especially

large fish, such as blackfish or whales. At certain seasons the whale exudes much oil, and its presence can be detected some distance when it is to windward. I remember a case of this sort one breezy moonlight night. The air was suddenly filled with the odor of whale-oil: convinced that whales must be about, we looked out sharply for them, and soon discerned a school of sperm-whales gamboling across the wake of the moon a quarter of a mile off. It is astonishing how a little oil spreads on the sea in a storm, and the slightest film on the surface prevents the wind from tearing it to foam, and hinders a wave from breaking. Fishing-vessels, especially whalers, often ride easier in a gale on account of the oil which has saturated the wood, and ships have repeatedly been saved by allowing a minute stream of oil to trickle over the side. It has seemed to me that ships carrying passengers, particularly ocean-steamer, might well be compelled by law to carry a cask or two of oil to be used for this purpose during a hurricane. Of the advantage of this means of safety there is no longer the slightest doubt; it saves a vessel from getting strained or taking heavy seas on board, and lessens the dangers of foundering. It is only a false and pitiful economy that at present interferes with its use.

The Gulf Stream is not the only current of the ocean; as already stated, there is a southward stream running under that, and over the whole ocean we find these currents, sometimes circling the globe, sometimes of briefer course. Through the straits of Gibraltar rush two fierce currents: one, a surface-stream from the Atlantic; while another goes out with such speed that, if a weight be dropped low enough to reach it, it will tow a boat out against the upper current. The ocean with all its inland seas is also fed by innumerable submarine fresh-water springs, sometimes so copious that their influence is felt far out from land. These currents; all result from the law that for each current or tide there must be a counter-current or vent, as naturally and inevitably as cause precedes effect, and hence come fierce, rushing streams, eddies, whirlpools, and the cruel undertow which often tears away the shipwrecked mariner to destruction when he already grasps the rock of safety. It is easy to see how an ignorant and superstitious age would magnify such terrors, and ascribe to them a supernatural origin. The swift current which rushes into the mouth of the Thracian Bosphorus from the Black Sea is attended with some hazard, producing as it does numerous eddies, and it was the difficulty of clearing its perils which gave rise to the legend of the reefs of the Symplegades which closed in and crushed whatever passed in the channel between them. Aware of this alarming obstacle to his Colchian expedition, and warned by the oracle, Jason let fly a dove, which, in attempting to pass between the rocks, was caught; but, when they separated again, he shoved his galley between them and escaped before they could again close in. This happy device seems to me a proof that there was once really a man and a hero called Jason, preëminent in his age for daring and ability

as a leader, for it is by such happy expedients in national or individual crises that the great representative men of an age assert themselves and win their renown.

The velocity of the Black Sea current that pours into the Mediterranean is very remarkable. In some parts of the Bosphorus it is impossible for a sailing-ship to pass without tracking, which can be done easily, as the shores are so steep that a ship can everywhere go alongside the land.

Scylla and Charybdis also had their legend. In our time the currents and eddies shooting between Sicily and Calabria present no insurmountable obstacles to the seaman, but it is easy to see that they might have been formidable to the mariner ages ago; and, besides, it is quite possible that it was more

Scotland, is a passage also abounding in peril, the tides rush through with such fury. Large ships have beaten through it sometimes with the danger of foundering, but it is not safe except when wind and tide are going in the same direction.

The straits of Magellan, presenting some of the grandest sea-cliffs in the world, are not difficult of passage to steamers, but to sailing-ships they offer a combination of very serious obstacles, on account of the extreme and sudden fury of the squalls, the narrowness of the channel, which makes it difficult to beat against head winds, and above all for the extreme violence and velocity of the current that rushes through the straits. The Channel Islands also often trip up the unwary ship with their numerous counter-currents and tides, seeking an outlet through an



FLOATING NEST.

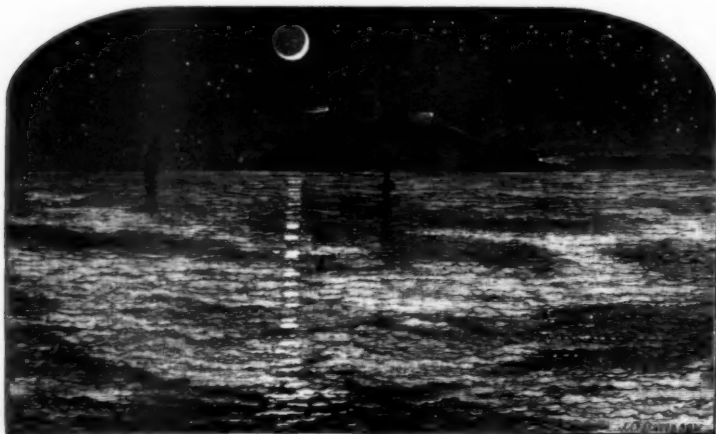
dangerous at that time, for the sea is constantly undergoing changes. This may also have been the case with the Maelstrom, the most celebrated and dangerous of all the water phenomena of the sea. The old-time statements about it were somewhat exaggerated, but still it is a most formidable foe to the mariner. It lies to the southward of the Loffoden Islands, off the coast of Norway, near a large rock between Moskenes and Var. In summer-time, just before the turn of the tide, it may be safely crossed even by boats, and steamers can breast its turbulent waters at any tide, except in winter, or when the wind is against the tide, when it boils in a manner really terrific. Its danger lies not so much in its power to suck ships down in a tunnel-like vortex, as to whirl them nearer and nearer the rocks, until they are dashed to pieces.

The Pentland Firth, between the Orkneys and

astonishingly intricate labyrinth of reefs, shelves, and islets. As if these were not enough, the demons of the sea have on hand a variety of other perils, which they are prepared to display without warning, carrying with them devastation and destruction on a scale that is appalling, and to the last degree sublime. Bores, or the great waves of the incoming tide, rushing up narrow bays or estuaries, need only to be alluded to, like the bore of the Ganges or of the bay of Fundy, which rolls in a solid wall of water thirty-five to forty feet in height, and at spring tides over sixty feet high. The pigs that go down the beach to root for clams hear suddenly a roar, which announces that the tide is coming. They turn tail at once, and make for the solid shore as if the devil himself were after them. But these are regular manifestations of the power and mystery of the sea to which one soon becomes accustomed. It

is the unexpected rises of the sea called sometimes tidal waves (although this seems to me a term which does not quite express their character) that are more to be dreaded, and none of the destructive phenomena

up to the top-gallant yards. When day broke at last over the raging scene, he discovered that of all the large fleet anchored there at evening every ship but his own had foundered or drifted ashore, while the



MILK-CANALS.

of Nature visible to our eyes have ever been more fraught with danger to man. They often accompany a hurricane at the equinoctial or change of the monsoon, and, sweeping inland with a fury that knows no control, overwhelm houses and forests, foundry fleets, or lift them from their anchors and leave them high and dry on shore, and snatch hundreds and thousands of human beings to the remorseless deep. Such a tidal wave it was which burst over Holland five centuries ago, and formed the great gulf called the Zuyder-Zee, not only destroying the population, but actually annihilating the land on which they dwelt. Such a wave, or eagle, it was which overwhelmed the lowlands of Lincolnshire, so well described in Jean Ingelow's famous poem. Such a tidal wave it was, eighty-nine feet in height, which destroyed Callao. But the most awful event of this sort of our century was the hurricane and tidal wave which but little over a year ago devastated the alluvial shores of Bengal, and, completely submerging an island on the coast, obliterated a population of two hundred and fifteen thousand souls in one night! The captain of an American bark, which was anchored in the roads of Chittagong on that fearful night, told me that when the cyclone set in at evening he was surrounded by a fleet of over one hundred and fifty sail. Although the barometer was low, the signs did not indicate what a catastrophe was at hand. But, as the night wore on, the wind arose to a degree absolutely appalling. They could not stand on deck; he watched in the wheel-house, every moment expecting the vessel to founder or part her cables, and drag on shore. She buried her bowsprit under, and, as they found the next day, the spray, loaded with mud, was blown

town was prostrate, and the cocoanut-groves which surrounded it had disappeared. He attributed the safety of his ship to the very excellent ground-tackle with which she had been provided before leaving Boston. There are three things which are liable to be neglected on board a ship until the necessity for using them reveals their defects from over-use—these are the steering-gear, the pumps, and the ground-tackle. This is quite as often the fault of the owner as of the captain; for it is difficult to convince owners seated comfortably in their counting-rooms of risks which they do not encounter, or of the value of the lives of those they meet or employ only in business relations. Too many men, naturally humane, are open to this accusation. It is for the same reason that so many steamers are sent to sea with insufficient canvas to be of any avail in case the machinery breaks down. In those ocean lines in which there is much competition this mistake is very carefully avoided. A friend of mine commanded a very pretty little clipper; he was justly proud of her paces, for she had made two or three crack voyages, and was one of the jauntiest craft that ever walked the waters like a thing of life. But he was soon convinced that she was altogether too heavily sparred for safety, and so informed the owners. They finally consented to reduce the spars, but, just as they were about to put their good resolution into practice, a cargo was offered; they could not resist the temptation. It was with dark forebodings that the captain started on the outward voyage; but what could he do? he was in their power, for they could discharge him, and such a position is not so common as to be had for the asking. He sailed, and was never heard of again.



But to continue about tidal waves. They are often caused by submarine earthquakes in apparently fine weather, without any relation to hurricanes, although often accompanying them. The tidal wave of 1868, which broke on the shores of Peru, and swept in eight hours to Japan, overwhelming cities and fleets, was accompanied by the most tremendous earthquake of our century. Submarine convulsions also often occur which hurl vast surges on shore without producing any other effect. These are called "rages" in the English West Indies. Such a wave, over forty feet high, heaved up without warning at the island of Eleuthera about six years ago, surging completely over the island at its narrowest part, and sweeping away several from a picnic-party who were enjoying themselves there, and little suspecting the approach of such a calamity. It was doubtless caused by a submarine earthquake.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the larger number of the world's volcanoes are either on islands or directly on the coast, showing a direct relation

tions are the result, often attended with the discharge of large quantities of water. The coast of the Pacific has what is called a line of fire, a row of active volcanoes encircling it, from Mount Erebus in the south to Mount St. Elias in the north. It is a very important fact that the large central cluster of one hundred and nine volcanoes in the Sunda Archipelago is exactly at the antipodes of the Antilles, the largest group of volcanic islands of the Atlantic. That there are submarine volcanoes is also a well-known fact, some parts of the sea being especially devoted to the display of these marine pyrotechnics. The central and eastern Mediterranean has for many ages been subject to such displays. The islands of Santorini and Macri, near Rhodes, have within a few years given us some fine examples of the volcanic violence sometimes witnessed at sea. In the harbor of the former island a very remarkable occurrence happened in 1866. After much rumbling and disturbance of the water, a small island arose to the surface, and upon it, astonishing to behold, were



THE MAELSTROM.

between the two; indeed, it seems to be proved that the rush of the sea into the caves or fissures at the base of volcanoes produces a force of steam which must find vent, and earthquakes and volcanic eruptions

are the result, often attended with the discharge of large quantities of water. The coast of the Pacific has what is called a line of fire, a row of active volcanoes encircling it, from Mount Erebus in the south to Mount St. Elias in the north. It is a very important fact that the large central cluster of one hundred and nine volcanoes in the Sunda Archipelago is exactly at the antipodes of the Antilles, the largest group of volcanic islands of the Atlantic. That there are submarine volcanoes is also a well-known fact, some parts of the sea being especially devoted to the display of these marine pyrotechnics. The central and eastern Mediterranean has for many ages been subject to such displays. The islands of Santorini and Macri, near Rhodes, have within a few years given us some fine examples of the volcanic violence sometimes witnessed at sea. In the harbor of the former island a very remarkable occurrence happened in 1866. After much rumbling and disturbance of the water, a small island arose to the surface, and upon it, astonishing to behold, were

Near Sicily there is also a celebrated laboratory where volcanic islands are tossed up to the surface, and after exciting hopes on the part of the various European powers that they are about to add another island to their territory, completely disappear again. Graham's Island came up in 1861 at that spot, vanished and reappeared in 1863, but where it lay at that time there is now a depth of over seven hundred fathoms. But Stromboli is the most celebrated of the islands which the Mediterranean has contributed to science within historic times. It rose above the sea two thousand years ago with a vast uproar and convulsion, and assumed the form of a symmetrical cone twenty-six hundred feet high, which has ever since been in perpetual action. A thin column of smoke rises from it constantly, and at night the fires seething in the crater give a reddish glow to the atmosphere above, like that which hovers over a large city on a dark night. At sunset Stromboli is one of the most beautiful islands in the Mediterranean.

The Atlantic, traversed by more vessels than any other sea, is not less liable to these submarine dangers, which, rising suddenly in spots where no land is indicated on the chart, trip up the vessel traversing the solitary main in fancied security. On the charts are shown the Three Chimneys, between Newfoundland and Ireland, which no living man has ever seen; but that is no reason why they may not have existed there at a period not so very remote. In 1783 the island of Nynoe arose above the sea off Iceland, and sank at the end of a year. The same phenomenon has frequently occurred among the Azores. St. Michael is a cluster of vol-

canoes and sulphur-springs; St. George only a few years ago was overflowed by a current of lava; and Pico, seven thousand six hundred and thirteen feet high, and the most picturesque peak in the Atlantic, although lower than Teneriffe, is always moderately active. Its minute crater at the extreme summit is a vent for hot vapor always issuing from it, and the rim is too warm for comfort. Near St. Michael an island called Sabrina has appeared in the same spot five times in two centuries. It was last seen in 1867. The first time I passed through the strait between St. Michael and St. Mary, a high surf was breaking on a reef which was not on the chart; on her previous voyages the ship had sailed over the very spot where a reef now showed its formidable barrier of pitiless rocks lying in wait to crunch the ribs of any hapless bark that might ignorantly attempt to sail over them in the night-time.

The weird sense of mystery with which the imaginative observer contemplates the sea is increased when he considers how many isles, and perchance continents, lie hidden within those green waves that so carefully conceal whatever they have once clutched for their own—isles which have given rise to legends that undoubtedly were founded on some remote reality. Atlantis is no myth; St. Brandon's, or the Isle of Seven Cities, once existed somewhere in the broad Atlantic. Julin, the one-time far-famed mart of northern luxury and trade, once had an actual existence, although now swallowed up by the sea; while the musical peal of her bells is muffled by the rush and roar of the surges which roll over them for evermore. But there are some who maintain that there are times when the sound of those bells can still be heard—who knows?

But of all the inexhaustible phenomena of the



TIDAL WAVE.

sea there are none more interesting than the winds, their laws, and their effects on the water, and the ships which sail thereon. It is true, winds very similar to sea-winds often blow on land, but the action of the waves is absent, there is less reason for observing the wind, the results are less apparent, and, except at the top of high mountains, the winds are far more violent at sea, having an unobstructed course. To go into an analysis of all the laws which regulate air-currents, producing storms or trade-winds, is not within the scope of such an article as this; but a few facts may not come amiss, drawn from personal observation. Of the trade-winds it may be said that they add more to the poetry of life, the pleasure of simple existence, than any other physical element after the nervous system. They impart a magic peace, a delicious languor, a tranquil exhilaration, to the lives of those who dwell in

the enchanted isles fanned by those delightful breezes. Not only do they give a purity and freshness to the heat of tropic climes, but by their long, unvarying regularity they convey to the soul a sense of serenity, a feeling of permanence, a stoical indifference to and freedom from many of the ills which elsewhere vex and disturb the peace of man, and a sublime and joyous forgetfulness of the past or unconsciousness of the inevitable hereafter; while to sail with the trade-winds day after day and week after week is to achieve the highest possibilities of satisfaction attainable in the mariner's career. The freedom from harassing uncertainty brings relief, added to the mild excitement of running down the degrees with prodigious velocity, and that while everything is set, and all drawing alow and aloft, there is no toilsome

North Atlantic in January. Squalls, calms, gales, and hurricanes, succeed each other with bewildering audacity and rapidity, and without the slightest regard for the feelings of those who are tossed on the boisterous waves. The fascinating and cruel Mediterranean comes in for a share of this bad reputation. There dwelt the sirens of old, and they are there still. One of the most seductive summer mornings that ever were seen in this sinful world was a certain fair morning in June of which I well remember; and the day closed with one of the stiffest gales that ever occurred anywhere. By great good luck we were able to make a snug port, and with both anchors down ride it out in safety. Falconer's "Shipwreck" very graphically describes, in a somewhat stilted style, a storm in the *Ægean*. One is in



VOLCANIC ROCKS.

reefing or bracing of the yards. The speed attained by some of the American and English clippers in the trade-winds surpasses all popular notions on the subject, and exceeds the fastest transatlantic runs made by the fastest ocean steam-lines. The reason why a steamer passes a fast sailing-ship with a fair wind is because of the unsteadiness of the wind, which generally travels in waves of force. But in the "trades" this difficulty has sometimes been overcome, and for four or five days together runs have been made which surpass anything ever achieved by an ocean-steamer for the same period of time.

The reverse of the trade-winds are the winds which "box the compass" at rapid intervals and with every appearance of freakish fickleness, treachery, and fury, off Cape Horn in July, or in the

good company in the storms of the Mediterranean. Ariadne, Ulysses, *Æneas*, *Cæsar*, St. Paul, were all practically acquainted with its manifold perils. The Greeks were excellent sailors in those days, and they are so still. They rivaled the Phœnicians as navigators and colonists, and it is an interesting fact that a larger proportion of the Hellenic colonies exist to our time than of those planted by the Tyrians and Sidonians. And they loved the sea. How could they help it? Does the world contain anything more fair than the isles of Greece when, purple-tinted by the setting sun, they repose on the *Ægean* like rubies set in amethyst?

"The sea! the sea!" Xenophon and the Ten Thousand cried with wild enthusiasm and unutterable rapture when once more from the heights behind Trebizond they saw the sapphire line of the

Euxine gleaming across the verge of the sky, and spreading to their feet. Ay, the sea was their native element; in sight of it they had first drawn breath, and they had missed and longed for it amid

was by Coleridge, who knew little of it except in imagination; it is true, not because it deals with technicalities, but because it truthfully interprets the impressions which the sea leaves on the mind that

loves and lives on it. Defoe had little actual familiarity with the sea, but he wrote the finest of sea-stories, grand and true, for the same reason that "The Ancient Mariner" is true.

The allusions to the sea and ships in the Scriptures are characterized by an Homeric happiness of epithet, a terse, graphic, picturesque power that seems remarkable in writers who probably never saw, or at least never sailed on, the sea. The swart pilots who brought apes, and peacocks, and spices, and gold from Tarshish, doubtless told simple but thrilling narratives of their adventures to David and Solomon. Very likely, among all of Solomon's wives and concubines, there were some who had come from afar to him in ships, like princesses recorded in the "Arabian Nights;" doubtless there was among them some Scheherazade who often related to the voluptuous but knowledge-loving monarch, in the still moonlight hours by the tinkle of the timbrel and the fountain, the story of how from her childhood's home she had sailed over the gray seas to him.

But my pen has been driving hither and thither



WHITE SQUALL

the savage mountain-crags of Armenia. Ay, the sea, the sea—what is the spell which the spirit of the wild sea throws over those who linger on its bourn or wander tempest-tossed on its limitless spaces? It is the spell of a witch, an enchantment that by an irresistible power lures the soul away from green woods and musical brook-sides, and the quiet hearthstone, to wander day after day, and month after month, the sport of treacherous calms and howling storms. It is this secret fascination which early steals over the youth of some races, and lures them out as the Pied Piper charmed away the children of Hamelin town, until they find too late that they are enslaved to a cruel mistress who so shapes their character and life-habits that they can nevermore be free from her while life lasts.

A genius for the sea, if one may so phrase it, is born with a man like a turn for poetry, and, even when he cannot gratify it practically, it shows itself in other ways. The finest sea-poem ever written

with baffling airs and currents, and now returns with a fair breeze to the subject of sea-winds. The Mediterranean, the Azores, West Indies, and the straits of Magellan, are noted for squalls, although they are raised at short notice almost anywhere in the winter season. The sailor always keeps half an eye on the lookout for them. Generally they give warning of their approach by clouds and rain-bars in the offing. The violence of a squall is, to a certain degree, announced beforehand by the rate at which the clouds advance. But it is a never-failing rule in the Atlantic that when it lightens in the southwest after the first of October, sail cannot be taken in too soon. Squalls often come with a change of wind, which, in the Atlantic north of the line, goes round with the sun, or with the hands of a watch with its face up. That is the general course of the winds when shifting in the normal way, generally occurring in a leisurely manner, occupying several days or weeks, according to the season. But I have

seen the wind actually go completely around the compass in the normal way seven times in eight days, and part of each day we were either running easily under studding-sails or hove-to, or scudding off our course under close-reefed topsails.

White squalls come almost without warning, and with fearful rapidity and violence, and twist the masts out of a ship or capsize her, and near the line the squalls sometimes pounce on a ship with warning signs that are perceptible only to the most experienced eye. Even in the finest weather vigilance cannot be relaxed a moment. Some years ago two large ships met in mid-ocean, one heading for Australia and the other homeward bound. The day was fair, and, the wind dying away, the vessels were becalmed close together. The passengers at once busied themselves to write letters home, and officers and crew became occupied in the interchange of courtesies. The placidity of the weather led to a feeling of careless security that can never be safely indulged in at sea. All the canvas was set, idly flapping against the masts, when a terrific squall struck both ships, and passed off in a few moments. When the confusion and excitement resulting from it were over, and the crew of one of these vessels was able to relax the attention demanded for their own safety, they looked to see what damage the other vessel had suffered, but they looked in vain. She had gone down with all on board, and not a vestige of her was to be seen anywhere on the wide sea, which looked serene and beautiful as if nothing had happened. To be taken aback by a sudden squall or shift of the wind is one of the greatest perils that menace a square-rigged sailing-ship, especially if there is a high counter-sea running. The sails are pressed with such violence against the masts that they fail to come down or brace around, while the stern presents such resistance to the waves that unless the after-canvas can be instantly taken in, to enable the bow to pay off, the surges boil over the taffrail and draw the ship down almost before the danger can be realized. I was a witness to a scene of this sort once when nothing saved us but the dropping of the spanker; we climbed up the hoops, and the sail at last yielded to the sheer weight that drew it down. An English frigate was thus taken aback once when running under press of sail: the officer of the deck manned the yards with her numerous crew, and they cut the sheets with their knives in time to keep the frigate from sinking.

The subject of storms and hurricanes is a vast one, and many of the laws by which they work are now codified and well understood by the experienced and intelligent navigator. In a gale the wind travels thirty to forty miles an hour. Its velocity increases to fifty or sixty miles in a storm, and reaches eighty to a hundred miles in a cyclone or hurricane; it has even been estimated as high as one hundred and twenty miles an hour on some occasions. This excessive speed, of course, was during the squalls. One would hardly imagine that anything could withstand the fury of such a wind, and a real old-fashioned West India hurricane does prostrate houses

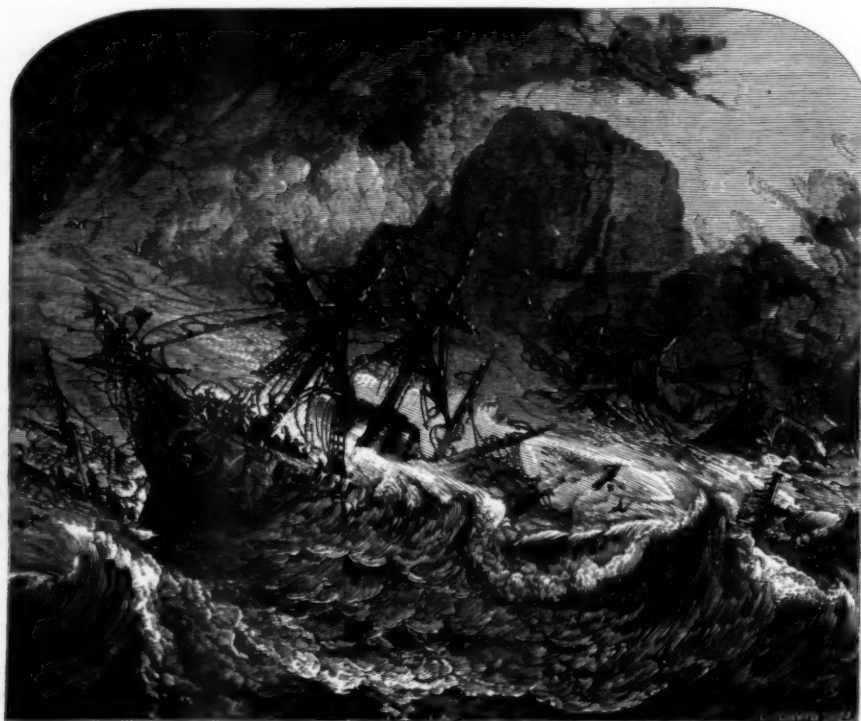
and trees, and destroys almost every ship it can lay hold of. The well-remembered hurricane of 1873 caused a loss of one thousand vessels in the North Atlantic; the whole coast of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton was strewn with them. Forests and houses went down before it along the Bras d'Or. And yet there were some small fishing-schooners of not over forty tons' burden that rode out the hurricane in safety. The typhoons of the Indian Ocean, or of the Pacific, are very like the Atlantic hurricanes under a different name. In the North Atlantic a revolving storm goes against the hands of a watch; south of the line it pursues the opposite direction. The omens preceding a hurricane are of a nature to arouse awe and apprehension. A long, mountainous swell sets in; the winds are light, baffling, uncertain, as if playing with their prey, accompanied by a low, moaning sound; the sea-birds disappear, including the Mother Cary's chickens, those gypsies of the sea, which always announce an ordinary gale; and a misty haze obscures the sky, which gradually gathers around the horizon in a dense wall of appalling and lowering mystery and gloom. One feels as when he goes into his first battle; he knows that a great peril and struggle for existence is pending; but he cannot tell its exact nature and extent, or whether he will survive to tell the tale.

The height of sea-waves is a question that has been much and not always satisfactorily discussed. One difficulty arises from a misunderstanding of terms. Some mean by the height of a wave the actual elevation above the surface of the sea in smooth weather; others mean the distance between the bottom of the hollow of a wave to its crest; and that seems to me the only rational, practical way to arrive at any sure data. Taking that, then, as the mode of measuring wave-heights, it may be said that Atlantic waves in a gale often rise twenty-five feet; thirty feet is by no means uncommon in mid-ocean, and the second wave sometimes heaves to a height of thirty-five to forty feet. Storm-waves have a curious rhythm of motion. At intervals three waves larger than usual rush by, of which the middle one is the highest. At longer intervals five large waves come together, and very rarely seven. They often come just as a squall begins to moderate, springing up elastically from the pressure of the wind. Sometimes the fury of the wind fairly beats down the sea, and lashes and tears it into foam or spoon-drift, that sweeps over the ocean a white mist, like snow blown over a frozen lake, and, when such a tremendous squall lulls, the waves instantly rise to enormous dimensions. The length and form of waves depend upon the room in which they have to run, and the direction of the tides. They are short and abrupt in small seas or lakes. Among the Channel Islands the counter-currents and tides sometimes raise the waves to over forty feet in height. These estimates, the result of long and careful observation, have been confirmed by comparing them with the experience of others who have also given the subject careful study, among whom I may mention the captain of one of the Cunard steamers.



In hurricanes of course the waves are far more tumultuous and broken, and near the storm-centre pyramidal in form, owing to contrary forces or cross-seas, and their height is greater. It is not uncommon, off the Cape of Good Hope, to see the waves sixty feet high, but they come such a distance that they have a long, easy ascent, which renders them generally less dangerous than the more rugged waves of the Atlantic. On the Shetland Isles the breakers, rolling from a distance of several thousand miles, have a perpendicular height of sixty feet when they heave on shore. In the hurricane of 1866 the sea broke completely over Hog Island in

ersed by the ships of the nations. There are vast tracts of ocean that are rarely marked by a ship's keel, except now and then by some solitary whaler, while elsewhere certain lines of travel exist that are constantly ploughed by thousands of vessels, owing to the direction of the prevailing winds; and, on the other hand, some roads once greatly frequented are now falling into partial disuse, because of the opening of new channels. The passage around the Cape of Good Hope has been partially supplanted by the Isthmus of Suez, and the time is not so very far distant when the improved means for passing the straits of Magellan, together with the Pacific



A TYPHOON.

the Bahamas, and the foam-crest was repeatedly on a level with the top of the lighthouse, sixty-eight feet above the sea. There are photographs of rollers at Madeira whose vertical elevation is nearly forty feet above the beach. Nor is it difficult to ascertain the length of waves: one way of measuring them is when an ocean-steamer over four hundred feet long is head on to the sea, and is rising to meet a wave just as another one rushes from under the quarter, a vast, roaring mass, running over thirty miles an hour, and leaving behind a long, streaming mane of foam.

One of the most remarkable of those characteristics of the sea which tend to leave on the mind the effect of mystery is its system of highways trav-

Railways, will cause Cape Horn to relapse into its primitive solitude. Two great ocean highways run between the Azores, and by the Madeira Islands. Day after day one may go eastward and discern not a sail along the ocean's verge; nothing but the mystery and loneliness of sea and sky. But, perchance, when nothing is seen from the deck, if one goes aloft he will be astonished to discover a procession of ships reaching north and south on the great highway to the South Pacific.

The mystery of the ocean impresses one not only as a type of eternity, but also as a symbol of oblivion. The wake of the stateliest ship is soon erased, and as completely effaced as the memory of a man

after he is gathered to the all-absorbing nihilism of the past; and Oblivion not more tenaciously conceals what is once hers than the sea refuses to give up the wrecks, the treasures, and the dead, that have once been absorbed into its dark, unfathomed caverns.

Is it strange, then, that the sea, so vast, so capricious, so full of types and suggestions, so full of beauty, fascination, and cruelty, so abounding in weirdness and mystery, should attract the thoughtful and imaginative mind; or that the mariner, whose life is spent in combating with these phenomena, should be superstitious, and often inspired with presentiments? Is it strange that, of all the sad, solemn, impressive scenes to which suffering humanity is a constant witness, none is more affecting than that of a funeral at sea? But wilder, more bewildering, more heart-rending, is it when, without even the short shrift in the fore-castle, without the rude coffin of deal covered by the flag, without the knell of the ship's bell, without the prayer broken by the sobbing of the wind in the rigging, the homeless, friendless seaman is suddenly washed out of sight

into the ocean of oblivion, as when I saw a poor fellow in the prime of life as we were setting the anchor and breasting a high sea at the mouth of the port. The ship dove into a wave, and when we looked for him as she rose he was gone, nevermore to be seen again living or dead in this world. Another case happened on a brig in which I made a voyage, more strange because apparently combined with a presentiment. He was a young man, cheerful and jolly as any on board. The weather was fine, and it was on a week-day. But when his watch was called he came on deck and went aloft with the tar-bucket, dressed, to the surprise of all, in his Sunday suit, an unaccountable proceeding. He had been aloft half an hour, busily at work, when his foot slipped; as he fell he struck on the rail of the bulwarks, and, bounding off into the sea, disappeared forever.

Such, then, is the sea—

"Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime,  
The image of eternity, the throne of the Invisible"—

the survivor of empires and continents, the source of mystery, the emblem of oblivion.

## THE REVENGE OF HAMISH.

IT was three slim does and a ten-tined buck in the bracken lay;  
And all of a sudden the sinister smell of a man,  
Awaft on a wind-shift, wavered and ran  
Down the hill-side, and sifted along through the bracken  
and passed that way.

Then Nan got a-tremble at nostril; she was the daintiest doe;  
In the print of her velvet flank on the velvet fern  
She reared, and her little keen ears made turn.  
Then the buck leaped up, and his head as a king's to a crown  
did go

Full high in the breeze, and he stood as if Death had the form  
of a deer;  
And the two slim does long lazily stretching arose,  
For their day-dream slower came to a close,  
Till they woke and were still, breath-bound with waiting  
and wonder and fear.

Then Alan the huntsman sprang over the hillock, the hounds  
shot by,  
The does and the ten-tined buck made a marvelous bound,  
The hounds swept after with never a sound,  
But Alan loud winded his horn for a sign that the quarry  
was nigh.

For at dawn of that day proud Maclean of Lochbuy to the hunt  
had waxed wild,  
And he cursed at old Alan till Alan fared off with the hounds  
For to drive him the deer to the lower glen-grounds:  
"I will kill a red deer," quoth Maclean, "in the sight of the wife  
and the child."

So gayly he paced with the wife and the child to his chosen stand,  
But he hurried tall Hamish, the henchman, ahead:  
"Go turn,"  
Cried Maclean; "if the deer seek to cross to the burn—  
Do thou turn them to me; nor fail, lest thy back be red  
as thy hand!"

Now hard-fortuned Hamish, half blown of his breath  
with the height of the hill,  
Was white in the face when the ten-tined buck and the does  
Drew leaping to burnward; huskily rose  
His shouts, and his nether lip twitched, and his legs were  
o'er-weak for his will.

So the deer darted lightly by Hamish and bounded away  
to the burn.  
But Maclean, all unweeting, stood watching and waiting  
below.  
Still Hamish hung heavy with fear for to go  
All the space of an hour; then he went, and his face  
was greenish and stern.

And his eye sat back in the socket, and shrunken the eyeballs  
shone,  
As withdrawn from a vision of deeds it were shame to see.  
"Now, now, grim henchman, what is't with thee?"  
Brake Maclean, and his wrath rose red as a beacon the wind  
hath upblown.

"Three does and a ten-tined buck made out," spoke Hamish,  
full mild,  
"And I ran for to turn, but my breath it was blown,  
and they passed;

I was weak, for ye called ere I broke me my fast,"  
Cried Maclean : " Now a ten-tined buck in the sight of  
the wife and the child

I had killed if the gluttonous kern had not wrought me  
a snail's own wrong !"

Then he sounded, and down came kinsmen and clans-  
men all :

" Ten blows, for ten tene, on his back let fall,  
And reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the bite  
of the thong !"

So Hamish made bare, and took him his strokes ; at the  
last he smiled.

" Now I'll to the burn," quoth Maclean, " for it still  
may be,

If a slimmer-paunched henchman will hurry with me,  
I shall kill me the ten-tined buck for a gift to the wife  
and the child !"

Then the clansmen departed, by this path and that ; and  
over the hill

Sped Maclean with an outward wrath for an inward  
shame ;

And that place of the lashing full quiet became ;  
And the wife and the child stood sad ; and bloody-backed  
Hamish sat still.

But look ! red Hamish has risen ; quick about and about  
turns he.

" There is none betwixt me and the crag-top !" he  
screams under breath.

Then, livid as Lazarus lately from death,  
He snatches the child from the mother, and clammers the  
crag toward the sea.

Now the mother drops breath ; she is dumb, and her  
heart goes dead for a space,

Till the motherhood, mistress of death, shrieks, shrieks  
through the glen,

And that place of the lashing is live with men,  
And Maclean, and the gillie that told him, dash up in a  
desperate race.

Not a breath's time for asking ; an eye-glance reveals all  
the tale untold.

They follow mad Hamish afar up the crag toward the  
sea,

And the lady cries : " Clansmen, run for a fee !—  
Yon castle and lands to the two first hands that shall  
hook him and hold

Fast Hamish back from the brink !"—and ever she flies  
up the steep,

And the clansmen pant, and they sweat, and they jos-  
tle and strain.

But, mother, 'tis vain ; but, father, 'tis vain ;  
Stern Hamish stands bold on the brink, and dangles the  
child o'er the deep.

Now a faintness falls on the men that run, and they all  
stand still.

And the wife prays Hamish as if he were God, on her  
knees,

Crying : " Hamish ! O Hamish ! but please, but please  
For to spare him !" and Hamish still dangles the child,  
with a wavering will.

On a sudden he turns ; with a sea-hawk scream, and a  
gibe, and a song,

Cries : " So ; I will spare ye the child if, in sight of ye  
all,

Ten blows on Maclean's bare back shall fall,  
And ye reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the  
bite of the thong !"

Then Maclean he set hardly his tooth to his lip that his  
tooth was red,

Breathed short for a space, said : " Nay, but it never  
shall be !

Let me hurl off the damnable hound in the sea !"  
But the wife : " Can Hamish go fish us the child from  
the sea, if dead ?

Say yea !—Let them lash me, Hamish ?"—" Nay !"—

" Husband, the lashing will heal ;

But, oh, who will heal me the bonny sweet bairn in his  
grave ?

Could ye cure me my heart with the death of a knave ?  
Quick ! Love ! I will bare thee—so—kneel !" Then  
Maclean 'gan slowly to kneel

With never a word, till presently downward he jerked  
to the earth.

Then the henchman—he that smote Hamish—would  
tremble and lag ;

" Strike, hard !" quoth Hamish, full stern, from the  
crag ;

Then he struck him, and " One !" sang Hamish, and  
danced with the child in his mirth.

And no man spake beside Hamish ; he counted each  
stroke with a song.

When the last stroke fell, then he moved him a pace  
down the height,

And he held forth the child in the heartaching sight  
Of the mother, and looked all pitiful grave, as repenting  
a wrong.

And there as the motherly arms stretched out with the  
thanksgiving prayer—

And there as the mother crept up with a fearful swift  
pace,

Till her finger nigh felt of the bairnie's face—  
In a flash fierce Hamish turned round and lifted the child  
in the air,

And sprang with the child in his arms from the horrible  
height in the sea,

Shrill screeching, " Revenge !" in the wind-rush ; and  
pallid Maclean,

Age-feeble with anger and impotent pain,  
Crawled up on the crag, and lay flat, and locked hold of  
dead roots of a tree—

And gazed hungrily o'er, and the blood from his back  
drip-dripped in the brine,

And a sea-hawk flung down a skeleton fish as he flew,  
And the mother stared white on the waste of blue,

And the wind drove a cloud to seaward, and the sun be-  
gan to shine.

## A HIDDEN TREASURE.

## VI.

WHEN Annot had time to consider her words in the garden, and the impression which they would naturally make upon Thyrlé, there were no bounds to her mortification and vexation. She cried herself to sleep that night, and, when she woke the next morning with heavy eyelids and an aching head, her first thought, like her last, was, "What will he think of me?"

It is doubtful whether it would have been altogether a comfort to her to know that Thyrlé did not think a great deal about the matter. To many a more obtuse man the truth would have been revealed, since vanity would have supplied the place of penetration; but no man was ever more free from this besetting fault of his sex than Julian Thyrlé. Indeed, if there was anything morbid in his nature, it was to be found in an almost excessive self-depreciation, which more than one circumstance of his early life—especially one notable event—had strengthened. Moreover, there were reasons why he regarded himself as so entirely set apart from all ideas of love and marriage that he failed to realize that his acts were as open to misconception as those of men with whom Fate had dealt differently.

Under these circumstances, it is likely that Annot's outbreak might have passed without making any serious impression upon his mind if her manner afterward had not been calculated to deepen such an impression. She shrank nervously from meeting him, avoided him as far as possible, and, when she was unable to avoid him altogether, took refuge in a constraint which first waked his surprise, and then renewed a suspicion which had occurred to him when she broke away so passionately in the moonlit garden.

To a man who had not a grain of the coxcomb in his character, and whose sensitiveness to pain in his own person was so great that it made him keenly alive to the possibility of inflicting it upon others, such a suspicion was no light matter. His first thought was one of self-reproach.

"If this thing is so, I have been to blame," he said to himself—and following this thought came its natural corollary—"It is certain that I must face the consequences of my own fault."

But the nature of these consequences was not yet clearly apparent, and so, with the exception of the change in Annot, matters remained for a time unaltered. Meanwhile Ellis Kane came, saw, and went away as angrily jealous as his mother could have desired. But since many waters cannot drown love, neither can the hottest anger of the human heart extinguish it in a day. Kane's love for Annot had been too long the controlling sentiment of his life for him to put it down at the bidding of pride without an effort to retain that which he believed to be justly and entirely his own. Yet how this effort

could be made was not very clear. Life still retains much of its idyllic simplicity among these mountains, but even here it is not permitted a man to forcibly seize, place upon his horse, and ride away with, the woman whom he wishes to marry. Something of this kind Kane would have liked—something strong, simple, direct—but in tactics of courtship he was utterly out of his element. That he would at least express his feelings was, however, naturally to be expected, and it was chance which gave him the opportunity for this expression. Not since his return had he seen Annot without the presence of a third person, until one afternoon when, as the mellow gold of the slanting sunshine was filling the forests with glory, he suddenly met her in a path which led through the hills from one cultivated valley to another. Both were surprised, and Annot was evidently not pleased. She had been singing as she walked, but the song ceased on her lips, and her face changed as a landscape changes when a cloud passes over the sun.

"You here, Ellis!" she exclaimed. "I was not expecting to meet any one."

"Not expecting to meet me, at any rate," said Ellis, grimly, "and not over-glad, it appears. I am sorry to force my company upon you, but I think I had better see you home, as in my opinion it is not safe for you to be going through the woods alone."

"I don't know what would harm me," she said, carelessly. "I have been going through them alone for a good many years."

"That's very true," he answered; "and it was safe enough so long as there were only the neighbors, but it's *not* safe now that a force of rough, drunken miners have been turned on the settlement."

This was not conciliating, since Annot, with the spirit of a partisan, embraced even the miners in the affection with which she regarded the mine.

"I don't think the miners are much more rough and drunken than some of the neighbors," she retorted; "but, if they were, they would know better than to trouble *me*."

A dark flush rose to Kane's face.

"You are kind to people who have tried to be friendly toward you when you count them no better than such creatures as those," he said. "Probably, however, we have all come to be held as dust under your feet."

The concentrated anger of his tone showed her that she had gone too far, for she did not wish to entirely alienate him—yet.

"You know I did not mean that," she said; "I was only vexed, and spoke hastily. Don't let us begin to quarrel as soon as we meet—especially since I have not seen you for such a long time."

"Whose fault is that?" he asked, curtly, walking by her side, yet plainly not mollified by this graciousness.

"I can't tell, unless it be yours," she answered, lightly. "I could not exactly go to see you."

"No; but you could make me understand when I went to your house that I had better have staid away. There is no good in denying it"—as she opened her lips—"I am not quite blind, if I am a fool about you."

Silence followed this statement. Having had the words she was prepared to utter stopped so abruptly, Annot felt disconcerted, and did not know what to say; therefore, for a minute, they walked on without either speaking. Then the girl said:

"Of course, you'll believe what you please, so there's no use in saying you are unjust; but I think you are very uncivil. If you can't make yourself more agreeable, you might let me walk home alone."

"Uncivil!" repeated the young man. He stopped before her in the path, with his face wearing an expression from which she instinctively shrank. "Am I uncivil because I speak the truth?" he said. "You know it is the truth! You know that, although I had been away so long—although I thought more of you than of any other human being in coming back—you couldn't trust yourself alone with me for a minute for fear I might say something you wouldn't care to hear. It was nothing that I loved you—it was nothing that I have loved you so long—it was nothing that your own lips have told me and your own hand written to me that you loved me—none of this mattered in comparison with the hope of being rich, and with the attentions of a man who thinks you as much below *him* as you think me below you!"

It is probable that the speaker hardly knew to what point his indignant eloquence was tending until the last words were uttered. But he was wrought to a pitch in which he was not likely to regret them—not even when the heat-lightning of anger flashed from Annot's eyes.

"How dare you talk to me like this?" she said, uncertain what line of defense to adopt, yet perfectly certain that she had just cause for wrath. "You have no right—no right at all—to say such things!"

"If I have no right, what gives a right?" demanded Kane, whose wrath was to hers as a river to a brook. "You'll not deny, I suppose, that you've given me every reason that a woman could give a man to believe you meant to marry me!"

She flung her head back defiantly.

"I never promised that I would," she said; "and a woman is not bound till she promises."

"So that's why you always refused to promise, is it?" he asked, scornfully. "If all women are as fair and honest, I don't wonder men are slow to trust them. You wouldn't bind yourself by a word, and yet you haven't held back from binding yourself in a hundred other ways. You've let me believe you would be my wife as sure as the sun shone in the heavens; you've led me on, you've owned that you loved me, and now—my God! was it all a lie?" he cried. "Have you never been honest from first to last? Or did you only want to hold me in hand until you knew how the mine would turn out?"

Annot's cheeks were blazing like carnations, and

her eyes shining like stars, by this time. She was angry enough to lose sight altogether of prudence, else she would have thought more of conciliation and less of defiance.

"I never promised to marry you!" she repeated. "If you chose to take it for granted I would, that was your affair."

"My affair, was it?" he said, bitterly. "Well, take care that the same game you have played with me is not played with you. This man Thyrlé may amuse himself with you while he has nothing better to do, but he will never marry you."

"You know nothing about him!" she cried, passionately. "I will not stay to hear another word. Let me pass!"

"I'll let you pass as soon as I have said one thing more," returned Kane. "If he *should* be in earnest, you had better think twice before you marry him. I swore long ago that no woman should ever jilt me with impunity. If you mean to do it, Annot Lawlie—for I consider you as much engaged to marry me as if you had promised a thousand times—it will be at your peril. Remember that!"

"I'll remember as long as I live that you are a coward to threaten me like this!" she cried. Then she sprang past him, and ran swiftly along the homeward path.

Kane made no effort to follow her. He stood quite still, and watched her disappear, with an expression on his face indicative of conflicting feelings. As the last flutter of her dress vanished, he wheeled sharply around, and walked away in the other direction.

Annot, meanwhile, ran rapidly on, until she paused, somewhat out of breath, on the bank of a small stream, where the slippery stepping-stones required caution in crossing.

It was a charming spot at all times, but doubly so just now, when out of the depths of greenery, on the verdure-clad hill-sides, and along the course of the flashing water which came tumbling over its rocks in eager haste, clouds of rosy-white blossoms shone, for the laurel was in its height of bloom, and from the loftiest mountain-crest to the lowliest stream that sang along the valleys, crowning the rugged cliffs and brightening the dark defiles, its royal flowers were to be seen in prodigal profusion.

The arched opening of shade at the miniature ford framed the girl's pliant figure as she paused and glanced back over her shoulder, listening for sounds of pursuit. The attitude of unstudied grace, the spirited poise of the head, the bright masses of hair, shaken down by exercise, struck Thyrlé, who chanced to be advancing toward the stream on the other side. Involuntarily he paused—and, when Annot turned quickly, she saw him regarding her.

That his unexpected appearance surprised her greatly, there could be no doubt. She started violently, and the expression of her face, together with the significance of her attitude, made him instinctively advance, and spring across the stream to her side.



"What is the matter?" he asked. "Has anything frightened you?—has any one troubled you?"

"Why should you think so?" she inquired, trembling still from excitement, but trying to smile. "I am not easily frightened, and—and who would trouble me? I am only out of breath from running," she added, with a faint, forced laugh, "and I stopped a minute to rest."

"It seemed when I saw you first that you had stopped to listen," he said. "You reminded me of a deer pausing to hear if the dogs are on its track. Something must have startled you."

She flushed under his gaze, and, after a moment's consideration, said:

"It was nothing that matters. I met Ellis Kane, who provoked me so that I ran away from him, and I was half afraid he might follow me—that is all."

"It is more than enough!" said Thyrlé, with a flash of indignant anger in his eyes, and a thrill of the same feeling in his voice. "It is too much that this man should annoy you so greatly. Why do you allow it?"

"How can I help it?" she asked, in a hopeless tone. Anger was dying away within her, and only wretchedness remained. Surely, disappointment—which is hard to bear in small things—is in great things one of the sorest trials which human nature is called upon to endure. So Annot found it. Even Kane, she said to herself, was able to see the great, the mortifying mistake which she had made with regard to Thyrlé. Was not this enough, without the perversity of accident bringing the latter at this moment across her path? She glanced at him with a kind of impatience.

"It does not matter," she said. "Why should you trouble about it? I am sorry I was fool enough to tell you anything. One should be able to bear one's own trouble without complaining of them to a stranger."

"Am I *that* to you?" he asked, in the gentle voice which she knew so well. "I am sorry to hear it. Pray do not go. There is something I wish to say to you, and this seems a very fitting time and place. You are trembling, too, and need rest. Here is a good seat."

She certainly was trembling, but it was solely with excitement, and she would fain have passed him and fled, as she fled from Kane; but that was not practicable, and there was a lump in her throat which made speech impossible; so she sank involuntarily on the seat he indicated—a rock over which a wreath of laurel clung. As she sat down, she slightly shook the bushes, and they dropped a shower of their blooms upon her, the pink-and-white petals covering her head and falling into her lap. Almost unconsciously she gathered them up in her hands, and the sight of laurel-blossoms ever after brought vividly back to her that minute with all its complex feelings—the fair sylvan scene, and Thyrlé's kind, steadfast face, as he stood looking down upon her.

"Perhaps you will think that I, as well as Mr. Kane, lack courtesy," he said, "since I see that I am

detaining you against your will—but I will not detain you long. Though you called me a stranger a moment ago, I think you will let me ask if this man's persistence seriously troubles you, and if you would like to be relieved from the annoyance?"

"I told you once before how much he troubles me," she answered, in a voice that quivered slightly. "Of course I would like to be relieved, but what is the good of talking? There is nothing to be done—at least *you* can do nothing for me!" she added, with sudden vehemence. Then she gave a low sob. "I am vexed and tired," she said; "I am not fit to talk—please let me go."

She looked up as she spoke. Was she really in love with the man who stood there, full of doubt, drawn in one direction by an impulse of supreme generosity, yet held back by other influences? Who can tell? It is only certain that she fancied herself so, and that her eyes—brimming with tears, like blue flowers full of dew—revealed as much.

That fact made clear, irresolution with Thyrlé was at an end. Before this he had said to himself: "I may be mistaken; I will wait and see; but if what I fear proves to be true, then my hesitation is at an end. I must think no longer of my own life—which is not worth considering, and must lie apart from happiness whatever happens—but of the happiness of another. Perhaps in this, as in other things, it may prove more blessed to give than to receive."

Now that the hour for acting on his resolution came, he was not a man to falter. Afterward, when the dark waters closed over him, he could not call himself to account, he could not think, "Had I been less hasty I should have acted differently." There was no haste in what he did. If action was quick, the reflection which preceded it had been long.

"You shall go if you like," he said, in answer to Annot's last words, "but let me tell you first that there is one way by which you may be relieved at once from this annoyance. If you can promise to marry *me*, Mr. Kane will either let you alone, or I shall know how to make him do so."

"Mr. Thyrlé!" said Annot, with a gasp. Had her life depended on it, she could not have uttered another word. After being tossed like a shuttlecock between hope and despair, the sudden assurance of all that she most desired was fairly overwhelming.

"Is the remedy worse than the evil?" asked Thyrlé, with a smile. "If so, we need think no more of it; but if you can trust your future to me, it shall be no fault of mine if you regret it. Tell me, dear"—he took the hands which still idly held the laurel-blossoms—"will you be my wife?"

As he spoke, did Annot think how often Kane had asked the same question with all love's eager, passionate force? Doubtful, indeed. On the earth there is nothing so absorbing as egotism. She had gained the desire of her heart—that was all she thought, as, with a face like an April sky, she answered softly:

"Yes."

## VII.

THERE were, or there seemed to Thyrle, several very good reasons for the step he had taken in asking Annot to be his wife. Among other things was the fact that the mine, regarding which he had encouraged her sanguine expectations, had not altogether justified the opinion he had formed of it. As time went on, the yield of gold was by no means in proportion to the capital expended, and the superintendent of the work did not hesitate to declare his belief that money was being sunk instead of being made, without any hope of ultimate success.

"There's some gold, of course—nobody can doubt *that*," he said, "but it's not enough, and it'll never be enough, to pay for the working. There's many such mines, and the best thing to do, in my opinion, is to let 'em alone; for, when a man once begins to spend money on 'em, he never knows when to stop. It's something like gambling. He's always hoping he'll strike a rich vein at last, and so he keeps on till he's spent more than the mine would ever yield if he worked it till the day of judgment. And that," the speaker concluded, "is going to be the case here if the company don't give up the business pretty soon."

Such a view of the matter was naturally very discouraging to Mr. Lawlie, who went for comfort to Thyrle. The latter could not deny that the yield of the ore had not been great; but he still maintained a firm belief that the veins would increase in richness as the work penetrated farther. "The mountain hides its treasure well," he said, "but if we have patience I think we shall reach it at last. Having spent so much money, it would be very short-sighted policy not to spend a little more, in order to make the outlay profitable."

This was the substance of his report to the company, and he strove to animate Murphy with his faith, but found it impossible to do so. The superintendent had made up *his* mind that time and labor were simply being wasted; and nothing could move him from this opinion. The men shared his belief, and consequently there was at this time all about Thyrle a subtle yet most penetrating atmosphere of discontent. To stand firm against such a state of affairs required not a little resolution, and it was, moreover, impossible for him to close his eyes to the fact that the entire responsibility of continuing the work rested on him. He felt a sense of personal accountability for every dollar expended, and, if his interest in the mine had needed quickening, this feeling would have quickened it. As it was, he spent his time in overlooking the progress of the work, examining rocks, and testing ores.

Under these circumstances, Annot saw very little of him, and she was less disposed to bear this patiently because now that her own future was assured she felt a sensible diminution of interest in the mine. Fortune's wheel had turned for *her*, and whether or not it turned for others concerned her very little. Hence she wondered more and more over Thyrle's absorption in a matter that could under no circumstances benefit him greatly.

"Why does he not give it up at once?" she thought. "I cannot understand why he should trouble about it *now*."

From which it may be inferred that she had learned to believe that the attraction which had so long kept the young mineralogist was to be found in herself rather than in the mountain which looked with calm disdain upon the pygmies burrowing into its heart. When she chanced, one day, to reveal this opinion to Thyrle, he did not undeceive her.

"I came in search of one treasure, and I found another," he said, with a smile.

Then a question, which had trembled on her lips for some time, passed them quickly:

"If you have found one treasure, why are you not satisfied?" she asked. "Why do you still persevere in trying to find the other?"

He looked surprised.

"Do you mean that you, too, are losing heart about the mine?" he said. "I am sorry for that."

"I mean that I do not care about it as I did," she answered. "Why should I? It was my only hope *then*, but now"—with a flitting blush—"I do not feel as if it mattered at all. And I cannot help wondering why it should matter so much to you."

"Yet the reason is very plain," he said, quietly. "Whether the mine is worked successfully or not, matters very much to your father as well as to the company which sent me here. Hence I cannot be content with having secured *my* treasure; I must still endeavor, by every means in my power, to wrest from the mountain the treasure which it holds."

"But could not some one else do so?" she asked. "Surely there is no need for *you* to spend time and labor in such a manner."

The expression of surprise came again to his face.

"I have the same need which every other man connected with the work has," he said. "It is my profession, and my means of support."

"Your—means of support!" stammered Annot. Her amazement was so great that she forgot that there was any reason why she should not betray it in excessive degree. "I do not understand," she said. "I thought—that is, I was told—that you worked in this way only because you like it."

"I do like it," he replied, "as every man must like the profession of his choice, but it is not optional with me whether I shall work or not. My fortune is a small one, and not likely ever to increase very greatly. I should, perhaps, have told you this before," as he saw the blankness of disappointment which settled on her face, "for it is no brilliant future that I can offer you. I am only a professional man with fair prospects and a moderate income."

Annot would have said again, "I do not understand," if she had been able to utter the words; but she was literally stricken dumb by astonishment and consternation. She hardly knew what dreams of gorgeous fabric she had reared until they were shattered by those few sentences.

It chanced that they were interrupted at this point, so the conversation went no further; but

Thyrle found himself thinking of it afterward, and wondering over the surprise which had been so apparent on Annot's face. It seemed impossible that she could have heard anything of his circumstances, and yet there was no other means of accounting for her belief that he worked in this way "only because he liked it." For a time he was deeply puzzled, but suddenly a light broke upon him, and he sought Mr. Murphy straightway.

"See here, Murphy," he began, at once, "have you been talking of my affairs to these people?"

"What affairs do you mean?" asked Murphy, who knew perfectly what he meant.

"I mean my private affairs," replied Thyrle, rather sternly. "The amount of what is supposed to be my fortune—anything of that kind?"

"I've got something else to do besides talking of anybody's private affairs," answered Murphy, "but I may have mentioned to Lawlie that it's odd to see a man worth as much as folks say you are working here as if you wasn't worth a dollar over and above what you make."

"And how do you know that I *am* worth a dollar over and above what I make?" demanded Thyrle, with unusual heat. "What people say is no authority, and a man of your age ought to know as much."

He walked away then, conscious that there was little good in losing temper over what was done; but he realized fully that the mistake seriously affected his relations with Annot. He did not suspect her of being entirely mercenary, but he did understand that she was counting on a very different position in life from any that he was able to give her.

"I will tell her the exact truth," he thought, "and then she must decide whether or not she cares to marry me as I am."

The day on which this "exact truth" was told was one that Annot never forgot. By Thyrle's request she had accompanied him to the summit of the mountain in which the treasure that had so deeply influenced both their lives—and through them other lives again—lay hidden. But, even though it had represented a kingdom's wealth, it could not have equalled the other treasure of loveliness unsurpassed which lay outspread beneath them, "from the orient to the drooping west." At their feet the green coves and valleys nestled in the folds of the splendid heights, while afar countless mountains stretched in azure fairness until the most remote mingled their form and color with the bending sky. Of the majesty of form, the ineffable delicacy of tint, and the abounding glory of verdure in these noble highlands, words can give no adequate description. To stand as Thyrle and Annot stood that day, and overlook its wide beauty, with the lucid atmosphere melting in the distance to radiant haze, is to realize an exaltation of feeling beyond mere pleasure. East, west, and north, mountains, girt by farther mountains still, bounded the horizon of their view; but southward the gaze passed over chains of intervening heights, and from the greater elevation beheld far off a wide, plain-like expanse, steeped in a magical

blue light. This was what mountaineers call "the low country"—the land of cities and railroads, of rushing life and energy. The dreamer in the clouds is apt to turn his eyes and his thoughts from all that it suggests; but Annot, now as ever, clasped her hands, and looked thither with wistful, longing gaze.

"Down there is *life*!" she said, as if speaking to herself. Then she turned abruptly to Thyrle. "Are you not tired of these mountains, which are so lonely and so still?" she added. "Do not you feel as if you wanted to be there?"—she made a motion of her hand toward the distant plain—"where there is something besides stagnation and weariness?"

He looked at her and smiled.

"It is you who are weary of Arcadia," he said, "not I. Perhaps I have had too much of the tumult and fret for which you are so eager. But a soldier cannot drop out of a fight because he is weary of it, and so I must, before long, go back to the world which lies so far and misty yonder. Do you think you will be willing to go with me?"

"I thought I had answered that question," she replied, with some surprise.

"Yes," he said, "but I have begun to fear that you answered it under a mistaken impression. Annot, do you think that I am a rich man?"

The direct question startled and confused her—she blushed crimson, and the truth impulsively slipped from her lips:

"Mr. Murphy says that you are."

"Mr. Murphy has no knowledge of my affairs," said Thyrle. "I am very sorry that such an idea was suggested to you, for I fear you will be disappointed when I tell you that it is a mistake. The truth is simply this: my uncle died a year ago, leaving his fortune in my hands for the use of his daughter. It was apparently bequeathed to me, but in fact it is not mine at all—it is merely a trust which I hold for another. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," she said, slowly; "but it seems very strange. Why did he not leave it to his daughter?"

"Because she had married very unhappily, and he did not wish her husband to derive any benefit from that for which he married her."

"And have you given it to her?"

"I have not yet made it over to her, but I will do so whenever she desires."

Annot was silent for a minute—looking not at him, but at that distant, shadowy plain where her heart and her hopes were set. Presently she said, impetuously:

"I do not think it was treating you right to do such a thing! Of course, everybody thinks the fortune is yours—and all the while you are bound to give it up!"

"What everybody thinks is not a matter of any importance," he said, quietly; "but what *you* think does concern me greatly. I recognize that this may change everything between us. When you accepted me you did so under an entire mistake with regard to my worldly affairs. Now that you know the truth

—now that you are aware that if you marry me you will be the wife, not of a rich, but of a poor man—I shall not blame you if you decide differently.”

Silence for another minute—a minute which both felt to be fraught with the fate of their future lives. Still Annot gazed at the far blue world, which spread until it melted into the sky. The strife of thought is lightning-like, and in that moment she debated and decided the whole question within herself. She was horribly disappointed by the assurance she had just received, and for an instant she was tempted to think that she had made a great mistake—for were not Kane's rich acres lying in their green beauty below?—but then the recollection came to her that it would be better to reach the distant elysium of her dreams even with a comparatively poor man than to enjoy prosperity in her present life. Unconsciously she was acting upon the axiom that it is the first step alone which costs. “Let me once get there,” she thought, watching the distant cloud-shadows shift and play over the misty expanse—“that is all I ask.” Furthermore, there can be no doubt that it would have cost her a pang to resign Thyrlle himself. She was not—it is doubtful whether under any circumstances she could have been—in love as unselfish, tender-hearted women understand that term; but he was the only man who had ever touched her fancy, or pleased her taste.

So, after what seemed a long interval of silence, yet which was in truth very short, she answered his last words without turning her eyes.

“It is strange that you should say such a thing to me. How can you think I would be ready to change because you are not rich? Of course I am sorry that the fortune is not really yours, but—but it can make no difference unless you wish it to do so.”

“Do you think that likely?” he asked, with a smile. “I have but one regret connected with it—and that is for your disappointment.”

It was a regret which Annot keenly shared, but she said to herself, when reviewing the matter afterward more coolly, that she had gone too far to turn back. Day by day the success of the mine seemed more uncertain, while Kane was absolutely estranged. This fact, however, was rather pleasing than otherwise. Her dread of his reckless character was not dead, and she devoutly hoped that he would remain estranged to the end.

#### VIII.

As the days went on, deepening in beauty as summer approached her meridian, Thyrlle did not relax his efforts with regard to the mine. A little encouragement had come, in the shape of a slight increase in the yield of gold, but it was not sufficient to stop the grumbling of Murphy, and the opposition of the latter became so great that Thyrlle was finally forced to agree that if a large blasting operation which they were planning did not result, as he hoped, in laying bare richer veins, he would advise the company to abandon the work.

“Don't be startled if the noise of an explosion

seems about to bring the house down on your head,” he said, in leaving Annot one morning. “We are going to blow off an enormous piece of the cliff to-day. I don't know what the mountain must think of us, but we are determined to have its hidden treasure, whether or no.”

“I don't know what the neighbors must think,” said Annot. “The last explosion was heard for miles—and this will be greater than that, will it not?”

“Much greater. This will be really tremendous. I am doubtful myself whether it may not be too great—but Murphy thinks not.”

“And this—this will decide everything, will it not?” she said, going close to him, and beginning to pin a flower in his button-hole.

“It will decide whether the work shall be continued or abandoned for the present,” he answered. “Do you wish us good luck?”

“What do you mean by good luck?—that the work shall be continued?”

“Certainly. Could I mean anything else?”

“Then I don't wish it,” she said, lifting her eyes with an appealing look to his face. “I am so anxious—oh, you can't tell how anxious—to go away from here! I should be glad of anything that would take you away—for you would take me, would you not?”

“There is not much doubt of that,” he answered—and with the touch of her hands upon his arm, the wistful fairness of her face uplifted, he did not heed at the moment the absorbing selfishness of her words. “If you are so anxious to go,” he went on, “you shall do so whether the work is abandoned or continued. I can go at any time, and for your sake I will leave—shall we say next week?”

A swift wave of color leaped into her cheek, a swift light of gladness into her eyes.

“Next week?” she said. “Will you really go, and—and take me?”

“I will really go, and take you,” he answered. “Tell me when I come back what day it shall be.”

He kissed her as he spoke, and went away—saying something about the necessity of his presence at the mine.

But if this necessity had been great, it was hardly likely that he would have loitered so slowly through the green forest which led to it. In the fair sylvan shade he took off his hat and walked bareheaded along the path, with softly flickering shadows falling over the pale gravity of his face and the deep sadness of his eyes. For many days a settled depression had rested upon him, the cause of which he would not acknowledge even to himself, but which, on the contrary, he had steadfastly striven to ignore. To-day, however, he could ignore it no longer, and his spirit rose up to meet and overcome it as if it had been a material foe. The bitterness of such a conflict is known alone to the soul which suffers it—“for who can read or understand another's mood?”—and no token of it passed Thyrlle's sternly compressed lips until at last he uttered half aloud these words:



"Say unto all kinds of happiness, 'I can do without thee'—with self-renunciation life begins." Then he added gravely, "Amen."

Annot, meanwhile, after parting with him on the piazza, had turned blithely into the house. Her heart was lighter than it had been for a long time, for the shadow of Kane's resentment hung over her so constantly that of late her nervous desire to escape beyond his reach had increased day by day. She never saw him, but, whenever she heard of him, she seemed to listen again to the passionate tones of his voice, and meet the passionate light of his eyes as he said that no woman should ever jilt him with impunity. She had not the vaguest possible idea of what form his retaliation might take, but she felt that she could not know rest or peace until safely married to Thyrle and gone away.

"An—not!"

It was the shout of one of the boys from the gate, and Annot answered it carelessly.

"Well, Tom, what is the matter?"

Tom's answer—delivered in the same loud key—was unexpected.

"Here's a lady wants to see Mr. Thyrle, and mother's out and father's away, so you must come and see her."

That a lady should be wanting Mr. Thyrle was such surprising intelligence that Annot rose quickly, dropped on the floor the sewing of which her lap was full, and, without even a glance toward the mirror to observe her appearance, went hastily out of the house.

At the gate a carriage was drawn up, while beside it—having evidently descended with the intention of entering the yard, when met by Tom, who was emerging from the gate—stood a tall, graceful lady dressed in deep black.

She looked round as Annot approached, and the latter saw what seemed to her the most beautiful face on which she had ever gazed—pale, delicate, clear-cut, with large, dark eyes of wonderful lustre.

"Good-day," said the lady, speaking courteously, yet with the indefinable tone of one who addresses a person of lower rank—a tone which Annot instinctively felt and quickly resented. "This young man tells me that Mr. Thyrle, whom I wish to see, is not here just now?"

"No," answered Annot. "He has gone to the mine."

"And is the mine far? Can I not go there?"

"You can, if you are very anxious to see him," Annot replied, "but I think you had better come into the house and wait till he returns."

"Thanks," said the lady, with the slightest possible accent of *hauteur*, "but I prefer to go to him at once if I can do so. What is the distance to the mine?"

"About half a mile," replied Tom, for Annot could not speak. All in an instant jealousy, undefined but passionate, seized her in its grasp. Who was this woman—so beautiful, so graceful, so far above her in refinement of manner and appearance—who had come to seek Thyrle, upon whom it

was plain that she had some more than ordinary claim of relationship or friendship? Of late her sense of the gulf between herself and the man who had asked her to marry him had been diminishing in Annot's mind; but the appearance of this stranger seemed suddenly to make her conscious again of all its width. She felt inclined to cry peremptorily: "Who are you?—what do you want with him? I have a right to know!" But there is something in the reserve of the high-bred which even lower breeding is forced to respect; and so she remained silent, while Tom went on:

"If you follow the road that turns into the woods there to the left, you can drive to within a hundred yards of the mine—and then get out and ask the first man you see for Mr. Thyrle, and that's all."

"Thank you," said the lady. She turned to re-enter the carriage, but with her foot on the step hesitated a minute. "Am I likely to disturb him?—is he very busy?" she asked.

Still Annot did not speak, so Tom again responded:

"I don't reckon you'll disturb him—he's not what I call busy, any time."

"Then I will go," said the lady, with a smile. She entered the carriage as she spoke, said a few words to the driver, and the equipage rolled away, turning into the green forest and vanishing from sight as if it had been part of a dream—a most unwelcome dream, it seemed to Annot as she stood gazing blankly after it.

The surprise which she had felt at this unexpected appearance was hardly greater than that of Thyrle when he learned that a lady was inquiring for him. He left the mine at once, and, descending to the foot of the cliff, found the slender, beautiful figure seated on a pile of stones, with graceful foliage drooping overhead, the *débris* of the work in front, and the enchanted greenness of the solemn woods behind.

"Helen!" he exclaimed, in overmastering astonishment, as she rose and advanced toward him with both hands outstretched. "What possible chance brings you here?"

"No chance at all," she answered, with a tremulous smile. "A deliberate resolution is not a chance, is it?—since you would not come to me, what resource had I but to come to you? You are not sorry to see me, surely?"

"Sorry—no!" He spoke cordially, but the expression of his face was not of unmixed gladness. "I only regret that you should have taken such a journey, when of course I should have gone to you if you had really wanted me."

"And have you doubted that I really wanted you? How could I fail to want my best, my only friend? Have I not begged you to come to me, and you—have you not failed to do so? I did not blame you; but I feel that I must see you, and so—I have come to you!"

There was that in her voice, in her face, above all in her eyes, which thrilled to Thyrle's inmost



heart, waking passionate emotions which he had fancied dead—having fought them as a man fights the mortal enemy whom he must conquer or die—and bringing over him a keen sense of the irony of Fate. When he spoke, his voice, though still gentle, was almost cold.

"Tell me what I can do for you," he said. "I am sure you must have had some purpose in coming, apart from merely desiring to see me."

"I would have traveled a hundred times as far merely to see you," she answered, impetuously, "but I had a purpose, moreover. I have heard tidings—of my husband."

Thyrlé started, and the whole expression of his face changed.

"Tidings of what kind?" he asked, quickly. "Has he been troubling you again?"

"No," she answered—and there was a strange, solemn gladness in her manner, which was almost startling—"he will never trouble me again. The agent whom you advised me to put on his track has brought me proof that he died abroad, more than a year ago. I have tried not to rejoice—I endeavor not to thank God, for I fear that it may be wicked to do so—but to feel that I am free again, that the haunting dread of him is lifted from my life, is a relief which words can poorly express. You do not blame me for feeling so, do you?" she asked, fixing her lustrous, wistful eyes upon his. "You know what I have suffered and endured—you know what freedom means for me. Tell me, Julian, am I wrong to be happy?"

What could Thyrlé say? It was a question of moral casuistry quite beyond his power of answering; but he spoke his honest conviction when he replied:

"Right or wrong, it is simply impossible that you could feel otherwise. You might profess regret—that could be easily done—but I do not think it would help matters in the sight of God, and, so far as the judgment of man is concerned, you are more than justified in being thankful to be free. I do not hesitate to say that I rejoice for you! Now, my cousin, my dear cousin, you can take your place in the world, and live the life for which you are fitted."

"I have outlived all desire of that," she said. "My suffering has taught me wisdom—of one kind, at least. I have learned that there are only a few things worth valuing in life—and chief of them, Julian, is such a heart as yours."

"Don't!" he said, sharply, lifting his hand with a gesture of warding off a blow. "The time is past for such words, Helen—do not utter them."

"But it is not past!" she cried, passionately. "It has only come. Do you know why I have traveled here to seek you? It is to tell you that I am ready to make amends for all the past—if you will let me: it is to put my heart, my pride, everything that a woman holds most dear, at your feet—as long ago you laid your faithful and tender heart at mine, and I madly turned away from it. Julian"—what softness and sweetness her voice took as it uttered his name!—"is it too late?"

Ah, the irony, the cruel irony of Fate! Thyrlé's

brain seemed on fire, and his pulses were beating madly; but, through all the whirl of passion—for he knew with terrible distinctness that the woman bending toward him, and offering him all that she had to give, all that in days gone by he would have periled his soul to win, possessed his heart now as she had possessed it then—through all the strife of thought and feeling—he did not lose his consciousness that there was but one thing to do. He had buried his face in his hands when she began to speak; now he lifted it, stamped with a pallor that was almost ghastly.

"Forgive me that I have let you speak like this," he said, slowly, as one who utters his words by a supreme effort. "If I had imagined that your generous desire to atone for any pain you gave me in the past would have carried you so far, I should have told you before what I must tell you now—I am engaged to be married!"

It is not too much to say that he could not have amazed her more if he had leveled a pistol at her breast and fired. She gazed at him for an instant with dilated eyes, then growing white—white to the very lips—sank back on the pile of stones from which she had arisen.

In the absolute silence which followed it seemed to Thyrlé as if he lived an eternity of pain—pain the keenest which he had ever endured. He felt like one around whom the bonds of Fate had tightened hopelessly; but, while it was possible to bear this for himself, it appeared to him almost impossible that he could bear it for her. Yet what was to be done? what remained to be said?

How long the silence lasted, neither knew; but it was the woman who recovered self-control first, and spoke—in a voice which hardly sounded like her own, so tense and full of effort was it:

"You may think it very strange that I—I did not consider that such a thing might be. But, in thinking much of one's self, one grows narrow-minded; and then, though I had no right to your confidence, I fancied you would have told me—"

Her power of speech failed; but Thyrlé, knowing what she intended to say, answered the unfinished sentence.

"If such a thing had been when I saw you, I should certainly have told you. It is since then that I have become engaged."

"To whom?"

"To Miss Lawlie—the daughter of the man at whose house you probably stopped before coming here."

She looked at him with astonishment, which was akin to consternation.

"To *that* girl!" she said. "O Julian! what does it mean?"

"It means," he answered, "that I lost utterly—lost long ago, Helen—all care for my own life, all hope of my own happiness, and that there seemed a prospect of my being able to bestow happiness on her. That is all."

"Do you mean, then," she said, quietly, "that you do not love her?"

Their eyes met in a glance which to the day of her death Helen Huntley was destined never to forget.

"I never loved but one woman," Thyrle said, quietly, "and she told me, ten years ago, that she cared nothing for me."

"But she has learned wisdom since then, Julian," the woman before him cried, entreatingly, "and she tells you now—"

He made a gesture which, almost against her will, stopped the passionate words on her lips.

"Tell me nothing," he said. "The past, for which you desire to atone, is dead; and there is no resurrection possible for anything connected with it. As for the future, I can face it with courage, I hope, while for you it may be as bright—"

She interrupted him vehemently.

"There is no brightness possible in it," she said. "You know this—you must know this—and yet you will sacrifice me to a girl whom you do not love!"

If he thought of the past, and of the time when with little thought or care she had sacrificed *him* to a caprice which was destined to wreck her life, he made no sign of such a recollection. He only said, with a gentleness full of compassion, yet under which she felt that absolute determination lay:

"There is no sacrifice in my power which I would not make for you; but to sacrifice my honor is out of my power. Let us talk no more of this."

"But there is one thing of which we *must* talk," she said, with quick, gasping breath. "The fortune which you have settled on me—Julian, you cannot expect that I will keep all of it. Half, at least, should be yours."

"Not a sixpence should be or ever will be mine," he answered, almost sternly. "Do not speak of it again. It is a subject which I will not discuss. The fortune is yours, and yours alone."

"And this is the end!" she cried, despairingly. "You will not let me be anything to you—you will not let me do anything for you—"

"This is the end," he said, taking the hands which she held out to him appealingly. "What you have been to me, I need not tell you; of what you are to me, I must not speak. This is the end, Helen. Good-by!"

For the first time since the long-past day when they had been betrothed lovers they kissed each other; then saying, brokenly, "I have deserved this, and more; but *you*—God bless you, Julian!" Mrs. Huntley turned and went away.

#### IX.

AFTER the appearance of the visitor who had so suddenly flashed upon her and disappeared, Annot felt too unsettled in mind, too restless in spirit, to return to her quiet work in the house. She was excited, curious, jealous, not so much of the woman herself as of the associations which she felt she must embody for Thyrle; and, since such a state of feeling is generally incompatible with repose of body, she, too, turned and entered the woodland-path

which led to the mine—not so much with any intention of going thither as with the mere desire to be in movement.

So it came to pass that, as Mrs. Huntley was returning, she met, half-way between the house and the mine, the girl of whom her thoughts were full. She was a woman with whom feeling was ever stronger than reflection, and, acting on an impulse, she stopped the carriage and descended.

"Go on to the house and wait for me," she said to the driver; then, as he disappeared, she turned to Annot.

"I forgot to ask your name when we met an hour ago," she said, "but you are Miss Lawlie, are you not?"

"I am Miss Lawlie," replied Annot, somewhat disarmed, yet instinctively ready to resent patronage should this fine lady be inclined to bestow it.

But there was no suspicion of such a thing in the lady's look and manner. On the contrary, she held out her hand, gazing the while wistfully at the fair face before her.

"I have been talking with my cousin—I believe I forgot to mention that Mr. Thyrle *is* my cousin," she said, "and he has told me that you are engaged to him. You must let me congratulate you, for he has always been to me as a brother, and no one knows so well as I that you have won the noblest nature and truest heart in all the world."

Underlying the sweet, cordial words, there was a strain of sadness which Annot's ear was quick enough to detect, and as she clasped the slender white hand offered her she thought, "*You* are the cousin to whom he has given up the fortune," while aloud she said:

"You are very kind. I am sure Mr. Thyrle is all you say, and I—I wish that I were better suited to him."

Self-depreciation was usually not at all in her way, and it was almost unconsciously that these words were forced from her—partly by the searching gaze of the dark eyes bent on her, and partly by a renewed sense of the great difference between herself and this graceful woman.

"If you love him as he deserves to be loved, differences of habit and thought will prove but trifles," the other replied. "Love is the one great essential for happiness—nothing else matters in comparison, and I am sure you *must* love him."

"I—I think I do," said Annot, more and more surprised. This was a strange conversation, yet she did not know how to show her sense of its strangeness. Though generally ready enough in thought and speech, she was, in a manner, overborne by the magnetism that seemed to dwell in Mrs. Huntley's eyes and in the clasp of her hand.

"You are the woman whom he has chosen to share his life, and you therefore will hold his happiness in your hands," the thrilling voice went on. "Oh, remember—pray remember that! And remember that I, who know him better than any one else can ever do—for I have tested him as no one else can ever test him—tell you that his generosity,

his faithfulness, his tenderness, are far beyond all words."

"I don't understand why you should think it necessary to tell me," said the girl, with a strain of resentment in her voice. "I may not know him as you know him—I may not have tested him as you have tested him—but, at least, I know him well enough to love him, and to feel sure that he *is* faithful, and generous, and tender."

"Shall I tell you how it is that I know it so well?" Mrs. Huntley asked. "Have you ever heard him speak of his cousin Helen Rowland?"

"I never heard him mention that name," Annot replied; "but I heard him speak—once—of a cousin who married unhappily, and whose father disinherited her. I am sure that he would not have told me anything about it," she added, quickly, as she caught an expression of pain on the face before her, "but that he wanted to explain why it was that people said he was rich when he was not."

"Let us sit down," said Mrs. Huntley, turning to a fallen tree near the path. "I am not strong, and excitement unnerves me." Well—after they sat down—"I am glad he told you, for it leaves less for me to tell. I am the woman of whom he spoke—his cousin Helen Rowland. Did he tell you I was engaged to him when I eloped with the man who became my husband? No, I am certain that he did not tell you that. But I was—I had been ever since we were very young. We grew up together, and my father was always devoted to him. I, too, liked him—no one could help doing so—but I was foolish, and wild, and perverse, and I imagined that I fell in love with Edward Huntley; and, as much to defy my father as for any other reason, I married him. I need not speak of my marriage, except to say that it was very unhappy; and, when my father died, he left his fortune to Julian Thyrle. Then Julian sought me out—me, the woman who had shamefully jilted him!—and, with a kindness and consideration far beyond all poor words of mine, settled that fortune on me. So much you know; but you do not know that I have been to him to-day to urge him to take part of this fortune which he resigns, and that he refuses absolutely to do so. But I cannot accept his refusal—I cannot!" she cried, as passionately as if Thyrle had been before her. "It is not just: my father loved him as a son, and he should keep a son's share of the property. He will not listen to me; but, surely"—here she took Annot's hand once more in her eager clasp—"you will have some influence with him. Can you not go to him? Can you not plead my cause? Can you not say to him, 'Unless you want to break your cousin's heart, you will keep part of this money—none of which would be hers but for you?' Surely, you will not refuse to do this!"

"I think you are right—I think he ought to keep part of the fortune," Annot said, after a moment's hesitation; "but I fear he will not listen to me any more than to you. I do not feel as if I had any influence over him."

"But you will try!" said the other, eagerly.

"I will stay here and wait if you will go to him and plead for me, who have pleaded in vain for myself. Do not speak of its being just—say, rather, that it will be generous—more generous than anything he has done yet! Pray go, and God grant you success!"

Thus urged, what could Annot do but yield—the more readily because she believed as firmly as Mrs. Huntley could possibly desire that it was madness in Thyrle to resign the entire fortune. Yet she rose with the air of one who consents reluctantly.

"I will do what I can, because you seem so anxious," she said; "but you must not think that I will succeed. I have no hope at all that Mr. Thyrle will consent to what you desire—but I will go and beg him to do so for your sake."

"Yes, for my sake," said the other, with a strain of bitterness in her voice. "The plea had no influence on him when I uttered it, but it may have more weight from *your* lips."

Annot doubted this exceedingly; but it was not displeasing to have such power attributed to her, so she said again, "I will go;" and, rising, followed the path which led into the green depths of the forest.

As she found herself alone, walking rapidly toward the mine, the excitement which possessed her rose higher. Fail! She could not, she *would* not fail! Now, indeed, and at last, the key of fortune was in her hand, and there was nothing she would not say, nothing she would not do, in order to retain it. If she only knew how best to influence Thyrle, if she only could tell— At this point she suddenly started and recoiled with an involuntary cry, for a step on the path had made her look up, and Ellis Kane stood before her.

There are some blows which stun the spirit into apathy, deadening thought, and for a short, merciful space even numbing feeling, and such a blow was that which Thyrle had suffered. After his cousin left, he remained for several minutes motionless; then turning—as one who moves mechanically—he retraced his steps toward the mine. Climbing up the zigzag path which led from one escarpment of the cliff to another, he finally reached a broad ledge, where the principal excavations had been made.

As he stepped upon this, at a point distant several hundred yards from where the miners were at work, a man who had been sitting at the foot of a tree rose up and confronted him.

Rather a formidable-looking figure to meet unexpectedly on a mountain-side, yet one which seemed thoroughly at home there in its athletic strength and freedom of bearing. No need of the rifle in the strong right hand to give assurance that the man was well versed in all manly exercises, and the bold, bright eyes were never bolder or brighter than at this moment.

"I believe you have seen me before, Mr. Thyrle," the resolute voice said, as Thyrle looked at him. "My name is Ellis Kane."

"Pardon me," said Thyrle, with the instinct of

courtesy which never deserted him. "I did not recognize you for an instant, but I remember you now. Can I do anything for you, Mr. Kane?"

"You can give me your attention for a few minutes," the other replied. "I ask nothing more of you."

"I would rather you asked that at another time," said Thyrle, "since I am occupied at present."

"I shall not detain you long," Kane answered, with the resolution deepening on his face and in his voice; "but I have come to say a few words to you, and they must be spoken."

"Let me request, then, that you will speak them as briefly as possible," Thyrle said, with a quietness which was in great measure born of indifference. The pulse of life was beating just then very sluggishly in his veins, and it mattered little to him what this rejected lover of Annot's might have to utter.

But it was natural that to Kane this indifference should bear the aspect of superciliousness, and a gleam of passion came into his eyes, as he brought the end of his gun down on the rock with a ringing sound.

"Briefly, then," he said, "is it true, as I hear, that you are to marry Annot Lawlie?"

"It is quite true," Thyrle replied, rousing now to sufficient interest to exhibit a significant degree of haughtiness; "and, being true, I must request more courtesy from you in mentioning the lady's name."

Kane uttered a low, unmirthful laugh.

"I have known her too long and too well to think of changing my manner of speaking of her even to oblige you," he said. "See here, Mr. Thyrle, I know nothing about you except that you seem to be a gentleman, and therefore I am tempted to ask if you think it honorable to come between a man and the girl who has been engaged to him for years, and by rousing her vanity and love of the world to make her false to him, and win her for yourself?"

That there is a magnetism in truth to make itself felt and known, who can doubt? The earnestness of Kane's face and manner brought—not for the first time—a doubt of Annot's sincerity over Thyrle. He looked at the mountaineer steadfastly for a minute, and then said:

"Let me advise you to pause before you make assertions which you may not be able to prove. That you were Miss Lawlie's suitor for years, I know; but I think you hardly had reason to hold her engaged to you."

"I had every reason that a man could have short of a distinct and absolute promise of marriage," Kane replied. "She not only encouraged my passion, but she acknowledged repeatedly that she loved me, and she only held back from promising to marry me because she hoped to do better. She thinks that in marrying *you* she will do better, else she would play the same game with you, without hesitation. You wonder, perhaps"—as Thyrle still steadily regarded him—"why, if all this is true, I should regret such a woman. I have wondered my-

self, and I have fought against the madness until at last it has come to this—I *don't* regret her. She is not worth an honest man's having, and, if she were ready to marry me to-morrow, I would not marry her. I have not learned this in a day, however. You do not know how often during the past month your life has been in jeopardy. I have haunted this mountain-side, and again and again—when from some point of the cliff I have seen you alone—the devil has urged me to come down and have it out, you and I alone together. But I was always drawn back at the last moment. I hated you and wanted to kill you, and yet I felt all the time that Annot Lawlie was not worth wrecking one's soul for. So, wisdom came to me at last, and I made up my mind that I would never see her again, or you either—having stolen her you might make what you could of such a bad bargain. To let you alone began to seem the best revenge I could take. But last night I couldn't sleep, and I began to think that it wasn't your fault that you had been fooled as I had been, and that it might not be a bad thing to give you such a warning as one honest man may offer another. If you don't heed it, well and good—I have no interest in the matter, for I tell you on my oath that there is not gold enough in this mountain to bribe me to marry Annot Lawlie, knowing her as I know her now."

The passionate voice rang out stern and true, the passionate eye shone with the light of honest indignation, and Thyrle seemed for a moment half inclined to extend his hand—but, apparently thinking better of the impulse, he drew back.

"It is difficult to doubt you, Mr. Kane," he said, "but you must understand this—that your assertions are directly opposed to those of Miss Lawlie, and it would scarcely be just if I—who stand pledged to marry her—credited you to her discredit. She has assured me that, although you were a persevering suitor, she never for one moment loved or gave you reason to believe that she could ever love you."

The smile which came to Kane's lip was half bitter, half contemptuous.

"She went a little too far," he said; "it would have been safer if she had restricted herself to denying that she had promised to marry me. If you care to glance over these"—his hand went to the breast-pocket of his coat, and he drew out a package of letters—"you will perceive whether or not she ever owned that she loved me."

For an instant Thyrle hesitated—then with the manner of one who constrains himself to a disagreeable yet stern necessity, he received the letters and opened one of them.

No need to doubt or question longer who had spoken truth. He was answered by the first words on which his eye fell—words which no woman could ever have written and forgotten, however much it might prove to her interest to disown them. He read a few lines, then glanced at the date, folded the letter, returned it to its envelope, and handed the package back to Kane.



"I am satisfied," he said, calmly. "Whether or not you have done me a service I do not know at present; but I thank you for your candor, and I regret that I have unintentionally been the cause of so much pain to you."

"That does not matter," Kane replied. "I am sane enough now to know that you have done me no injury. Will you shake hands? I"—he hesitated, with Thyrle's hand in his—"I hope I have not hurt you much."

"You have not hurt me at all," said the other, with a slight smile. "Believe that."

Left alone a moment later, for the young mountaineer sprang down the rocks like a goat, and disappeared, he looked out over the fairness of the outspread earth, and up at the blueness of the encompassing sky, wondering, with the strange, vague feeling of one who has been heavily stunned, what part he should play in the perplexing web which Fate had drawn around him.

X.

"You!" cried Annot sharply, overwhelmed by the surprise of meeting Kane so unexpectedly. "What are you doing here?"

"I have just come down the mountain," he replied, lifting his hat, ceremoniously. "I had no idea of meeting you, Miss Lawlie"—when had Ellis Kane called her Miss Lawlie before?—"else I might have taken another path, to spare you the annoyance of seeing me."

"I—oh, I was only startled," said she, hastily. "I did not expect to see any one—that was all."

With this half apology, she glanced at him apprehensively, and, if she had spoken her thought, it would assuredly have been, "Come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?" for, let her fortify her courage as she would, the fact remained that she was afraid of this man whom she had jilted, and she would gladly have welcomed any overture of peace from him—failing which, she hoped that he would pass on and leave her alone.

But this he had plainly no intention of doing. He paused before her with much the same air which he had worn when he first confronted Thyrle—the air of one who, having something to say, has made up his mind to utter it.

"It may be a good thing that we have met," said he, abruptly. "We are not likely to meet hereafter except by accident, and I happen to have some property of yours with me for which I have no further use, and which you may probably like returned."

She did not comprehend his meaning, so there was wonder as well as the same vague shadow of apprehension in the eyes she lifted to him as she said:

"I do not understand—I do not know what property of mine you can have."

"You have forgotten, then, the letters you wrote to me when I was absent in Georgia?" he asked. "I don't know whether I ever thanked you for them. They were worth more than all the gold in the earth to me when I got them; but, naturally, they de-

creased in value when I came home and learned how you had been occupying yourself in the intervals of writing them, and—having served their last purpose to-day—they are now perfectly worthless to me."

She lifted her head haughtily. Though appreciating the full danger of the situation—for what, she thought, if Thyrle should suddenly come upon them!—she was determined to hold her own to the last boldly and defiantly.

"I understand you *now*, Mr. Kane," she said, "and you are as kind and courteous as you have always been. Yes, I would certainly like my letters returned, and I assure you there is nothing in the world of less importance to me than whether you do or do not place any value on them."

"I can believe that easily enough," said he, with quick scorn in his face and voice. "How should *you* be able to reckon the worth of a man's faith or a man's love? I am glad of this chance to tell you that, although I have been a fool about you longer than I care to remember, it is all over now—over and done forever! So long as I live I shall never waste another thought on you; but it is only honest to let you know that I have paid the debt I owe you—in part, at least. For a time I was mad enough to think of killing the man you had promised to marry, but instead of that I have told him the story of your conduct to me, and showed him these letters"—he drew them from his pocket—"as proof of my assertions. He said he needed proof, as your statements and mine were directly opposed, and I don't think it will give you much trouble to tell which story the letters supported."

He offered them to her as he spoke, but she seemed incapable of extending her hand to receive them. Despite the bitterness which he felt toward her, Kane had no malice or cruelty in his nature, and he was conscious of a thrill of absolute compunction as he saw how pallid her face had grown, and how full of consternation were her eyes.

"You—you showed him those letters!" she gasped. "I did not think that even *you* would have been so false and so mean as that! Oh, why did I not always hate you?" she cried, with a shiver of passion over her whole frame. "You are a coward, a cruel coward, to strike in the dark like this, Ellis Kane!"

"I gave an honest man an honest warning, more for his own sake than to revenge myself on you," said Kane, sternly. "You have the mine left, you know, and here—take your letters. They are worth nothing to me."

"Keep them in remembrance of this manly and generous act!" she cried, with eyes blazing through burning tears. "If I were a man I would *kill* you; but I am only a weak girl, so you can injure me without fear. I will not give up everything for lost, however, because you have spoken falsely, and used my own folly as a weapon against me. I will go to Mr. Thyrle and tell him—"

The words were taken from her lip, the sentence left forever unfinished, by the sound of an explosion



which at that instant came, filling the air, and shaking the solid earth beneath their feet.

It is no trifling thing to be in the neighborhood of such a blast, and in the present instance the shock was augmented by the dull, thunderous noises—apparently the crash of falling rocks in large numbers—which followed the explosion. To judge from the sounds—they were too near and yet too remote from the foot of the cliff to see what was going on—the mountain appeared to be hurling destruction upon those who had so long braved its might. One heavy report followed another in quick succession, and the impression created upon the mind of a listener was that the entire cliff must be blown into fragments.

"What can it mean?" asked Annot, turning involuntarily to her companion. "Surely, they must have made the blast greater than they intended!"

"I think they must!" he muttered. As crash after crash smote upon his ear, he had grown suddenly pale. He was conscious that in leaving the cliff when he did he had barely—with no margin of time to spare—escaped destruction; and, therefore, it was not strange that it occurred to him to question if Thyrle were safe. The last that he had seen of the latter was when he glanced back at the upper ledge from the foot of the cliff. He was then standing motionless where he (Kane) had left him. If he remained there until the explosion occurred, there could be no doubt that he must have been crushed by the masses of rock which the tremendous shock dislodged and sent down the mountain-side.

Without uttering a word of this fear to Annot, he turned and strode swiftly back toward the cliff. Before he had gone far in that direction, one of the miners rose up from ambush behind a mass of rocks and trees, and shouted warningly to him.

"Don't go there yet!" he cried. "The danger's not over from them falling boulders."

"Where is Mr. Thyrle?" asked Kane. "Did he get to a place of safety?"

"Mr. Thyrle!" repeated the man. "He left the mine an hour before we touched off the blast."

"But he was on the cliff fifteen minutes before!" cried Kane, realizing that this assurance gave additional ground for his worst fears. "Do you mean to tell me you didn't warn him?"

"I—I don't know," stammered the man. "I had nothin' to do with it. Mr. Murphy gave the orders to light the fuse and leave the mine, and we all left; but we saw nothing of Mr. Thyrle."

"Which side did you come down?" asked Kane, with a lingering hope that they might have descended along the path where he left Thyrle.

"We come down by the left side—it's the steepest but the shortest way," answered the miner.

And Thyrle had been on the right! Hope died in Kane's breast at this moment—a horrible moment, which in all his after-life he never forgot. For many a day his feelings toward this man had been those of a murderer; and now, by his deed—for, if he had not detained him, would he not have returned to the mine in time to seek safety?—he had perished miserably!

"My God! when a man thinks evil, is he led to do it in spite of himself?" was the thought which flashed through his mind.

Then he turned fiercely upon the miner.

"By gross carelessness Mr. Thyrle was left unwarned on that cliff," he said. "Where is Murphy? We must see what has become of him."

When Murphy was found, his dismay was exceedingly great; but he insisted—not without reason—that he was not to blame.

"Mr. Thyrle knew that we were nearly ready to touch off the blast when he left the mine," he said. "How on earth could I conceive that he would be coming back just at the time when he ought to have known that it would be dangerous to do so? I could not believe it of him if you didn't tell me that you saw him, Mr. Kane!"

"I not only saw him, but I talked with him," said Kane; "and I would give everything I possess if I had not detained him to talk; but he uttered no hint of danger to me."

"His wits must have been strangely wool-gathering," said Murphy, "and you may thank your stars that you got away when you did. Poor fellow! I don't think there's any hope that we'll ever find him alive," he added.

It was a long time before they found him at all, so entirely had the face of the cliff been changed by the explosion which loosened its great boulders and sent them crashing downward. Strong arms toiled faithfully, however, and at length they discovered and drew him forth from under a mass of irregularly-piled debris. He had evidently taken refuge beneath an outward shelving ledge of the cliff; and this shelter had partly saved him, for he was alive, though entirely unconscious and terribly crushed. As they laid him gently down, no man imagined that his eyes would ever open again to the light of day.

But Nature, which sometimes succumbs so utterly under the slightest injuries, at other times proves her wonderful restorative powers by raising up to renewed life those whom even science has declared to be on the threshold of death. So it came to pass that the breath which fluttered so faintly through Thyrle's lips gradually grew stronger, until at last the day came when—though still weak as a child, and with one helpless arm bound in a bandage—he looked about him and knew that he was alive.

But he did not know, he had no means of judging, how long he had lain unconscious, any more than he knew aught of the brain-fever and delirium which had alternated with heavy stupor. He waked in a strange yet pleasant world made up of the things which are most soothing to the sick—fresh linen draping about him, a faint whiff of aromatic fragrance on the air, an open window with green boughs drooped across, and sunshine streaming softly through.

As he lay quiet, striving vainly to knit together the broken threads of thought, yet too indifferent or

too weak to be very curious, a voice spoke outside his door—a voice which had power to rouse him out of languor, and send his blood with quickened motion from his heart.

"What!" he thought. "Is *she* here?"

The next moment a step crossed the floor, a woman's hand—soft, light, and cool—touched his brow, and, looking up, his eyes rested on the face of his cousin—a thinner, paler face than when he saw it last, but more full of serenity and gentleness than he had ever seen it before.

"Helen," he said, "how does this come about?"

"How does what come about?" asked she, smiling. "Do you mean how is it that you are lying here helpless? My poor Julian, have you forgotten that you were frightfully injured by the explosion at the mine? For a long—oh, for so long a time, I never hoped that you would recover or be like other men again; but now, thank God! the doctor says you will get well."

"I am not sorry," said he, slowly, "though the last thing that I remember about the explosion is thinking that perhaps it was the best thing that could happen to me just then."

"O Julian! could you think that? And was it my fault?"

"Very far from your fault, my dear," he answered, kindly. "It was mine altogether, and mine alone; but we will not talk of that just now. Tell me, as the convalescent heroes in books say, where am I? and how long have I been in this interesting condition?"

"You are in the Lawlie house," said she, "though not in the room you formerly occupied; and you have been in this condition six weeks. That is enough information for the present. Now you must take your medicine and something to eat."

Thyrlie did not demur—conscious, perhaps, that he had at present sufficient food for reflection; but several hours later, when she brought her work and sat down near him, he propounded another question.

"If I am in the Lawlie house," he said, "pray what has become of the Lawlies?"

Mrs. Huntley laid down her work, and looked at him hesitatingly and a little apprehensively.

"I did not want to tell you just yet," she said; "but I suppose it is better than to let you worry yourself with ungratified curiosity. The Lawlies are gone."

He stared at her blankly, repeating the word, "Gone!"

"They have been gone two weeks," she continued. "That blast which nearly killed you revealed so much of the wealth of the mine that Mr. Lawlie sold it for fifty thousand dollars, and he and his family have gone to enjoy their prosperity."

Thyrlie was too weak for any great manifestation of emotion—he only said:

"I am glad to hear it—about the mine, I mean. And Annot?"

Mrs. Huntley bent her head over her sewing again.

"Annot went with them," she said.

There was silence for a minute—Thyrlie lay quite still, gazing at the golden sunbeams dancing through the green leaves outside the window, then at a patch of sapphire-like sky, and then at his cousin's dark, graceful head. Finally, he spoke, and the first tone of his voice assured Mrs. Huntley that she had done no harm in telling him the truth.

"This is surprising news. We are always surprised that the world has not stood still while we have in a measure dropped out of it. But did Annot leave no word for me?"

Hesitation again on Mrs. Huntley's part—hesitation which Thyrlie this time perceived and abruptly ended.

"Tell me whatever is to be told, Helen," he said. "You need not fear that I can be affected in any degree likely to injure me."

"I only feared that you would be pained," said she, lifting her dark eyes with their old, wistful look to his. "Annot went away before the others did—to some relations of her mother's, I think—but she left a letter which I was to give you if you recovered."

"Indeed!" said Thyrlie, with a flicker of sarcastic light in his quiet eyes. "How considerate of her to provide for an event which must have seemed very unlikely at that time! And the letter, Helen? Let me know all and be done with the matter, my dear."

She rose without a word, left the room, and returned a moment later with the letter.

"I do not know what may be in it, Julian," she said, "but I hope you will believe, whatever it is, that I had no share in bringing it about."

He took her trembling hand and laid it on his lips.

"I can believe nothing unworthy of you," he said. "I hardly thought I should need to tell you that. Open the letter, and we will read it together."

She broke the seal, drew forth the inclosure, and this was what Annot had written:

"If you should ever be able to read this letter, you will think that I am utterly selfish and heartless to go away and leave you hanging between life and death; but I go because there is nothing here for me to do, and I may forget everything sooner by going. In consequence of my father's good fortune, one of my mother's relations has awakened to a recollection of my existence and written to me. I am going to visit and make use of her. What you heard concerning me just before your accident, I know—perhaps you may believe me if I say that if I did not tell you *all* the truth, it was only because I liked you too well to be willing to risk losing you—and I know, too, from your own delirious ravings that you love your cousin. Under these circumstances it does not seem to me that there is anything to say but good-by.

"ANNOT LAWLIE."

Thyrle looked up from the letter with a smile which relieved any fears which Mrs. Huntley may have entertained lest Annot's desertion might hurt him worse than he expected.

"So the knot is cut," he said, "and I am free. Helen, it may be a little premature to ask, but do

you think a rejected man, a poor man, and a crippled man, worth having?"

Helen's answer is not hard to imagine; and so he found at last the hidden treasure of love which was to brighten all his days.

[THE END.]

## THE DIALECTS OF OUR COUNTRY.

IN proposing a subject like this, some may be ready to ask, "What does it mean?" or be slow to admit that our country has any dialects. That depends, however, on what is meant by dialects. The word has a wider and a narrower meaning. In general, dialects may be defined as varieties of the same language. But in some cases the variety is much more distinct and full than in others. The Chaldee may be called a dialect of the Hebrew, or the Portuguese a dialect of the Spanish, yet the dialects in these cases have so much of a grammar and a vocabulary of their own as to seem almost distinct languages. At the same time, such varieties as those of the Doric, Ionic, Attic, and Eolic, in the Greek, are called dialects; while the same is true of the varieties afforded by some of the districts of England and the departments of France. If we may say that a dialect is the language of a part of any country deviating from the authorized language of the country as a whole, whether in grammar, words, or pronunciation, then it may be affirmed that each principal portion of our country has its dialect. Each principal portion of our country has so many peculiarities of speech that it is not difficult in most cases for any one, who has paid much attention to the matter, to determine the section of country a stranger belongs to after conversing with him for a few minutes. Let a man "go to Congress," as we say, and he will soon find that he is amid a variety of dialects. The House of Representatives assembles its members from every portion of every State of the Union, and, although many of the members are sufficiently educated and traveled to have shed many of their peculiarities of speech, there will still be found abundant opportunity to study our dialects. Many will betray their "native," as Kentuckians term it, at the first opening of their lips. It may only be a cry of "Order!" or it may only be an address to the chair, "Mr. Speaker," or it may only be an allusion to "the gentleman from New York," or "the gentleman from Virginia"—it is enough. In a casual looking in on the Senate, I have heard as characteristic New-Englandisms as are to be found in the sayings of Sam Slick, and as choice specimens of Tennessee eloquence as are to be found reported in the pages of Davy Crockett. Some years ago it was said that Mr. Chambers, of Pennsylvania, was so vexed with the pronunciation given his name by the Clerk of the House, that he at length refused to answer to it. The clerk was a Virginian, and persisted in calling, "Jeems Chawmbers! Jeems Chawmbers!"

My attention was first called to the subject of our dialects on entering college at Princeton. The college gathered its students from various parts of the land; great varieties of speech were soon made evident. The recitation after dinner was called by some the *afternoon* recitation, by others the *evening* recitation. The hour at which it was held was, according to some, half-past three (*a as in far*); according to others, half-past three (*a as in fat*). It was heard, as some said, by a *chooter*; as others said, by a *tooter*; while according to others still, the person was neither the one nor the other of these, but rather something between them, namely, a *teetoor*. The greatest variety of pronunciation was accorded to the little word *here*, in answering to the calling of the roll. One would say *here* (*r* full), another *heah*, another *heaw*, and another *yhur*. It soon became evident that such differences marked the different sections of the country from which the students came.

It will be observed that the differences just indicated are mainly differences of *pronunciation*. Pronunciation, however, is not altogether an unimportant matter. The Latin phrase, "*Pax tecum*," when the words are pronounced as we commonly hear them, conveys to us the sense of a beautiful and benignant prayer, "Peace be with thee;" whereas the same phrase, when the words are pronounced after the Continental fashion, is transformed into an Anglo-Saxon expression, and is no longer a benignant prayer, but instead, to wit, "Pox take 'em!" a ribald curse.

Those who have not traveled much are often unaware of the fact that they themselves are guilty of dialectic peculiarities in their talk, even when they have detected such peculiarities in others. A Southern lady, who had been sojourning North, was once entertaining a company of friends in Baltimore with specimens of New England peculiarities of speech, when a young man present, who was greatly amused, exclaimed, in perfect innocence: "That's a right smart heap of Yankee vulgarisms; where did you pick 'em up at?" Indeed, each section of our country, in turn, seems to regard itself as the standard of correct speaking, and is ready to laugh at everything differing from its own usages. Noah Webster makes New England the standard for the whole country (in the Introduction to his "Dictionary"). The Virginians and the South Carolinians have insisted, respectively, on the purity of their speech. Baltimoreans, as between the North and the South, congratulate themselves on a happy

exemption from the extremes of either. And those of the West, representing all portions of the land, and mingling all its dialects, may be ready to imagine that they have settled upon a happy average of speech. There is no surer mark of a man's provincial character than is to be found in his boast that his own locality is free from provincialisms.

Dialects are a necessary incident to a living language. Nothing human is more permanent on the one hand, nor more fluctuating on the other, than language. Language in its great essential attributes is as permanent as the human mind, to which it is most nearly and strongly related. Yet language in its essential forms is so flexible as to adapt itself to every variety of human condition, and does actually share with man in the vicissitudes of his changeable life. Let a people possess a perfectly uniform language, yet let them be so scattered over a country as to come under different conditions of life in its different parts, and corresponding variations in their language will speedily be exhibited. The people of ancient Israel, we may suppose, spoke a uniform language during their bondage in Egypt, and their wanderings in the wilderness. But no sooner were they settled in the land of Canaan, according to their tribes, than tribal differences of language sprang up; so that a few years after, at the passages of the Jordan, those unable to frame aright the pronunciation *Shibboleth* were thereby declared Ephraimites as by an infallible sign, and were therefore put to death.

The dialects of our country arise in great part, no doubt, from our diversity of local and national origin. The dialects of the mother-country are, to some extent, preserved and perpetuated here. We have, too, many Scotticisms and Scotch-Irishisms. Then, besides the mother-country, the father-land is represented among us, as also, to some extent, France, Holland, and the other nations; and each foreign language, in its absorption into our own, leaves some traces of its existence on our own. It will not consent to die and be buried without thus securing a monument.

It may seem strange to some persons that, in a country like ours, with such sameness of institutions through its whole extent, where the circulating literature is so immense, and where the mania for travel is so great—it may seem strange that existing differences of language should not be obliterated. Yet it need not be thought so if we consider how early in life we learn to speak, and how closely our habits of speaking adhere to us; if we consider, too, that standard *reading* tends to correct only a part of these differences—namely, those which address themselves to the *eye*, while the greater number address only the ear; and if we consider also that, with all our mania for travel and migration, the larger part of the people spend the greater part of their lives on the soil and amid the society of their birth.

It is not the object at this time to exhibit the dialectic peculiarities of the different portions of our country; they are altogether too numerous to be gathered into a small compass. They are not a few,

as many imagine, but they number their hundreds and their thousands. It is rather the object to show, in some respects, the interest and importance which belong to the study of our dialects. In doing this, of course, some of our dialectic differences will be given by way of illustration.

There are two principal respects in which the knowledge of our dialects is of importance. The first is to be found in the connection subsisting between language and history. A knowledge of our dialects gives important hints in regard to the early colonization of our country, and in regard to the various movements of the different elements of our population from the first until now. The second respect in which a knowledge of our dialects is important is to be found in the connection subsisting between language and manner of life. Our different social customs and habits of thought find expression, and may be learned to some extent from our different forms of speech.

Let us see, then, first, how our history is illustrated by our dialects. Any one going into the neighborhood of New York City will speedily be made aware that the descendants of the Dutch are about him. He will discover it from the names of the people, from the names of localities in the country and streets in the city, and from the use of Dutch words which he has not heard elsewhere. Among the people to whom he is introduced he will find an extraordinary number of *Vans*—Van Dyke, Van Bokkelt, Van Buren, Van Benshoven. The localities of *Hoboken* and *Staten Island*, and Cortlandt Street, in New York, and Schermerhorn Street, in Brooklyn, will constantly be heard. He will find himself making an excursion on the Harlem Railroad and crossing Spuyten Duyvel Creek. If it is winter, he will be eating *crullers*, or Dutch doughnuts; if it is summer, he will be resting after dinner in the cool *stoop* or porch of the Dutch farmhouse. And, when Sunday comes, it will surely be the dominie whom he will hear preach. Now, in the prevalence of such names and words may the existence of the descendants of the Dutch be detected and their movements be traced wherever they have gone in our land. By glancing at a map of our country we see the footprints of the French in the geographical names which are heard every day. Whence are the names Vincennes and Terre Haute in Indiana, and Fond du Lac and Prairie du Chien in the Northwest, but from the early French settlers? The single word *prairie*, in universal use to describe the immense natural meadows of the West, is a sufficient testimony that the French were the first of Europeans to explore the regions to which they belong. Why is it that Illinois is spelled with a final *s*, yet pronounced without it? Would not this indicate that the French were the first to make the acquaintance of the Illinois Indians and to write their name? We may infer with certainty the early establishment and permanent abode of a French population in *Missouri* from the geographical names. See the number of saints—St. Louis, St. Charles, St. Genevieve, and St. Joseph. See such other names as



Des Moines on the north and Cape Girardeau on the south. In St. Louis they measure land not by *acres* but by *arpens*. The word was not unknown in England centuries ago, having come over at the Conquest and become somewhat current. Yet it has died out from our language, and now lives purely as a French word. Much the same might be said of the marks of the French left in Louisiana and along the Gulf coast. The admixture of French is undoubtedly much larger in the people of the South than in those of the North. Not only was Louisiana a French territory, but the Huguenots were an important element of population on the Southeast coast, while of those emigrating to the South of English origin, the Norman element was more important than in the case of English emigration to the Northern colonies. And, accordingly, we find the Southern dialects assimilating to the peculiarities of the French language. This is seen particularly in the disposition to throw the accent of words *forward* at the South, and the opposite disposition at the North. Thus, at the South the vulgar almost invariably say *president'* and *testament'* and *excitement'* and *gentlemen'*. So in words of two syllables, the accent is frequently placed on the last syllable, when at the North it would be placed on the first. The proper names, *Sli'dell* and *Shu'mard* and *Cor'inth*, are with them *Slidell'*, *Shumard'*, and *Corinth'*. The tendency North in such cases to draw the accent back when it probably is thrown forward, appears in whole classes of words. Thus in words of three syllables, persons are disposed to say *il'lustrate* for *illus'trate*, and *op'ponent* for *oppo'nent*, and *in'quiry* for *inqui'ry*. So in words of two syllables, there is a disposition to say *re'cess* for *recess'*, and *suc'cess* for *success'*, and *sup'port* for *support'*.

A more important variety of our speech is that which is of Scotch-Irish origin. The dialect of Pennsylvania is mainly Scotch-Irish. This is the more remarkable when we remember that the first settlers of Pennsylvania were largely of the class of English Quakers; and that subsequently the Germans have come in in almost overwhelming force. From Eastern Pennsylvania the Scotch-Irish spread abroad, going up the Cumberland Valley into Virginia, and crossing the Alleghanies both in Pennsylvania and Virginia. Their dialect is broadly defined, both as against the people of New York on the north and the people of old Virginia on the south and east. No one at all acquainted with the Scotch-Irish dialect would be at a loss to identify the main peculiarities of speech exhibited in all the region indicated. The Pennsylvanian says *strenth* and *lenth* for *strength* and *length*. He says *cannle*, and *hannle*, and *bunnle*, for *candle*, and *handle*, and *bundle*. He says "I want out" and "I want down" for "I want to get out" and "I want to get down." He says he will wait *on* you when he means that he will wait *for* you. If a person has had a slight sickness, and has speedily gotten over it, the Pennsylvanian will say of him that "he took sick," but it was only "a brash," and he soon got "quite better." The Pennsylvanian often uses *nor* for *than* after a

comparative adjective. One thing is "more *nor* another," or "better *nor* another." So *till* is often substituted for *to* in the Pennsylvania dialect. A horse comes *till* the stable, or a boy *till* the school-house. The word *into* is much used for *in* in Pennsylvania. A horse will be said to have a white spot *into* his forehead, or a field to have a fine spring of water *into* it. The Pennsylvanians use the word *whenever* to signify "as soon as." Thus it will be said that, "*whenever* the carriage came, the lady got in." In Pennsylvania they "lift a collection," and "take up church," and ride to town "in a *machine*," with a *horse-beast* drawing the machine. Moreover, if the horse is a lively animal, what some call *skit-tish*, he will be called in Pennsylvania a *wild beast*. Now, all these peculiarities are evidently of Scotch-Irish origin, and by means of them, and others like them, we can trace in our country the movements and the influence of this element of population.

The Scotch-Irish, at an early period, came in large numbers to the Southern part of our country. We might infer that North Carolina was largely colonized by them from the prevalence of Presbyterianism in that State, and from the frequency with which Scotch-Irish names occur. Who that has been at all acquainted with the proceedings of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has not become familiar with such names as McIver, and McQueen, and McNeil, and McIntyre, of North Carolina? And, accordingly, we find Scotch-Irishisms marking the speech of North Carolina people. Those who have paid attention to the subject have remarked the general agreement of dialect between the Pennsylvanians and the North-Carolinians. Indeed, the Scotch-Irish element in the population of the South has been sufficient to impress some peculiarities of speech on the whole people. Such is their frequent use of the auxiliary verb *will*, where correct English requires *shall*. Scottish writers freely use the auxiliary *will* in such phrases as this, "We *will* make the tour of the Continent this summer," or this, "We cannot foretell when we *will* die," where only simple futurism is meant to be asserted. Illustrations of this usage abound in Chalmers, in Guthrie, in Macduff. And so this usage is found all over our Southern country, and indeed the whole country, except New England and its dependents. In New England, where the Scotch-Irish element has made no impression, the English usage strictly prevails.

South of New England there is another usage which is probably due to the Scotch-Irish, though it has an affinity for the French. It is the constant employment of the words "any place," and "some place," and "no place," instead of the words "anywhere," and "somewhere," and "nowhere." The child of Scotch-Irish and of Southern parents will exclaim concerning its lost toy, "I can't find it *any place*!" The child of New England parents will exclaim, "I can't find it *anywhere*!"

But, leaving Scotch-Irishisms, we find there are varieties of speech to be found of a more subtle kind still, and which have relation to history. For



example, the people of New England generally speak in a sharper, shriller, and more nasal tone, than Southern people. The Southern people are more open-mouthed, and speak in a louder tone, rolling out their words. It is precisely in accordance with the general tendency at the South, whether due to it or not, to say *whar*, and *thar*, and *bar*, for *where*, and *there*, and *bear*. Professor Marsh accounts for this difference from the influence of climate on the vocal organs. But, while this may account for it in part, must we not suppose that in part the difference existed before climatic influence had time to be felt? New England is essentially Puritan, while the rest of the country is a mixture of classes. And the Puritans in England were noted for their nasal twang and whining tone, and for these received unbounded ridicule from the Cavaliers. The difference would seem to look back beyond geographical position—to influences which, as history shows, governed the class of English population from which New England was colonized.

There is a feature of our dialects which, historically considered, seems a complete puzzle. New England and the population to the west of her, and then Virginia, agree in an extensive use of the Italian sound of the vowel *a*, and also in the suppressed sound of the letter *r*; while between these regions—to wit, in all the region of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Northern Maryland—the narrower sound *a* prevails, and a fuller consonantal sound of *r*. Thus in New England and Virginia they say (*a* in *far*) *calm* and *balm*, and *laugh* and *grass*, and *past* and *command*; while in the region between they say (*a* in *fat*) *calm*, *balm*, *laugh*, *grass*, *past*, and *command*. So in New England and Virginia they say *fö-ah*, *mö-ah*, *caud*, *betteh*; while in the region between they say *four*, *more*, *cord*, and *better*. Just how it has come to pass that the two belts of population on the North and on the South thus agree together in their speech, while between them a belt of population differs from them both throughout its extent, it is difficult to say.

Before passing from this historical branch of the subject it may be well to say something further respecting our dialects, as they mark the *movements* and *migrations* of our people. Perhaps no civilized nation on the globe is quite as restless and migratory as our own. Vast numbers of our population are at all times to be found in transit from one home to another on the highways of travel. The older communities are constantly overflowing into our newer Territories and peopling them. So the people carry their peculiarities of speech along with them wherever they go. And we may trace the streams of migration as they flow through the land by the dialects of the different portions of the newer countries. It is interesting to find that the great laws which have governed the migrations of nations since the beginning of history have controlled the more limited movements of the different portions of our own population. Since the beginning, migrations have been chiefly on parallels of latitude. Movements to the north or to the south, movements on meridian lines,

have been incidental to these. They have been little more than *eddyings* on the margin of the great tidal current. It has sometimes occurred to me that probably the reason why the spherical form of the earth was not earlier discovered, when ancient sages were so busy with astronomical observations, was probably just this, that the movements of the ancient nations being for a long time limited within a few degrees of latitude, no difference of declination in the heavenly bodies was perceived. Had they traveled far to the north or to the south, they must have observed the rising or the declining of the pole-star, and must have inferred the spherical form of the earth.

But not only have the migrations of nations been chiefly on parallels of latitude, they have been, since the period of recorded history, mainly migrations westward instead of eastward. Not only in modern times is it true that—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way!"

The very first notice of any movement of the earth's population is in the following language, in the early chapters of the book of Genesis: "And it came to pass as they journeyed *from the east* that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there." We read in Scripture of "wise men" coming "from the east." And it was the remark of a certain modest individual that the farther West *he went* the more fully persuaded was he that wise men came from the East. But this same individual, if he had informed himself yet more fully, might have discovered that the fools as well as the wise men come from the East. The whole movement of the race since the dawn of its historic existence has been a movement toward the setting sun.

Well, so has it been in our country. The movements of the people have been chiefly westward upon parallels of latitude. New England has peopled New York, Virginia has produced Kentucky, North Carolina has extended herself to Tennessee, Georgia claims Alabama as her offspring. The best illustration of this law is probably that afforded by Ohio. In traveling across the State of Ohio from north to south, we find that we pass through three distinct layers of population. The layer on the north is essentially New England; that across the middle of the State is equally Pennsylvanian; then that upon the south is a mixture mainly of New Jersey and Virginia and Kentucky people. The dialectic differences make known these zones of population beyond mistake. And so throughout the land the dialects confirm and illustrate the whole history of our migrations.

It remains to speak briefly of our dialects as illustrative of manners and customs of life. All that will be said on this branch of the subject will be in the way of giving as specimens a few such illustrations.

In New England they make use of the points of the compass in designating the direction of movements and the relation of localities to an extent not known in other parts of the land. They do not so

much use the terms *forward* and *backward*, to the *right hand* and to the *left*, as the terms *north* and *south* and *east* and *west*. If a traveler inquires his way, he will be told to take the road leading east until it forks, then take the north fork, etc. The habit extends to the most limited movements—not merely to those about one's own premises or house, but even to those about the same room in the house. The piano will even be said sometimes to stand on the north side of the parlor; while the proper place for the principal arm-chair will be a little to the south of the centre-table.

Now, it is not difficult to connect this habit with a peculiarity in the life of New England people. As compared with the rest of the nation, they are *maritime* in their character. Perhaps New England has twice as many of her people afloat on the seas as the whole country besides. And sailor-language must, in New England more than elsewhere, prevail on shore. And with the sailor the compass is, of course, the constant guide in matters of local direction. And so, all along the coast, it is much more the habit of the people than in the interior to watch the changes of the winds and weather. On almost every court-house and church and barn and out-house of every sort, in New England and New Jersey, is seen a weather-vane of some kind, with perhaps the points of the compass indicated. Almost any man along-shore will at any time tell you the various directions the wind has been blowing for several days past, and in his narrative he will use the phraseology of the sea. "Day before yesterday," he will tell you, "the wind was blowing *nóthe*-east, while yesterday it had hauled to *sou*-west."

The Yankee, as everybody knows, is of a curious and inquisitive disposition. And this disposition evinces itself not only in the extraordinary number of questions which he asks, but in some of his frequent and peculiar expressions. Tell him what you may, however interesting, however wonderful, and you do but stimulate him to seek for further knowledge. He still exclaims: "Du tell!" "I want to know!" Yet the genuine Yankee is modest, and, while anxious for information, is fearful lest meanwhile he should weary or annoy the one he questions. And his modesty is seen in the very form of his inquiries. He does not come plump against you, and thrust his questions at you like so many pointed weapons, compelling you to put yourself in battle array, and enter upon conversational combat. Rather, he gently puts forth a statement, to which you may respond or not, as you please. Indeed, he even makes his statement in a negative form, so as to touch you more lightly. If he chances on you in traveling, and desires to know where you live, "Wal, I s'pose you don't come from West Brookfield?" or from whatever other place he may think you *do* come from. The following inquiry after a lost hat is probably an extreme case: "Nobody ain't seen nothin' of no old hat nowhere?"

In New England the words *pretty* and *ugly*, instead of being limited to physical attributes, as is common elsewhere, are mainly employed to describe

moral and intellectual character. Young ladies, however plain or uncomely of feature, if yet they are pleasant in their manners, and entertaining in their conversation, will be called in New England "very *pretty* girls." A New England gentleman, living in the South, told me that he was once completely nonplused when about to call upon some ladies by the remark of his companion, who was a Southerner, that the ladies, although unquestionably *ugly*, were yet of amiable disposition. An *ugly* person in New England is an *unamiable* person, and a person of simply unagreeable features is a *homely* person.

Much the same may be said of the word *likely*. In New England a *likely* person is a sensible, well-educated person. Elsewhere the word refers to physical excellence. On this word Pickering, in his "Glossary of Americanisms," remarks as follows: "Throughout the British dominions, and in most parts of the United States, the epithet *likely* conveys an idea of mere personal beauty, unconnected with any moral or intellectual quality. But in New England a man or woman as deformed as a Hottentot or an orang-outang may be *likely*, or very *likely*. The epithet there refers to moral character." In New England, as nowhere else, "handsome *is* as handsome *does*."

Now, in thus taking words which elsewhere imply physical character, and using them only of moral and intellectual habits, we discover a tendency of the New England people to undervalue that which is physical in man, and to exalt that which is moral and intellectual. In contrast with this, let a man go into Virginia from the North, and he will be surprised to find how much more is made of personal beauty and personal accomplishments than he has been accustomed to. The *points* of a person will be discussed by his friends much the same as if he were a blooded horse. He will be admired for his *form*, but condemned for his *complexion*; he will be praised for his *eyes* and *ears*, but censured for his *nose* and *mouth*. His stock will be taken into the account, and it will be observed that his father or grandfather appears in him in his legs and arms, while he has his maternal grandmother in his forehead and cheekbones. So, personal accomplishments are highly valued. Especially must every young man learn the graces of the saddle, and become a centaur with some ambitious horse; and in comparison with personal beauty and accomplishments, and the virtues of gentleness and courage with which they are most readily associated, that which is more purely moral or intellectual will be found too lightly esteemed. But in New England the moral and intellectual are all in all. The institutions of religion have exerted a wide and profound influence on the morals of the people, so that a man can hardly maintain social respectability who does not habitually respect the Sabbath, and attend church, and preserve himself even from what are elsewhere regarded as small vices. And the educational appliances are such as to make prominent intellectual cultivation and accomplishment. The New England boy of genius, born in greatest obscurity, without *stock*, and without personal en-

downments, is reached by the divining-rod of popular education, is quickened, and guided, and elevated, by the whole system of higher institutions of learning, until—a man—he occupies the highest position in church or state, and becomes in turn the model of a thousand other boys of genius.

In New England the moral is accorded a corresponding superiority over the intellectual. In Puritan New England goodness, rather than talents, receives the popular homage. This is seen in the use of the word *clever*. The proper English use of this word is that which prevails in this country outside of New England and its colonies. It signifies brightly intelligent, or quick-witted. Yet in New England the word is used almost wholly to signify an easy, amiable disposition. A half-idiot in New England, if good-natured and inoffensive, will be denominated "a clever fellow."

Connecticut is called "the land of steady habits," but it may be that New Jersey has equal claims to this honorable designation. In these days, when boys so suddenly become men, when parental authority is so much set at naught, perhaps the older communities of New Jersey exhibit as fair specimens of general good order and of family subordination as are to be found anywhere in the land. And to this we have a testimony in a peculiarity of dialect among the old-time people in portions of that State. They show a deference to persons of station or worth, or to strangers, by speaking to them in the third person. Instead of saying, "How do *you* do?" in inquiring after your health, they will say, "How does *he* do?" or perhaps will use your name, and say to you, "How does Mr. Brown do?" And such persons are particular to demand of their children that they shall say *he* and *she* in addressing their father and mother, and would be as ready to chastise them for daring to say *you* as for any other token of disrespect. It is, however, an ominous fact that this usage is fast disappearing. The usage is only a remnant of those courtly times which have themselves wellnigh disappeared.

In all the South conversation is more cultivated among educated people than at the North. It is a noteworthy fact that conversation, considered as an accomplishment, scarcely exists in all our Northern States. Scarcely one educated person in a hundred is a skillful and practised talker in general society. This is all the more remarkable when we remember that the whole nation is given to public talking. Let almost any man, who in a parlor is wholly quiet, or who speaks only in an awkward and embarrassed way, once mount a stump, and he will harangue a crowd by the hour. But at the South almost every educated person of either sex will converse in a mixed company with freedom, and tact, and intelligence. Conversation is cultivated. There is an ambition to excel in it. From this, no doubt, in part, it has come to pass that pronunciation at the South is more old-fashioned than at the North. Conversation at the South has given the law to pronunciation, while at the North we have followed books, and have changed the pronunciation to suit the spelling. Thus at the

South it is common, if not universal, to hear *clerk* pronounced *clark*, and *James Jeems*, and *keer* for *care*, and *sheer* for *scare*, and *rigiment* and *siminary* for *regiment* and *seminary*. And not only do old-fashioned pronunciations prevail at the South, but also old-fashioned phrases and expressions. A young man attaining his majority becomes "one-and-twenty" instead of "twenty-one." Instead of dining with a friend or taking tea, they eat "a meal's vittles" with him. The preservation of antique pronunciations and forms of expression is, no doubt, due also in part to the illiterate character of the mass of the common people. Book-language is almost unknown among these, and they cling to the English of their remote ancestors. Nowhere but in the South will you hear the old English words *mought* for *might*, *crope* for *crept*, and *help* for *helped*. There you will hear them constantly from the common people. And that the common people help to form the speech of those who are educated and refined is evident from the fact that negroisms may be traced in the speaking of the whole Southern people.

Perhaps a sufficient number of illustrations has been given of the connection of our sectional habits with our modes of speech, yet it would hardly answer to dismiss the subject without some reference to our Westernisms of life and speech. Such words as "clearings," and "diggins," and "openings," point out sufficiently the new character of the Western country.

There is that, however, in Western language which is yet more significant of peculiarity in Western life. Western people are much in the habit of using words in odd and unexpected ways, and of instituting grotesque comparisons, and of indulging in picturesque expressions. They indulge in a sort of wild freedom of speech which seems very truly to harmonize with the freedom of life belonging to a new country. For example, they prefer to call whiskey *corn-juice*, because therein is the conception of the *make* of the article. And when they go further and call it *chain-lightning*, they very vividly set forth the style of its working. The Western man sometimes designates a groggery as a *juice-pen*, and therein intimates the beastly character of intoxication. They say of a man whose pretensions have been exposed, or who has egregiously failed in carrying out his plans, that he has "*flatted out*." Then a man of stanch character is not only "*there*," but, further and especially, he is so safe that "he will do to tie to." And what can a man do when thrown upon his own responsibility, launched out alone upon the stream of life, what can he do but "paddle his own canoe?" A Western man in traveling, when he happens to see a church, and desires to know who is its pastor, will ask the question, "Who runs the concern?" It is common everywhere to hear the word *badly* used for *much* or *greatly*. Thus, a man caught in a shower will say that he wants an umbrella *very badly*. But see the emphasis which the Western man obtains by a little twisting of the expression. He says, "I want an umbrella *the worst kind*."

I would only add, in conclusion, that a study of the dialects of our country may lead to the discovery of greater diversities of speech among us than we had imagined. Yet, if at the same time we study the dialects of other countries, we shall find that the people of this whole land are one in language, in a

higher and more perfect sense than is true of any other nation—one also in race, history, literature, religion, geography—and that nowhere under the sun are seen so many unities among a people, of such high and controlling sort, as exist in reference to the American people.

"BRO."

TWO houses, a saw-mill, and a tide-water marsh, with a railroad-track crossing it from northeast to southwest; on the other side the sea. One of the houses was near the drawbridge, and there the keeper lived, old Mr. Vickery. Not at all despised was old Mr. Vickery on account of his lowly occupation; the Vickers had always lived on Vickery Island, and, although they were poor now, they had once been rich, and their name was still as well known as the sun in Port Wilbarger, and all Wilbarger district. Fine sea-island cotton was theirs once, and black hands to sow and gather it; salt-air made the old house pleasant. The air was still there, but not the cotton or the hands; and, when a keeper was wanted for the drawbridge of the new railroad, what more natural than that one should be selected who lived on the spot rather than a resident of Port Wilbarger, two miles away?

The other house was on Wilbarger Island, at the edge of the town, and, in itself uninteresting and unimportant, was yet accepted, like the plain member of a handsome family, because of its associations; for here lived Mrs. Manning and her daughter Marion.

The saw-mill was on the one point of solid mainland which ran down into the water cleanly, and boldly, without any fringe of marsh; the river-channel was narrow here, and a row-boat brought the saw-miller across to the Manning cottage opposite three times each day. His name was Cranch, Ambrose Cranch, but everybody called him "Bro." He took his meals at the cottage, and had taken them there for years; new-comers at Wilbarger, and those persons who never have anything straight in their minds, supposed he was a relative. But he was not—only a friend. Mrs. Manning was a widow, fat, inefficient, well-born, and amiable. Her daughter Marion was a slender, erect young person of twenty-five years of age, with straight eyebrows, gray eyes, a clearly-cut, delicate profile, and the calmness of perfect but unobtrusive health. She was often spoken of as an unmoved sort of girl, and certainly there were few surface-ripples; but there is a proverb about still waters which sometimes came to the minds of those who noticed physiognomy when they looked at her, although it is but fair to add that those who noticed anything in particular were rare in Wilbarger, where people were either too indolent or too good-natured to make those conscientious studies of their neighbors which are demanded by the code of morals prevailing on the coast farther north.

Port Wilbarger was a very small seaport, situated on the inland side of a narrow island; the coastwise steamers going north and south touched there, coming in around the water-corner, passing the Old Town, the mile-long foot-bridge, and stopping at the New Town for a few moments; then, backing around with floundering and splashing, and going away again. "The small inside steamers, which came down from the last city in the line of sea-cities south of New York by an anomalous route advertised as "strictly inland all the way," also touched there, as if to take a free breath before plunging again into the narrow, grassy channels, and turning curves by the process of climbing the bank with the bow and letting the stern swing round, while men with poles pushed off again. It was the channel of this inside route which the railroad-drawbridge crossed in the midst of a broad, sea-green prairie below the town. As there was but one locomotive, and therefore, when it had gone down the road in the morning, naturally nothing could cross again until it came back at night, one would suppose that the keeper might have left the bridge turned for the steamers all day. But no: the superintendent was a man of spirit, and conducted his railroad on the principle of what it should be rather than what it was. He had a hand-car of his own, and came rolling along the track at all hours, sitting with dignity in an arm-chair while two red-shirted negroes worked at the crank. There were several drawbridges on his route, and it was his pleasure that they should all be exactly in place, save when a steamer was actually passing through; he would not even allow the keepers to turn the bridges a moment before it was necessary, and timed himself sometimes so as to pass over on his hand-car when the bow of the incoming boat was not ten yards distant.

But, even with its steamers, its railroad, and railroad superintendent of the spirit above described, Port Wilbarger was but a sleepy, half-alive little town. Over toward the sea it had a lighthouse and a broad, hard, silver-white beach, which would have made the fortune of a Northern village; but, when a Northern visitor once exclaimed, enthusiastically, "Why, I understand that you can walk for twenty miles down that beach!" a Wilbarger citizen looked at him slowly, and answered, "Yes, you can—if you want to." There was, in fact, a kind of cold, creeping, east wind, which did not rise high enough to stir the tops of the trees to and fro, but which, nevertheless, counted for a good deal over on that beach.



Mrs. Manning was poor; but everybody was poor at Wilbarger, and nobody minded it much. Marion was the housekeeper and house-provider, and everything went on like clock-work, even careless, disorderly old Dinah, the one servant, a marvelous cook, and equally marvelous temper-trier. Marion was like her father, it was said; but nobody remembered him very clearly. He was a Northerner, who had come southward seeking health, and finding none. But he found Miss Forsythe instead, and married her. How it happened that Ambrose Cranch, not a relative but a nondescript, should be living in a household presided over by Forsythe blood, was as follows: First, he had put out years before a fire in Mrs. Manning's kitchen which would otherwise have burned the wooden house to the ground; that began the acquaintance. Second, learning that her small property was in danger of being swept away entirely, owing to unpaid taxes and mismanagement, he made a journey to the capital of the State in her behalf, and succeeded after much trouble in saving a part of it for her. It was pure kindness on his part in a time of general distress, and from another man would have been called remarkable; but nothing could be called remarkable in Ambrose Cranch—he had never been of any consequence in Wilbarger or his life. Mrs. Manning liked him, and, after a while, asked him to come and take his meals at the cottage; the saw-mill was directly opposite, and it would be neighborly. Ambrose, who had always eaten his dinners at the old Wilbarger Hotel, in the dark, crooked dining-room, which had an air of mystery not borne out by anything, unless it might be soups, gladly accepted, and transferred his life to the mainland point and the cottage opposite, with the row-boat as a ferry between. He was so inoffensive and willing, and so skillful with his hands, that he was soon as much a part of the household as old Dinah herself; he mended and repaired, praised the good dishes, watered the flowers, and was an excellent listener. It would be amusing to know how much the fact of being, or securing, a good listener, has to do with our lives. Mrs. Manning, fond of reminiscence and long narratives which were apt to run off at random, so that, whereas you began with the Browns, you ended with something about the Smiths, and never heard the Brown story at all, actually retained Ambrose Cranch at her table for eleven years because he listened well. But she did not realize it; neither did he. A simpler, more unplotting soul never existed than that in the saw-miller's body. A word now as to that body: it had a good deal to do with its owner's life, and our story. O brothers and sisters, if Justice holds the balance, how handsome some of us are going to be in the next life! Ambrose Cranch was tall and thin, what is called rawboned; all his joints were large and prominent, from his knuckles to his ankles. He had large, long feet and hands, and large, long ears which stood out in plebeian fashion on each side of his head; his feet shambled when he walked, his arms dangled from the shoulders like the arms of a wooden doll, and he had a long, sinewed throat

which no cravat or collar could hide though he wore them up to his ears. Not that he did so wear them, however; he had no idea that his throat was ugly; he never thought about it at all. He had a long face, small, mild blue eyes, thin, lank brown hair, a large mouth, and long, narrow nose; he was, also, the most awkward man in the world. Was there no redeeming point? Hardly. His fingers were nicely finished at the ends; and sometimes he had rather a sweet smile. But in the contemplation of his joints, shoulders, elbows, wrists, and knuckles, even the student of anatomy hardly ever got as far as his finger-ends; and, as to the smile, nobody saw it but the Mannings, who did not care about it. In origin he was, as before mentioned, a nondescript, having come from the up-country, where Southern ways shade off into mountain roughness; which again gives place to the river-people, and they, farther on, to the Hoosiers and Buckeyes, who are felicitously designated by the expressive title of "Western Yankees." He had inherited the saw-mill from an uncle, who had tried to make something of it, failed, and died. Ambrose, being a patient man, and one of smallest possible personal expenditure, managed to live, and even to save a little money—but only a little. He had been there twelve years, and was now thirty-eight years old. All this the whole town of Wilbarger knew, or might have known; it was no secret. But the saw-mill had a secret of its own, besides. Up-stairs, in the back part, was a small room with a lock on the door, and windows with red cloth nailed over them in place of glass; here Ambrose spent many moments of his day, and all of his evenings, quite alone. His red lights shone across the marsh, and could be seen from Vickery Island and the drawbridge; but they were not visible on the Wilbarger side, and attracted, therefore, no attention. However, it is doubtful whether they would have attracted attention any way; Wilbarger people did not throw away their somewhat rarely-excited interest upon Ambrose Cranch, who represented to them the flattest commonplace. They knew when his logs came, they knew the quantity and quality of his boards, they saw him superintending the loading of the schooner that bore them away, and that was all. Even the two negroes who worked in the mill—one bright, young, and yellow; the other old, slow, and black—felt no curiosity about the locked room and Cranch's absences; it was but a part of his way.

What was in this room, then? Nothing finished as yet, save dreams. Cranch had that strong and singular bias of mind which makes, whether successful or unsuccessful, the inventor.

It was a part of his unconsequence in every way that all persons called him "Bro;" even his negro helpers at the mill. When he first came to live with Mrs. Manning, she had tried hard to speak of him as "Mr. Cranch," and had taught her daughter to use the title; but, as time wore on, she had dropped into Bro again, and so had Marion. But now that Marion was twenty-five and her own mistress, she had taken up the custom of calling him "Ambrose,"



the only person in the whole of Wilbarger who used, or indeed knew, the name. This she did, not on his account at all, but on her own; she disliked nicknames, and did not consider it dignified to use them. Cranch enjoyed her "Ambrose" greatly, and felt an inward pride every time she spoke it; but he said nothing.

There was a seminary at Wilbarger—a forlorn, ill-supported institution, under the charge of the Episcopal Church of the diocese. But the Episcopal Church of the diocese was, for the time being, extremely poor, and its missions and schools were founded more in a spirit of hope than in any certainty of support; with much the same faith, indeed, which its young deacons showed when they entered (as they all did at the earliest possible moment) into the responsibilities of matrimony. But in this seminary was, by chance, an excellent though melancholy-minded teacher; a Miss Drough, equally given to tears and arithmetic. Miss Drough was an adept at figures, a genius, and, taking a fancy to Marion Manning, she taught her all she knew up to trigonometry, with chess problems and some astronomy thrown in. Marion had no especial liking for mathematics in the beginning, but her clear mind had followed her ardent teacher willingly; at twenty-five she was a skilled arithmetician, passably well educated in ordinary branches, well read in strictly old-fashioned literature, and not very pious, because she had never liked the reverend gentleman in charge of the seminary and the small church—a thin man who called himself "a worm," and always ate all the best bits of meat, pressing, meanwhile, with great cordiality, the pale, watery sweet-potatoes upon the hungry schoolgirls. She was also exceedingly contemptuous in manner as to anything approaching flirtation, with the few cavaliers of Wilbarger. It is rather hard to call them cavaliers, since they no longer had any good horses. But they came from a race of cavaliers, the true "armed horsemen" of America, if ever we had any. The old-time Southerners went about on horseback much more than on foot or in carriages; and they went armed.

"Bro, will you mend the gate-latch?" said Mrs. Manning, at the breakfast-table. They did not breakfast early. Mrs. Manning had never been accustomed to early breakfasts; the work at the saw-mill began and went on for three hours before the saw-miller broke his fast. Bro mended the latch, and then, after a survey of the garden, went up to the open window of the dining-room and said:

"Shall I water the flowers, Miss Marion? They look sadly this morning."

"Yes, if you please, Ambrose," replied the erect young person within, who was washing the three thin china cups, relics of better days, and the few old spoons and forks she called "the silver." The flowers were a link between them; they would not grow, and everybody told her they would not save Bro, who believed in them to the last, and watched even their dying struggles with unflinching hope. The trouble was that she set her mind upon flowers not suited to the soil; she sent regularly for seeds and slips,

and would have it that they must grow whether they wished to or not. Whatever their wishes were, floral intentions necessarily escaping our grosser senses, one thing was certain—grow they did not, in spite of Bro's care. He now watered the consumptives of the day tenderly, bringing water from the square, shallow well which was never full and never empty; he coaxed straggling branches and gently tied up weak ones, saw with concern that the latest balsam was gone, and, after looking at it for a while, thought it his duty to tell its mistress.

"I am sorry, Miss Marion," he said, going to the window-sill, "but the pink balsam is dead again."

"What can you mean by 'dead again'?" said a vexed but clear voice within. "It cannot be dead but once, of course."

"We have had a good many balsams," replied Bro, apologetically, "and even a good many pink ones, like this; I forget sometimes."

"That is because you have no *real* love for flowers," said the irate young mistress from her dishpan; she was provoked at the loss of the balsam—it was her last one.

Bro, who could not see her from where he stood, waited a moment or two, shuffled his feet to and fro on the sand, and noiselessly drummed on the sill with his long fingers; then he went slowly down to the shore, where his boat was drawn up, and rowed himself across to the saw-mill. He felt a sort of guilt about that pink balsam, as though he had not perhaps taken enough care of it; but, in truth, he had watched every hair's-breadth of its limp, reluctant growth, knew its moist veining accurately, and even the habits and opinions, as it were, of two minute green inhabitants, with six legs, of the size, taken both together, of a pin's point, who considered the stalk quite a prairie.

When she was eighteen and nineteen years old, Marion Manning had refused several suitors, giving as a reason to her mother that they were all detestable; since then, she had not been troubled with suitors to refuse. There were girls with more coloring and brighter eyes in Wilbarger, and girls with warmer hearts; so said the gossips. And, certainly, the calm reserve, the incisive words, and clear, gray eyes that looked straight at you of Marion Manning were not calculated to encourage the embarrassed but at the same time decidedly favor-conferring attentions of the youths of the town. Mrs. Manning, in the course of the years they had been together, had gradually taken Bro as a humble confidant; he knew of the offers and refusals, he knew of the succeeding suitorless period which Mrs. Manning, a staunch believer in love and romance, bewailed as wasted time. "I could never have resisted young Echols," she said, "sitting there on the doorstep as he used to, with the sun shining on his curly hair. But there! I always had a fancy for curls." Bro received these confidences with strict attention, as valuable items. But one peculiarity of his mind was that he never generalized, and thus, for instance, instead of taking in the fact that curly hair plays a part in winning a heart, he only understood that

Mrs. Manning, for some reason or other, liked kinks and twists in the covering of the head; as some persons liked hempen shoestrings, others leathern.

"But Miss Marion is happy," he said once, when the suitorless period was two years old, and the mother lamenting.

"Yes; but we cannot live our lives more than once, Bro, and these years will never come back to her. What keeps *me* up through all the privations I have suffered but the memory of the short but happy time of my own courtship and marriage?" Here Mrs. Manning shed tears. The memory must, indeed, have been a strong one, the unregenerated humorist would have thought, to "keep up" such a weight as hers. But Bro was not a humorist; that Mrs. Manning was fat was no more to him than that he himself was lean. He had the most implicit belief in the romance of her life, upon which she often expatiated; he knew all about the first time she saw him, and how she felt; he knew every detail of the courtship. This was only when Marion was absent, however; the mother, voluble as she was, said but little on that subject when her daughter was in the room.

"But Miss Marion is happy," again said Bro, when the suitorless period was now five years old.

"No, she is not," replied the mother this time. "She begins to feel that her life is colorless and blank—I can see she does. She is not an ordinary girl, and needle-work and housekeeping do not content her. If she had an orphan asylum to manage, now, or something of that kind—But, dear me! what would suit her best, I do believe, would be drilling a regiment," added Mrs. Manning, her comfortable amplitude heaving with laughter. "She is as straight as a ramrod always, for all her delicate, small bones. What she would like best of all, I suppose, would be keeping accounts; she will do a sum now rather than any kind of embroidery, and a page of figures is fairly meat and drink to her. That Miss Drough has, I fear, done her more harm than good; you cannot make life exactly even, like arithmetic, nor balance quantities, try as you may. And, whatever variety men may succeed in getting, we women have to put up with a pretty steady course of subtraction, I notice."

"I am sorry you do not think she is happy," said Bro, thoughtfully.

"There you go!" said Mrs. Manning. "I do not mean that she is exactly *unhappy*; but you never understand things, Bro."

"I know it; I have had so little experience," said the other. But Bro's experience, large or small, was a matter of no interest to Mrs. Manning, who rambled on about her daughter. "The Mannings were always slow to develop, Edward used to say; I sometimes think Marion is not older now at heart than most girls of eighteen. She has always been more like the best scholar, the clear-headed girl at the top of the class, than a woman with a woman's feelings. She will be bitterly miserable if she falls in love at last, and all in vain. An old maid in love is a desperate sight."

"What do you call an old maid?" asked Bro.

"Any unmarried woman over—well, I used to say twenty-five, but Marion is that, and not much faded yet—say twenty-eight," replied Mrs. Manning, decisively, having to the full the Southern ideas on the subject.

"Then Miss Marion has three years more?"

"Yes; but, dear me! there is no one here she will look at. What I am afraid of is, that after I am dead and gone, poor Marion, all thin and peaked (for she does not take after me in flesh), with spectacles on her nose, and little wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, will be falling in love with some one who will not care for her at all. I should say a clergyman," pursued Mrs. Manning, meditatively, "only Marion hates clergymen; a professor, then, or something of the kind. If I only had money enough to take her away and give her a change! She might see somebody then who would not wind his legs around his chair."

"Around his chair?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Manning, beginning on another knitting-needle. "Have you not noticed how all the young men about here twist their feet around the legs of their chairs, especially when telling a long story or at table? Sometimes it is one foot, sometimes the other, and sometimes both, which I acknowledge is awkward. What pleasure they find in it I cannot imagine; I should think it would be dislocating. Young Harding, now, poor fellow! had almost no fault but that."

"And Miss Marion dislikes it? I hope I do not do it then," said Bro, simply.

"Well, no," replied Mrs. Manning. "You see, your feet are rather long, Bro."

They were; it would have taken a giant's chair to give them space enough to twist.

So Bro's life went on; the saw-mill to give him bread and clothes, Mrs. Manning to listen to, the flowers to water, and, at every other leisure-moment night and day, his inventions. For there were several, all uncompleted: a valve for a steam-engine, an idea for a self-register, and, incidentally, a screw. He had most confidence in the valve; when completed, it would regenerate the steam-engines of the world. The self-register gave him more trouble; it haunted him, but would not come quite right. He covered pages of paper with calculations concerning it. He had spent about twenty thousand hours, all told, over that valve and register during his eleven years at the saw-mill, and had not once been tired. He had not yet applied for patents, although the screw was complete—that was a trifle. He would wait for his more important works.

One day old Mr. Vickery, having watched the superintendent roll safely past down the road on his way to Bridge No. 2, left his charge in the care of old Julius for the time being, and walked up the track toward Wilbarger. It was the shortest road to the village—indeed, the only road; but one could go by water. Before the days of the railroad, the Vickerys always went by water, in a wide-cushioned row-boat, with four pairs of arms to row. It was a great day, of course, when the first locomotive came

over Vickery Marsh; but old Mr. Vickery was lamentably old-fashioned, and preferred the small days of the past, with the winding, silver channels and the row-boat, and the sense of wide possession and isolation produced by the treeless, green expanse which separated him from the town. To-day, however, he did not stop to think of these things, but hastened on as fast as his short legs could carry him. Mrs. Manning was an old friend of his; to her house he was hurrying.

"You are both—you are both," he gasped, bursting into the sitting-room and sinking into a chair—"you are both—ah, ugh! ugh!"

He choked, gurgled, and turned from red to purple. Mrs. Manning seized a palm-leaf fan, and fanned him vigorously.

"Why *did* you walk so fast, Mr. Vickery?" she said, reproachfully. "You know your short breath cannot stand it."

"You would, too, Betty," articulated the old man, "if—if *your* boy had come home!"

"What, Lawrence? You do not mean it!" she exclaimed, sinking into a chair in her turn, and fanning herself now. "I congratulate you, Mr. Vickery; I do, indeed. How long is it since you have seen him?"

"Thirteen years; thir—teen years, Betty! He was fifteen when he went away, you know," whispered the old man, still giving out but the husky form of words without any voice to support them. "Under age, but would go. Since then he has been wandering over the ocean and all about, the bold boy!"

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Manning; "how glad I shall be to see him! I was very fond of his mother."

"Yes; Sally was a sweet little woman, and Lawrence takes after his mother more than after his father, I see. My son was a true Vickery; yes, a true Vickery. But what I came to say was, that you and Marion must both come over to-morrow and spend the day. We must kill the fatted calf, Betty—indeed, we must."

Then, with his first free breath, the old man was obliged to go, lest the superintendent should return unexpectedly and find him absent. There was also the fatted calf to be provided; Julius must go across to the mainland and hunt down a wild-turkey.

At dinner Mrs. Manning had this great news to tell her listener; two now, since Marion had only just entered.

"Who do you think has come home?" she said, enjoying her words as she spoke them. "Who but old Mr. Vickery's grandson, Lawrence, his only living grandchild! He went away thirteen years ago, and one of the sweetest boys I ever knew he was then.—You remember him, Marion."

"I remember a boy," answered Marion, briefly. "He never would finish any game, no matter what it was, but always wanted to try something new."

"Like his mother," said Mrs. Manning, heaving a reminiscent sigh, and then laughing. "Sally Telfair used to change about the things in her work-

basket and on her table every day of her life. Let me see; Lawrence must be twenty-eight now."

"He has come back, I suppose, to take care of his grandfather in his old age," said Bro, who was eating his dinner in large, slow mouthfuls, in a manner which might have been called ruminative if ruminating animals were not generally fat.

"Yes, of course," replied Mrs. Manning, with her comfortable belief in everybody's good motives.

When Marion and her mother returned home the next day at dusk a third person was with them as they walked along the track, their figures outlined clearly against the orange after-glow in the west. Bro, who had come across for his tea, saw them, and supposed it was young Vickery. He supposed correctly. Young Vickery came in, staid to tea, and spent the evening. Bro, as usual, went over to the mill. The next day young Vickery came again, and the next; the third day the Mannings went over to the island. Then it began over again.

"I do hope, Bro, that your dinners have been attended to properly," said Mrs. Manning, during the second week of these visitations.

"Oh, yes, certainly," replied Bro, who would have eaten broiled rhinoceros unnoticingly.

"You see Mr. Vickery has the old-time ideas about company and visiting to celebrate a great occasion, and Lawrence's return is, of course, that. It is a perfect marvel to hear where, or rather where not, that young man has been."

"Where?" said Bro, obediently asking the usual question which connected Mrs. Manning's narratives, and gave them a reason for being.

"Everywhere. All over the wide world, I should say."

"Oh, no, mother; he was in Germany most of the time," said Marion.

"He saw the Alps, Marion."

"The Bavarian Alps."

"And he saw France."

"From 'the banks of the blue Moselle.'"

"And Russia, and Holland, and Bohemia," pursued Mrs. Manning; "you will never make me believe that one can see all those countries from Germany, Marion. Germany was never of so much importance in *my* day. And to think, too, that he has lived in Bohemia! I must ask him about it. I have never understood where it was, exactly; but I have heard persons called Bohemians who had not a foreign look at all."

"He did not *live* in Bohemia, mother."

"Oh, yes, he did, child; I am sure I heard him say so."

"You are thinking of Bavaria."

"Marion! Marion! how can you tell what I am thinking of?" said Mrs. Manning, oracularly. "There is no rule of arithmetic that can tell you that. But here is Lawrence himself at the door.—You *have* lived in Bohemia, have you not?" she asked, as the young man entered; he came in and out now like one of the family. "Marion says you have not."

"Pray, don't give it up, but stick to that opinion, Miss Marion," said the young man, with a merry glint in his eyes. Ah! yes, young Vickery had wandered, there was no doubt of it; he used contractions, and such words as "stick." Mrs. Manning and Marion had never said "don't" or "can't" in their lives.

"I do not know what you mean," replied Marion, a slight color rising in her cheeks. "It is not a matter of opinion one way or the other, but of fact. You either have lived in Bohemia, or you have not."

"Well, then, I have," said Vickery, laughing.

"There! Marion," exclaimed Mrs. Manning, triumphantly.

Vickery, overcome by mirth, turned to Bro, as if for relief; Bro was at least a man.

But Bro returned his gaze mildly, comprehending nothing.

"Going over to the mill?" said Vickery. "I'll go with you, and have a look about."

They went off together, and Vickery examined the mill from top to bottom; he measured the logs, inspected the engine, chaffed the negroes, climbed out on the roof, put his head into Bro's cell-like bedroom, and came at last to the locked door.

"What have we here?" he asked.

"Only a little workshop of mine, which I keep locked," replied Bro.

"So I see. But what's inside?"

"Nothing of much consequence—as yet," replied the other, unable to resist adding the adverb.

"You must let me in," said Vickery, shaking the door. "I never could abide a secret. Come, Bro; I won't tell. Let me in, or I shall climb up at night and break in," he added, gayly.

Bro stood looking at him in silence. Eleven years had he labored there alone, too humble to speak voluntarily of his labors; too insignificant, apparently, for questions from others. Although for the most part happy over his work, there were times when he longed for a friendly ear to talk to, for other eyes to criticise, the sympathy of other minds, the help of other hands. At these moments he felt drearily lonely over his valve and register; they even seemed to mock him. He was not imaginative, yet occasionally they acted as if moved by human motives, and, worse still, became fairly devilish in their crooked perverseness. Nobody had ever asked before to go into that room. Should he? Should he not? Should he? Then he did.

Lawrence, at home everywhere, sat on a high stool, and looked on with curiosity while the inventor brought out his inventions and explained them. It was a high day for Bro: new life was in him; he talked rapidly; a dark color burned in his thin cheeks. He talked for one hour without stopping, the buzz of the great saw below keeping up an accompaniment; then he paused.

"How do they seem to you?" he asked, feverishly.

"Well, I have an idea that self-registers are about all they can be now; I have seen them in use in several places at the North," said Lawrence. "As

to the steam-valve, I don't know; there may be something in it. But there is no doubt about that screw; for some uses it is perfect, better than anything we have, I should say."

"Oh, the screw?" said the other man, in a slow, disappointed voice. "Yes, it is a good screw; but the valve—"

"Yes, as you say, the valve," said Lawrence, jumping down from his stool, and looking at this and that carelessly on his way to the door; "I don't comprehend enough of the matter, Bro, to judge. But you send up that screw to Washington at once and get a patent out on it; you will make money, I know."

He was gone; there was nothing more to see in the saw-mill, so he paddled across, and went down toward the dock. The smoke of a steamer coming in from the ocean could be seen; perhaps there would be something going on down there.

"He is certainly a remarkably active young fellow," said Mrs. Manning, as she saw the top of his head passing, the path along-shore being below the level of the cottage. "He has seen more in Wilbarger already than I have ever seen here in my life."

"We are, perhaps, a little old-fashioned, mother," replied Marion.

"Perhaps we are, child. Fashions always were a long time in reaching Wilbarger. But there! what did it matter? We had them sooner or later, though generally later. Still, bonnets came quite regularly. But I have never cared much about bonnets," pursued Mrs. Manning, reflectively, "since capes went out, and those sweet ruches in front, full of little rose-buds. There is no such thing now as a majestic bonnet."

Bro came over to tea as usual; he appeared changed. This was remarkable; there had never been any change in him before, as far back as they could remember.

"You are surely not going to have a fever?" asked Mrs. Manning, anxiously, skilled in fever symptoms, as are all dwellers on the Southern seacoast.

"No; I have been a little overturned in mind this afternoon, that is all," replied Bro. Then, with a shadow of importance, "I am obliged to write to Washington."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Manning, for once assuming the position of questioner.

"I have invented a—screw," he answered, hesitatingly—"a screw, which young Mr. Vickery thinks a good one. I am going to apply for a patent on it."

"Dear me! Apply for a patent? Do you know how?"

"Yes, I know how," replied the inventor, quietly.

Marion was looking at him in surprise.

"You *invented* the screw, Ambrose?"

"Yes, Miss Marion." Then, unable to keep down his feelings any longer—"But there is a valve, also," he added, with pride, "which seems to me more important; and there is a self-register."



"Lawrence was over there this evening, was he not? And you showed him your inventions then?"

"Yes, Miss Marion, I did."

"But why in the world, Bro, have you not told us, or indeed any one, about them all these years?" interposed Mrs. Manning, surveying her listener with new eyes.

"You did not ask; nobody has ever asked. Mr. Vickery is the only one."

"Then it was Lawrence who advised you to write to Washington?" said Marion.

"Yes."

"You will take me over to the mill immediately," said the girl, rising; "I wish to see everything.—And, mother, will you come too?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Manning, with a determination to go in spite of her avoirdupois, the darkness, the row-boat, and the steep mill-stairs. She was devoured by curiosity, and performed the journey without flinching. When they reached the work-room at last, Bro, in his excitement, lighted all the lamps he had in the mill and brought them in, so that the small place was brilliant. Mrs. Manning wondered and ejaculated, tried not to knock over small articles, listened, comprehended nothing, and finally took refuge mentally with the screw and physically in an old arm-chair; these two things at least she understood. Marion studied the valve a long time, listening attentively to Bro's eager explanations. "I can make nothing of it," she said at last, in a vexed tone.

"Neither could Mr. Vickery," said Bro.

She next turned to the register, and before long caught its idea.

"It is not *quite* right yet, for some reason," explained the inventor, apologetically.

She looked over his figures.

"It is plain enough why it is not right," she said, after a moment, in her schoolmistress tone. "Your calculations are wrong. Give me a pencil." She went to work at once, and soon had a whole sheet covered. "It will take me some time," she said, glancing up at the end of a quarter of an hour.—"If you are tired, mother, you had better go back."

"I think I will," said Mrs. Manning, whose mind was now on the darkness and the row-boat. Bro went with her, and then returned; the mother no more thought of asking her daughter to leave a column of unfinished figures than of asking a child to leave an unfinished cake.

"Do not interrupt me now, but sit down and wait," said Marion, without looking up, when Bro came back. He obeyed, and did not stir; instead, he fell to noticing the effect of her profile against the red cloth over the window. It took Marion longer than she expected to finish the calculation; her cheeks glowed over the work. "There!" she said at last, throwing down the pencil and pushing the paper toward him. She had succeeded; the difficulty was practically at an end. Bro looked at the paper and at her with admiring pride.

"It is your invention now," he said.

"Oh, no; I only did the sum for you. Astrono-

mers often have somebody to do the sums for them."

"I shall apply for patents on all three now," said Bro; "and the register is yours, Miss Marion. In eleven years I have not succeeded in doing what you have just done in an hour."

"So much the worse for you, Ambrose," replied Marion, lightly. She was quite accustomed to his praise; she had had it steadily from childhood. If not always gracefully expressed, at least it was always earnest; but, like Ambrose, of no consequence.

Bro made his application in due form. Young Vickery volunteered to write to an acquaintance in Washington, a young lawyer, who aspired to "patent business," asking him, as he expressed it, to "see Bro through." "No sharp practice in this case, Dan," he wrote, privately. "Cranch is poor, and a friend of friends of mine; do your best for him."

But, although he thus good-naturedly assisted the man, he laughed at the woman for her part in the figures, which Bro had related with pride.

"What will you do next?" he said. "Build a stone-wall—or vote? Imagine a girl taking light recreation in equations, and letting her mind wander hilariously among groves of triangles on a rainy day!"

Marion colored highly, but said nothing. Her usual incisiveness seemed to fail her when with Lawrence Vickery. But then, as he was never more than half in earnest, it was as hard to use real weapons against him as to fence with the summer wind. The young man seemed to have taken a fancy to Bro; he spent an hour or two at the saw-mill almost every day, and Caesar had become quite accustomed to his voice shouting for the boat. But the old negro liked him, and came across cheerfully, even giving him voluntarily the title "marse," which the blacks withheld whenever they pleased now, and tenaciously. Vickery took Bro over to see his grandfather, the old house, and the wastes which were once their cotton-fields. He had no pride about the old gentleman's lowly office; he had roamed about the world too much for that. And when Bro suggested that he should take the position himself and relieve his grandfather, he answered carelessly that his grandfather did not want to be relieved, which was true—old Mr. Vickery deriving the only amusement of his life now in plans for outwitting, in various small ways, the spirited superintendent.

"However," said Lawrence, "I could not, any way; I have plans of importance which are waiting for me."

"Where?" asked Bro.

"Weil—abroad. I don't mind telling *you*," said Vickery. "But it is a secret at present."

"Then you do not intend to stay here?"

"Here? Bless you, no! The place is a howling, one-horse desert. I only came back awhile to see the old man."

The "while" lasted all winter. Young Vickery exhausted the town, the island, and the whole district; he was "hail fellow" with everybody, made



acquaintance with the lighthouse-keeper, knew the captains of all the schooners, and even rode on the hand-car and was admitted to the friendship of the superintendent. But, in the way of real intimacy, the cottage and the saw-mill were his favorite haunts. He was with Marion a part of every day; he teased her, laughed at her flowers, mimicked her precise pronunciation, made caricatures of her friend Miss Drough, and occasionally walked by with Nannie Barr, the most consummate little flirt in the town. Marion had changed—that is, inwardly. She was too proud to alter her life outwardly, and, beyond putting away the chess-problem book, and walking with Miss Drough in quiet paths through the andromeda and smilax thickets, or out on the barrens among the saw-palmettoes, rather than through the streets of the town, what she *did* was the same as usual; but she was not what she had been. She seemed to have become timid, almost irresolute; she raised her eyes quickly and dropped them as quickly—the old calm, steady gaze was gone; her color came and went. She was still erect as ever, she could not change that; but she seemed disposed to sit more in the shadow, or half behind the curtain, or to withdraw to her own room, where the bolt was now often used which had formerly rusted in its place. Bro noticed all this. Marion's ways had not been changeable like those of most girls, and he had grown into knowing them exactly; being a creature of precise habit himself, he now felt uncomfortable and restless because she was so. At last he spoke to her mother. "She is certainly changed; do you think there is any danger of fever?" he asked, uneasily. But Mrs. Manning only blinked and nodded smilingly back in answer, holding up her finger to signify that Marion was within hearing. Supposing that he had comprehended her, of course, and glad to have a confidant, she now blinked and nodded at him from all sides—from behind doors, from over Marion's head, from out of the windows, even throwing her confidential delight to him across the river as he stood in the saw-mill doorway. Marion, then, was going through something—something not to be mentioned but only mysteriously nodded—which was beneficial to her; what could it be? She had taken to going very frequently to church lately, in spite of her dislike to "the worm," who still occupied the pulpit; Bro went back to the experience of his youth in the up-country, the only experience he had to go back to, and decided that she must be having what they used to call there "a change of heart." Upon mentioning this in a furtive tone to Mrs. Manning, she laughed heartily, rather to his surprise, for he was a reverent sort of non-church-going pagan, and said, "Very good, Bro—very good, indeed!"

He decided that he had guessed rightly; the Episcopalian was, he had heard, a very cheerful kind of religion, tears and groaning not being required of its neophytes.

But his eyes were to be opened. The last trump could not have startled him more than something he saw with his own eyes one day. It happened in this way: There was an accident on the wharf; a young

man was crushed between the end of the dock and the side of the steamer; some one came running to the cottage and said it was Lawrence Vickery. Mrs. Manning, the hands at the mill, and even old Dinah, started off at once—the whole town was hurrying to the scene. Bro, shut up in his work-room, going over his beloved valve again, did not hear or see them. It was nearly dinner-time, and, when he came out and found no boat, he was surprised; but he paddled himself across on a rude raft he had, and went up to the cottage. The doors stood open all over the house as the hasty departures had left them, and he heard Marion walking up and down in her room up-stairs, sobbing aloud and wildly. He had never heard her sob before; even as a child she had been reticent and self-controlled. He stood appalled at the sound. What could it betoken? He stole to the foot of the stairs and listened. She was moaning Lawrence's name over and over to herself—"Lawrence! Lawrence! Lawrence!" He started up the stairs, hardly knowing what he was doing; her grief was dreadful to him. He wanted to comfort her, but did not know how. He hardly realized what the cry meant. But it was to come to him. The heart-broken girl, who neither saw nor heard him, although he was now just outside the door, drew a locket from her bosom and kissed it passionately with a flood of despairing, loving words. Then, as if at the end of her strength, with a sigh like death, she sank to the floor lifeless; she had fainted.

After a moment the man entered. He seemed to himself to have been standing outside that door for a limitless period of time; like those rare, strange sensations we feel of having done the same thing or spoken the same words before in some other and unknown period of existence. He lifted Marion carefully and laid her on a lounge; as he moved her, the locket swung loose against her belt on the long ribbon which was fastened underneath her dress around her throat. It was a clumsy, old-fashioned locket, with an open face, and into its small frame she herself had inserted a photograph of Lawrence Vickery, cut from a *carte de visite*. Bro saw it; the open face of the locket was toward him, and he could not help seeing. It occurred to him then vaguely that, as she had worn it concealed, it should be again hidden before other eyes saw it; before she could know that even his had rested upon it. With shaking fingers he took out his knife, and, opening its smallest blade, he gently severed the ribbon, took off the locket, and put it into her pocket. It was surprising to see how skillfully his large, rough hands did this. Then, with an after-thought, he found a worn place in the ribbon's end, and severed it again by pulling it apart, taking the cut portion away with him. His idea was, that she would think the ribbon had parted of itself at the worn spot; and she did think so. It was a pretty, slender little ribbon, of bright rose-color. When all was finished, he went to seek assistance. He knew no more what to do for her physically than he would have known what to do for an angel. Although

there was not the faintest sign of consciousness, he had carefully refrained from even touching her unnecessarily in the slightest degree; it seemed to him profanation. But there was no one in the house. He went to the gate, and there caught sight of Mrs. Manning hurrying homeward across the sandy waste.

"It is all a mistake," she panted, with the tears still dropping on her crimson cheeks. "It was not Lawrence at all, but young Harding. Lawrence has gone down the road with the superintendent; but poor young Harding is, I fear, fatally injured."

Even then automatic memory brought to Bro's mind only the idea, "He will never twist his feet around chair-legs any more! It was almost the only fault he had, poor fellow!"

"Miss Marion is not quite well, I think," he said. "I heard her crying a little up-stairs as I came in."

"Of course," said the mother, "poor child! But it is all over now.—It was not Lawrence at all, Marion," she cried, loudly, hurrying up the path to the doorway; "it was only young Harding."

Love has ears, even in semi-death, and it heard that cry. When Mrs. Manning, breathless, reached her daughter's room, she found her on the lounge still, but with recovered consciousness, and even palely smiling. The picture was safely in her pocket; she supposed, when she found it, that she must have placed it there herself. She never had any suspicion of Bro's presence or his action.

The saw-miller had disappeared. Mrs. Manning supposed that he, in his turn, had gone to the dock, or to the Harding cottage.

When he came in to tea that night he looked strangely, but was able to account for it.

"Letters from Washington," he said. Then he paused; they looked at him expectantly. "The idea of the register is not a new one," he added, slowly; "it has already been patented."

"My inheritance is gone, then," said Marion, gayly.

She spoke without reflection, being so happy now in the reaction of her great relief that she was very near talking nonsense, a feminine safety-valve which she hardly ever before had had occasion to seek.

"Yes," said Bro, a pained quiver crossing his face for an instant. "The valve also is pronounced worthless," he added, in a monotonous voice.

Mother and daughter noticed his tone and his lifeless look; they attributed it to his deep, bitter disappointment, and felt sorry for him.

"But the screw, Bro?" said Mrs. Manning.

"That is successful, I believe; the patent is granted."

"I knew it," she replied, triumphantly. "Even I could see the great merits it had. I congratulate you, Bro."

"So do I," said Marion. She would have congratulated anybody that evening.

"The valve is a disappointment to me," said the man, speaking steadily, although dully. "I had worked over it so long that I counted upon it as certain."

Then he rose and went over to the mill. They agreed after he was gone that they had never seen a man so crushed before.

In the mean time Lawrence Vickery was riding homeward comfortably on the hand-car, and had no idea that he was supposed to be dead. But he learned it; and learned something else also from Marion's sensitive, tremulous face, delicate as a flower. A warm-hearted, impulsive fellow, he was touched by her expression, and went further than he intended. That is to say, that, having an opportunity, thanks to Mrs. Manning, who went up-stairs, purposely leaving them alone together, he began by taking Marion's hand reassuringly, and looking into her eyes, and ended by having her in his arms and continuing to look into her eyes, but at a much nearer range. In short, he put himself under as firm betrothal bonds as ever a man did in the whole history of betrothals.

In the mean time the soft-hearted mother, sitting in the darkness up-stairs, was shedding tears tenderly, and thinking of her own betrothal. That Lawrence was poor was a small matter to her, compared with the fact that Marion was loved at last, and happy. Lawrence was a Vickery, and the son of her old friend; besides, to her, as to most Southern women, the world is very well lost for the sake of love.

And Bro, over at the saw-mill?

His red lights shone across the marsh as usual, and he was in his work-room; in his hand was the model of his valve. He had made it tell a lie that night, he had used it as a mask. He gazed at it now, the creature of his brain, his companion through long years, and he felt that he no longer cared whether it was good for anything or not! Then he remembered listlessly that it *was* good for nothing; the highest authorities had said so. But, gone from him now was the comprehension of their reasons, and this he began to realize. He muttered over a formula, began a calculation, both well known to him; he could do neither. His mind strayed from its duty idly, as a loose bough sways in the wind. He put his hands to his head and sat down. He sat there motionless all night.

Oh, how happy Marion was! Not effusively, not spokenly, but internally; the soft light shining out from her heart, however, as it does through a delicate porcelain shade. Old Mr. Vickery was delighted, too, and a new series of invitations followed in honor of the betrothal; even the superintendent was invited, and arrived on his hand-car. Bro was included also, but he excused himself. His excuses were accepted without insistence, because it was understood that he was almost heart-broken by his disappointment. Joy and sorrow meet. When the engagement had lasted five weeks, and Marion had had thirty-five days of her new happiness, the old grandfather died, rather suddenly, but peacefully, and without pain. Through a long, soft April day he lay quietly looking at them all, speechless but content; and then at sunset he passed away. Mrs. Manning wept heartily, and Marion too; even Law-

rence was not ashamed of the drops on his cheeks as he surveyed the kind old face, now forever still. Everybody came to the funeral, and everybody testified respect; then another morning broke, and life went on again. The sun shines just the same, no matter who has been laid in the earth, and the flowers bloom. This seems to the mourner a strange thing, and a hard. In this case, however, there was no one to suffer the extreme pain of a violent separation, for all the old man's companions and contemporaries were already gone; he was the last.

Another month went by, and another; the dead heats of summer were upon them. Marion minded them not; scorching air and arctic snows were alike to her when Lawrence was with her. Poor girl! she had the intense, late-coming love of her peculiar temperament; to please him she would have continued smiling on the rack itself until she died. But why, after all, call her "poor"? Is not such love, even in itself, great riches?

Bro looked at her, and looked at her, and looked at her. He had fallen back into his old way of life again, and nobody noticed anything unusual in him save what was attributed to his great disappointment.

"You see he had shut himself up there, and worked over that valve for years," explained Mrs. Manning; "and not letting anybody know about it, either, he had come to think too much of it, and reckon upon it as certain. He was always an odd, lonely sort of man, you know, and this has told upon him heavily."

By-and-by it became evident that Lawrence was restless. He had sold off what he could of his inheritance, but that was only the old furniture; no one wanted the sidling, unrepai red house, which was now little better than a shell, or the deserted cotton-fields, whose dikes were all down. He had a scheme for going abroad again; he could do better there, he said; he had friends who would help him.

"Shall you take Miss Marion?" asked Bro, speaking unexpectedly, and, for him, markedly. They were all present.

"Oh, no," said Lawrence, "not now. How could I? But I shall come back for her soon." He looked across at his betrothed with a smile. But Marion had paled suddenly, and Bro had seen it.

The next event was a conversation at the mill.

Young Vickery wandered over there a few days later; he was beginning to feel despondent and weary; everything at Wilbarger was at its summer ebb, and the climate, too, affected him. Having become really fond of Marion now, and accustomed to all the sweetness of her affection, he hated to think of leaving her—yet he must. He leaned against the window-sill and let out disjointed sentences of discontent to Bro; it even seemed a part of his luck that it should be dead low water outside as he glanced down, and all the silver channels slimy.

"That saw makes a fearful noise," he said.

"Come into my room," said Bro; "you will not hear it so plainly there." It was not the work-room, but the bedroom. The work-room was not mentioned now, out of kindness to Bro. Lawrence

threw himself down on the narrow bed, and dropped his straw hat on the floor. "The world's a miserable hole," he said, with uncti on.

Bro sat down on a three-legged stool, the only approach to a chair in the room, and looked at him; one hand, in the pocket of his old, shrunk linen coat, was touching a letter.

"Bah!" said Lawrence, clasping his hands under his head and stretching himself out to his full length on the bed, "how in the world *can* I leave her, Bro? Poor little thing!"

Now to Bro, to whom Marion had always seemed a cross between a heavenly goddess and an earthly queen, this epithet was startling; however, it was, after all, but a part of the whole.

"It is a pity that you *should* leave her," he replied, slowly. "It would be much better to take her with you."

"Yes, I know it would. I am a fickle sort of fellow, too, and have all sorts of old entanglements over there besides. They were opera-people whom I knew best—Italians, ever so kind to me, all of them."

Bro felt a new and strange misgiving, which went through three distinct phases, with the strength and depth of an ocean, in less than three seconds: first, bewilderment at the new idea that anybody *could* be false to Marion; second, a wild, darting hope for himself; third, the returning iron conviction that it could never be, and that, if Lawrence deserted Marion, she would die.

"If you had money, what would you do?" he asked, coming back to the present, heavily.

"Depends upon how much it was."

"Five thousand dollars?"

"Well—I'd marry on that, but not very hilariously, old fellow."

"Ten?"

"That would do better."

Nothing has as yet been said of Lawrence Vickery's appearance. It will be described now, and will, perhaps, throw light backward over this narration.

Imagine a young man, five feet eleven inches in height, straight, strong, but decidedly slender still, in spite of his broad shoulders. Imagine, in addition, a spirited head and face, thick, closely-cut curls of golden hair, heavy golden eyebrows, bright, steel-blue eyes, a bold, well-curved profile, and beautiful mouth, shaded by a golden mustache. Add to this, gleaming white teeth, a dimple in the cleft, strongly-moulded chin, a merry, boyish laugh, and a thoroughly proud, manly air—and you have Lawrence Broughton Vickery at twenty-eight.

When at last he took himself off, and went over to see Marion and be more miserable than ever, Bro drew the letter from his pocket, and read it for the sixth or seventh time.

During these months his screw had become known, having been pushed persistently by the enterprising young lawyer who aspired to patent business in the beginning, and having held its own since by sheer force of merit. The enterprising young lawyer had, however, recently forsaken law for poli-

tics; he had gone out to one of the Territories with the intention of returning some day as senator when the Territory should be a State; it is but fair to add that his chance is excellent. But he had, of course, no further knowledge of the screw, and Bro now managed the business himself. This letter was from a firm largely engaged in the manufacture of machinery, and it contained an offer for the screw and patent outright—ten thousand dollars.

"I shall never invent anything more," thought Bro, the words of the letter writing themselves vacantly on his brain. "Something has gone wrong inside my head in some way, and the saw-mill will be all I shall ever attend to again."

Then he paused.

"It would be worth more money in the end if I could keep it," he said to himself. "But even a larger sum might not serve so well later, perhaps." And his mind wandered vaguely to the "opera-people," of whom he had about as clear a conception as he had of Egyptians. It was all to be Marion's in either case—which would be best? Then he remembered her sudden pallor, and that decided him. "He shall have it now," he said. "How lucky that he was content with ten!"

Some men would have given the money also in the same circumstances; but they would have given it to Marion. It was characteristic of Bro's deep and minute knowledge of the girl, and what would be for her happiness, that he planned to give the money to the man, and thus weight down and steady the lighter nature.

He dwelt a long time upon ways and means; he was several days in making up his mind. At last he decided what to do; and did it.

Three weeks afterward a letter came to Wilbarger, directed in a clear handwriting to "Mr. Lawrence Broughton Vickery." It was from a Northern lawyer, acting for another party, and contained an offer for Vickery Island with its house, cotton-fields, and marsh; price offered, ten thousand dollars. The lawyer seemed to be acquainted with the size of the island, the condition of the fields and out-buildings; he mentioned that the purchase was made with the idea of reviving the cotton-culture immediately, similar attempts on the part of Rhode Island manufacturers, who wished to raise their own cotton, having succeeded on the sea-islands farther north. Lawrence, in a whirl of delight, read the letter aloud in the cottage-parlor, tossed it over gayly to Mrs. Manning, and clasped Marion in his arms.

"Well, little wife," he said, happily, stroking her soft hair, "we shall go over the ocean together now."

And Bro looked on.

The wedding took place in the early autumn. Although comparatively quiet, on account of old Mr. Vickery's death, all Wilbarger came to the church, and crowded into the cottage afterward. By a wonderful chance, "the worm" was at the North, soliciting aid for his "fold," and Marion was married by a gentle little missionary, who traversed the watery coast-district in a boat instead of on horseback, vis-

iting all the sea-islands, seeing many sad, closed little churches, and encountering not infrequently almost pure paganism and fetich-worship among the neglected blacks. Bro gave the bride away. It was the proudest moment of his life—and the saddest.

"Somebody must do it," Mrs. Manning had said; "and why not Bro? He has lived in our house for twelve years, and, after all, now that old Mr. Vickery is gone, he is in one way our nearest friend.—Do let me ask him, Marion?"

"Very well," assented the bride, caring but little for anything now but to be with Lawrence every instant.

She did, however, notice Bro during the crowded although informal reception which followed the ceremony. In truth, he was noticeable. In honor of the occasion, he had ordered from Savannah a suit of black, and had sent the measurements himself; the result was remarkable, the coat and vest being as much too short for him as the pantaloons were too long. He wore a white cravat, white-cotton gloves so large that he looked all hands, and his button-hole was decked with flowers, as many as it could hold. In this garb he certainly was an extraordinary object, and his serious face appearing at the top made the effect all the more grotesque. Marion was too good-hearted to smile; but she did say a word or two in an undertone to Lawrence, and the two young people had their own private amusement over his appearance.

But Bro was unconscious of it, or of anything save the task he had set for himself. It was remarked afterward that "really Bro Cranch talked almost like other people, joked and laughed, too, if you will believe it, at that Manning wedding."

Lawrence promised to bring his wife home at the end of a year to see her mother, and perhaps, if all went well, to take the mother back with them. Mrs. Manning, happy and sad together, cried and smiled in a breath. But Marion was radiant as a diamond; her gray eyes flashed light. Not even when saying good-by could she pretend to be anything but supremely happy, even for a moment. By chance Bro had her last look as the carriage rolled away; he went over to the mill carrying it with him, and returned no more that night.

Wilbarger began to wonder after a while when that Rhode Island capitalist would begin work in his cotton-fields; they are wondering still. In course of time, and through the roundabout way he had chosen, Bro received the deeds of sale; he made his will, and left them to Marion. Once Mrs. Manning asked him about the screw.

"I have heard nothing of it for some time," he replied; and she said no more, thinking it had also, like the valve, proved a failure. In the course of the winter the little work-room was dismantled and the partitions taken down; there is nothing there now but the plain wall of the mill. The red lights no longer shine across the marsh to Vickery Island, and there is no one there to see them. The new keeper lives in a cabin at the bridge, and plays no tricks on the superintendent, who, a man of spirit



still, but not quite so sanguine as to the future of Wilbarger, still rolls by on his hand-car from northeast to southeast.

Bro has grown old; he is very patient with everybody. Not that he ever was impatient; but that patience seems now his principal characteristic. He

often asks to hear portions of Marion's letters read aloud, and always makes gently the final comment: "Yes, yes; she is happy!"

It is whispered around Wilbarger that he "has had a stroke;" Mrs. Manning herself thinks so.

Well, in a certain sense, perhaps she is right.

## SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE.

IN front of Venice, facing the Lion of St. Mark, and within gunshot of the Ducal Palace, lies the island-church of San Giorgio Maggiore. It is the central point which focuses the eye from the *Piazza*, and fixes itself like an isolated, distinct spot of color upon the confused, half-blurred background of images travel leaves on the memory. The wonder you feel at the spectacle before you—that soft blueness of the water broken into a million ripples of light, and the exquisite color that glows over every wall and house or bridge, transfiguring them into so many pictures beautiful to look at—only matches your admiration for the noble, proud mass of buildings. Even under the rain, San Giorgio Maggiore is to the idler a vivid surprise, while it remains the despair of every painter who vainly attempts to reproduce its flamboyant and illusive sunset splendor. Under certain conditions of the atmosphere, when the sirocco blows a silvery mist over the sturdy sycamores of the Public Garden, the color deepens and comes out as in a burst of fire on one side of the church, and the façade retains its luminous, mellow, marble whiteness.

Such as we see it to-day, San Giorgio Maggiore was built at the beginning of the sixteenth century, by the famous Palladio, the sculptor-architect, whose palaces and churches give distinction to so many Italian cities. He has illustrated his striking sense of the nobility of space and of harmonious proportions in his conception of the old church, which is impressive by its noble simplicity. The life-size statues which adorn the façade are by Albanesi, and above the high altar are four bronze figures of the Evangelists, by Campagna. But what mostly made the glory of San Giorgio Maggiore, what threw around it an aureole of fame, were the pictures it once contained.

No one who has not lingered in Italy, and mostly in Venice, can form an idea of the impression one receives upon entering a vast, silent church, and suddenly standing before some marvelous picture by Tintoretto, Titian, Palma, Veronese, or Bellini. It is an experience like none other upon earth, being at the same time the revelation of a beauty never dreamed of, and of a new sense to enjoy it. If you live in Italy and have what has been called the sixth sense—the æsthetic sense—the works of the masters become the conditional nourishment of your soul; and, as you contemplate them more lovingly and more reverently, a sweet serenity enters your life. Do they not hold up before us the ideal loveliness and the supremest pathos of humanity?

The perfect picture of "The Marriage of Cana,"

which Veronese painted at the order of the monks of San Giorgio Maggiore, and which for two centuries was the treasure of their refectory, is now at the Louvre, and Time blurs every day more ruinously the pictures of Tintoretto at San Giorgio, which must necessarily perish. What remains untouched in its perfection of workmanship is the decoration of the choir by Albert de Brule, a young wood-carver, only twenty-five years old, who has immortalized his talent in representing the life of St. Benedict, the patron saint of the monastic order of San Giorgio. The varied scenes of his ascetic existence, and finally his martyrdom, he has most exquisitely carved in black-walnut. Every separate figure is alive with expression, and touched with a deep sentiment.

We have no certain record about the condition of the island of San Giorgio Maggiore previous to 978. On that year a monastery was built upon it in honor of St. Benedict. But we can imagine what fervor of piety inspired the work, since Europe was then given over to the compelling spiritual influence of momentous ideas of sacrifice and of devotion. An ardor of martyrdom had seized upon the imagination of the noble youth of every country, and the most austere discipline did not check the desire of consecration to God in those patricians who gave away all that they had to buy heaven, then withdrew from the enchantments of the world, put on the monastic robe, and entered the cell. In mountain solitudes and on far-off islands of the sea, convents were built for the purpose of offering a refuge to pilgrims on their way to the Holy Land, or a final resting-place to those who, returning to their country, found in it no home.

It was on his return from Gascogne that Giovanni Morosino obtained in gift from the Doge Memo the island of San Giorgio Maggiore and all its dependences, consisting of a vineyard, a large grove of olives and oaks, a windmill which supplied the Ducal Palace with water, and a tract of marshy land. Morosino, after distinguishing himself by his intrepid courage in a campaign against the infidels, felt the desire to withdraw from secular life. He had enough of the tumult of arms and of the tumults of passions, and, in the full years of his manhood, he entered the order of St. Benedict, consecrating all his wealth to the building of the monastery of which he became the superior.

At the immense distance of time and at the greater distance of ideas which separates our modern life from the spirit of those days, we are perhaps too ready to undervalue the services rendered to letters and to civilization by those pious men who did



so much more than merely count their beads and do penance for their sins, or, in sensuous idleness, watch the procession of the seasons. Have they not scrupulously treasured for us the very soul and savor of antiquity in the manuscripts they multiplied with such patient labor? And what would we know of art but for them? Take reverently into your hands those marvelous missals and contemplate with humble admiration the delicate beauty of their illumination. No silk embroidery from the opulent East is more vivid than the color on those imperishable pages, whose margins glow and glisten like the flower-bed of a summer garden, or scintillate like some rare jewel.

For centuries the monastery of San Giorgio Maggiore remained the fountain-head of learning, and in its delightful seclusion princes and doges often sought a temporary diversion from the tyranny of their public investiture and the leisure necessary for study, while they found an ever-new stimulus for their devotion in the presence of the relics of saints. That of St. Stephen, the first martyr, was held in extraordinary veneration. Represent to yourself the whole people of Venice assembled in a compact multitude of men and women kneeling down in the streets at the time when, as the greatest of all trophies, the body of the saint was brought from Constantinople. Afterward, on each Christmas-day, the doge, the senate, the ambassadors, the nobles, went in a solemn procession to San Giorgio Maggiore to see the precious body and to implore the saint's protection, which having done they were entertained at a banquet by the monks. This remained the custom during the twelfth century. One hundred years later, however, and after the head of St. George, the patron saint of England, had also been deposited under the altar, the tranquil monastic life of the island was most tragically destroyed. And it happened in this manner:

A young son of the reigning doge, while bathing at the island, was set upon and torn to pieces by wild dogs. Now for a curious trait of the arbitrary will and violence of the time. So grieved and infuriated was his father that he ordered the monastery to be burned down, which was done, several of the monks perishing in the flames. The indignation of the people and the rebuke of the pope awoke in the savage doge a deep contrition. He had the monastery rebuilt at his own expense, and, after years of a lugubrious expiation, he died within its walls. Donations of princely fortunes, and the accumulation of precious gems from the Orient, rapidly enriched the church. And placed, as it was, at the entrance of the lagoon, and near enough to Venice to blow in its very face the fresh and spicy breath of the soil, and surrounded by the silence and the peace of secret and unprofaned gardens, it soon became hallowed to the imagination of the people, who found in its poetical situation a favorite place of devotion till the year 1229, when it was completely destroyed by an earthquake.

To-day, as we look at the lovely island, resplendent in sunlight like a blossom of the sea, it is impossible to represent to our mind the barren desolation that settled around its ruins. It seems as if the

radiance and the joyous look of San Giorgio Maggiore could never have been missing where we are so accustomed to find it. Is it not the smile of a familiar face we cannot do without?

Unless one lives in Italy, one can hardly imagine what depths of *naïve*, childlike credulity replace our inexorable northern intelligence in the minds of the people. As you enter any church, how you wonder at those oldest of men and those oldest of women living, who, with faces made beatific with rapt adoration, and having in their eyes the strange look of those who through the mystery of prayer have penetrated into worlds unseen, go and prostrate themselves before an image of the Madonna or of some saint, and devoutly kiss it—perhaps waiting for a miracle to be performed in their behalf!

This childhood of faith began with the beginning of all religious enthusiasm in the middle ages, and is now the instinctive poetry by which simple souls appropriate to themselves the consolation and the hope they need. And it was this that sent thousands of people to San Giorgio Maggiore on each occasion when after some signal victory won by the republic over the Turks new relics were intrusted to the church as the pledge of a new divine protection. At one time great multitudes had gone to San Giorgio Maggiore to worship the body of Santa Lucia, when a squall of wind suddenly came up, and in an instant the barks were upset and several persons were drowned. To prevent the occurrence of such calamity, the senate ordered that the body of Santa Lucia should be transferred to one of the city churches, where without danger it would continue to receive the homage of popular adoration. But, upon hearing of the irreparable loss it was so soon to sustain, the monastery of San Giorgio Maggiore was turned into an abode of sorrow; but happily on the dreaded day, when every cell had been left empty, and the monks were all assembled kneeling and weeping in the church, gazing for the last time at their precious relics, suddenly an arm was seen detaching itself from the body, and it clung to the robe of the superior! The fervid piety of the monks was satisfied by so manifest a favor of the Lord shown to them; and to-day, if you are at all interested in fleshless bones or the legend that consecrated them centuries ago, you may ask the old sacristan to show them to you. But I would advise you to look at him rather. He has lived so long enveloped in the lifeless atmosphere of stagnant superstition that with the dead glance of his wan eyes, and his slow, silent tread, he is surely the most remarkable of all relics in San Giorgio Maggiore.

It was during the years of his exile in Venice that Cosmo de' Medici, the princely patron of art, built the superb library of the monastery of San Giorgio, and made it the receptacle of precious books, rare old manuscripts and engravings, and antique coins, by which he communicated to his court the love for study and the love for beauty he so illustriously professed. We can think of him enjoying the works of his favorite poets in the island-grove where a century before Petrarch and Boccaccio had spent

together so many summer days discoursing about Virgil or reading over his "*Eneid*," while the warm evening air became full of soft murmurs, and the first star shone over the garden. Who knows if from the very cloistered solitudes of San Giorgio Maggiore the brilliant blossom of Italian corruption did not scatter its vigorous seeds all over Europe, planted so deep as it had been by the light touch of the genius of the Medici, in the first reaction against Christian spiritualism?

The church of San Giorgio, which has the form of a cross, is built of stone brought from Istria, the former quarry of Venice. Two figures of marble—that of St. Stephen and of St. George—stand over the door. Within are several monuments of princes, and, among others, you notice the marble portrait of the Doge Memo, he who after governing the republic fourteen years renounced the world and became a monk in that monastery. The haughty features have great dignity, and an expression of untroubled peace makes us look again at the face.

I had walked again through the church with the same interest of a first visit, and with the same wonder for all that it keeps from the mute past, when unawares I found myself before an abandoned chapel of the dead entirely given over to the devouring damp of a sunless place. A young American painter was there engaged in copying that most pathetic "*Entombment*" by Tintoretto so few people know. Everything was awfully still! I heard no noise but the faint, low lapsing of the water against the wall outside, and the careless twittering of swallows flying in the golden sky. The floor was made of sunken slabs of tombs bearing carved escutcheons and names of high import half hidden by great spots of green lichen no one cared to remove. What an epitaph of all earthly grandeur it was! and what inexpressible relief I felt to breathe again the living fresh air, to see Nature steeped into the delicious autumn sunshine, and to hear the joyous ring of boys' voices!

A few evenings ago I walked in the famous gardens of San Giorgio Maggiore. Summer after summer I had had a wish to know what lay behind that mysterious wall, and beyond that gate always closed. I thought of the awful, untold tragedies the place had witnessed when, under the Austrian occupation, right at the farther end of the grounds, the sentinel on guard had so often stopped on his lonesome beat to watch the execution of so many brave patriots who, so close to their beloved Venice, yet could not be saved. And I thought of other days—days when the elegant Bembo, the gay cardinal-poet, attended

by a court of the choice men of the age, walked up and down the shaded groves of the richest of monasteries, and love-songs were written and sung in lieu of psalms to lovely women, and the festive spirit of a licentious existence reigned there. I went in. First I saw two pretty girls seated by the kitchen-door, sewing on a new summer dress, while two young soldiers (half of the monastery is turned into barracks) made love to them. Bushes of oleanders shaded them with boughs of full-petaled, brooding blossoms faint and sweetish. And roses and carnations gave an air of home to the flower-bed close by. A long avenue, made sombre and cool with the leaves of grape-vines, lay before me. I walked under them, and I found myself surrounded by the rankest luxuriance of weeds I ever saw, so that I had to tread over them. There were tall, unsightly plants of a dark-green hue on both sides of the path. As they bore no flowers, they seemed blind, and as if they needed not the gladsome joyance of the sun, nor felt the movement of any sap within their poisonous-looking branches. A fetid, heavy odor rose about me, and increased at every step I took. Before entering the garden I had noticed several small baskets set in a row and ready to be taken to market. I fancied they contained raspberries or currants, or some delicious fruit fresh picked and covered with leaves. Now, as I walked, I saw—what did I see? What were those strange, leafless stalks, looking each one of them like things suffering, and shorn, and bare? What could they be? I looked, and as I looked the sickening smell increased. They were—O mystery of imagination, violated and gone! O cruel punishment of my curiosity! Why had I ever penetrated into that place of my dreams to discover the ignominy of its desecrating abandonment? I was in the very heart of a *snail-plantation*!—yes, a breeding-place for snails!—chains, garlands, festoons, heaps of those disgusting, sticky creatures all coiled together, clinging in masses all over the plants that nourish them and make them the relished food of the common people. And those rural, trim little baskets were full of snails! There never was a greater shock given to any illusion. The whole purpose of creation and of life seemed for one instant to be the infinite multiplication of snails. I made sure that not the smallest one had crawled upon me, and I left.

Think of the ineffable love-moon of Venice, shedding the delight of its tranquil beauty in that garden *now*, just as it did when the young Tasso, then a student, first found among its laurels the inspiration of his fame!

### CARDINAL-FLOWER.

NO purer joy the glad midsummer holds  
For those who love to seek in secret nooks  
Of wood or mead, or by the marge of brooks,  
The hidden treasures she for love unfolds,  
Than on a morn when skies are perfect blue,  
And clouds are far and fleecy, loitering slow,  
To follow some wild streamlet's wayward flow,

And spy afar, O flower of matchless hue,  
Thy wondrous brightness flashing through the green,  
As if a flock of red-birds stooped to drink  
In airy flutter at the brooklet's brink,  
Or, as a troop of Indian girls half seen,  
Half hid, were wading in the crystal stream,  
While through the leaves their scarlet broideries gleam.

## THE JUMPING-PROCESSION OF LUXEMBURG.

OF all the religious displays and processions that still exist in the countries of Europe, none is so little known as that which lures thousands of honest, simple, pious people to the quaint town of Echternach, in the duchy of Luxemburg, once a year; and yet none is more interesting or more suggestive of the lines that—

" . . . Time consecrates;  
And what is gray with age becomes religion."

Superior to the Passion Play in weirdness, color, and dramatic power, this ceremony, in which the actors are numbered by thousands, is one of the strangest imaginable, and an excellent criterion of the effect of devotional sentiments and traditions on the minds of conservative, religious people. Intended primarily for a prayerful gathering to return thanks for relief from a terrible scourge, it has become a saltatorial display in which the young and old of both sexes try to outdo each other in an exhibition of physical power. Its principal interest to the student lies in the fact that those participating in it believe in a new mode of salvation, and expect to jump out of all their transgressions by a few hours' demonstration of physical agility. This quaint ceremony is known as *Die SpringproceSSION*, or "jumping-procession," which is a very appropriate name for it, as jumping is its principal feature. For weeks before it is held the natives of the duchy and those of the adjoining Prussian districts are busily engaged in making preparation for its proper observance, seeing that it is announced to the neighboring people, and that the few tourists loitering about so early in the season are made acquainted with the novel spectacle; for the latter, as a rule, pay rather liberally for any jumping done for them, and leave the inns an unusual number of florins. Although Echternach is the second town in the duchy in importance, and distant only twenty miles from the capital, Luxemburg, yet it remains comparatively unknown to the mere *flâneurs* of travel, and few of even the regular *habités* of Germany visit it unless they are made acquainted with the unique spectacle that has made it famous for the last five or six hundred years. When once they have seen it, however, it is impossible to forget it and its ceremony, so strange and unreal does the latter seem in this materialistic age. The procession takes place on Whit-Tuesday, that being the anniversary of the first pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Willibrord, the patron saint of the Sauer and Eifel, in whose honor it was originated. Our party heard of it for the first time at Pallien the night before it was to take place, and, when made aware of its character, were all enthusiasm to witness it. As we would be compelled to start early in the morning in order to get to our destination before the opening of the ceremony, we engaged a carriage and driver at the hotel that evening; and each member of the party was allotted to some special duty, so that nothing of

interest in the procession should be left unnoted. Some were to sketch it, others to collect the folklore, traditions, and songs; while others were to make copies of the weird chant which the processionists were said to sing. These preliminaries arranged, we retired to bed, thoroughly determined to be awake at daybreak, despite the sensuous wooing of sleep; but in our anxiety to be up in time, some did not enjoy even a gentle slumber, and the result was that we were astir at 4 A. M. and on our way an hour later.

The first part of our journey led over the Eifel Range, a pine-clad, mountainous district of volcanic origin, so barren as to be only capable of supporting a few charcoal-burners that lived in a state of the most abject poverty. Their miserable hovels, which nestled in the shelter of some crags or gaunt pines, were inferior in comfort to an Indian *tepee*, while the looks of the women and children expressed a deplorable scarcity of nourishing food. How these poor creatures could find life bearable in that inhospitable solitude was a puzzle to us, and we reasoned with ourselves whether it were worth possessing under the circumstances. Our speculating was unexpectedly terminated before we had come to a unanimous decision by finding ourselves suddenly transplanted from the rude Eifel to the lovely valley of the Sauer—a valley so beautiful that it seemed to us a veritable land of enchantment, and the home of those nymphs that dwell amid peace and plenty. Presenting the strangest possible contrast to the rude and gloomy mountains, it burst upon us so suddenly that it seemed more like a beauteous dream than a reality; but, once over, our surprise gave way to feelings of pleasure, the ladies being especially enthusiastic—so much so, in fact, that they could not find superlative adjectives enough in their memory to describe it in fitting terms. We learned subsequently that this charming region had been so famous for its beauty since the eighth century that poets had sung its praises in their softest lays, and troubadours had dedicated to it their sweetest melodies. When St. Willibrord, the patron saint of the valley, entered it for the first time, he was so captivated with its scenic attractions that he wandered through it lost in admiration, though foot-sore and weary, until the approach of night caused him to seek shelter. On awakening the next morning, he offered up a prayer to the great Omnipotence for revealing to him such a vista of beauty, and made a solemn vow to erect a monastery there that the people inhabiting it, who were little more than barbarians, might be taught to pay homage to Him who had created such a paradise. He set about fulfilling his vow immediately, and in a few years had the pleasure of seeing the finest Benedictine monastery in Germany erected there, and occupied, by men whose zeal, piety, and learning, made their name famous throughout the land. In this magnificent

edifice, which commanded one of the finest views in the valley, he led a life of saintly tranquillity, and died almost worshiped by the rude people to whom he had brought joy, peace, and holiness.

Leaving this beautiful vale, we crossed the bridge leading to the duchy of Luxemburg, and had scarcely touched its soil ere we were made aware of the importance of the day the people celebrated. Large numbers of persons, principally peasants, in a high state of excitement, trudged along the highway to Echternach, and though they looked to be the most clayey of mortals under ordinary circumstances, under the present they seemed to have lost all control of themselves and to be guided only by the wildest impulses.

Many were humbly kneeling by the road-side and fervently praying; some were singing hymns with an unmistakable fervor that proved they came from the heart; while others repeated the rosary on their beads, silently or aloud, singly or in groups. All were evidently impressed with the sacred character of the day, and determined to extract all the spiritual consolation possible from it. Some there were, however, who had an eye to business as well as prayer; in fact, more to the former than the latter, as it was the only day in the year in which they could hope to receive a financial equivalent for their pious petitions.

One old lady volunteered to do a little jumping, enough to clear away the sins we had committed during the previous month, for one franc; a girl, apparently twelve years of age, expressed a desire to wipe out the transgressions of a fortnight for half a franc; and a burly peasant, who looked as if he could jump until the day of judgment, promised to bound the whole length of the procession for five francs, and by that means get us absolution for all the sins both venial and mortal which we had committed during the twelve months past.

"You have an herculean feat to perform for a very small amount of money," said the cynic of the party, in a rather humorous tone; "yet, if you can furnish me any proof of the efficacy of your labor, I have no objection to paying you double the amount you demand."

"It is very cheap, Herr," said the jumper; "some charge more than that, but I am reasonable. I have jumped for tourists before, and they were well satisfied with the way in which I did it."

"I have not the least doubt of your ability to jump over the Eifel Range," said our speaker, "but I don't consider bouncing a very efficacious means of grace, especially for a heathen like myself. Yet, if you can do a franc's worth for yourself it may do you good;" and giving him a franc, the jumping pilgrim saluted and went in search of others more tender-hearted. This *douceur* brought other petitioners, placid individuals with physiognomies indicative of deep humility, but they were politely refused, for fear the demands might be continued by others. Entering Echternach, we found it crowded with representatives from all the adjoining districts, and some even from the farthest limits of the duchy; but, instead of devoting their attention to prayer

and penance, they were quietly enjoying themselves over foaming glasses of beer wherever that beverage was sold. All the refreshment-booths were thronged, and from several came the rustic refrains of mountain maidens, or those male choruses so peculiar to the German people, in which warbling, falsetto tones are the main feature. In none, however, could we hear the least indication of the boisterousness that usually accompanies revelry; and though songs were sung and gayety reigned, yet there was no relaxation from the decorous manners and kindly, grave politeness so characteristic of a certain class of Germans. As the procession had not commenced moving, we visited the attractions of the village, which consisted exclusively of the churches. The peasants informed us that their celebrated abbey church, in which formerly reposed the remains of the good St. Willibrord, was destroyed by the French soldiery in 1791, and not content with this act of vandalism they had scattered the bones of the holy man in every direction, to prove their contempt for superstitious reverence, and to show that mouldy remnants of venerated saints are of no use except as fertilizers! They also turned the Benedictine monks out of the castle-lated abode which their predecessors had occupied in succession since the year 721, and, as they passed out in single file and with downcast eyes, jeered at them, or insulted them by inviting them to be present at the destruction of their home. This wanton act on the part of the invaders has left a deep prejudice behind; and many, forgetting the radicalism of the time, still execrate the name of Frenchman, and associate it, most unreasonably, with vandalism. Several years after the invasion, a priest, who had heard nothing of the war, owing to the isolated region in which he lived, came to Echternach to offer up his prayers at the shrine of St. Willibrord; but, on arriving at the site of the well-known spot, he found, much to his surprise, that church and shrine were gone, and that not a vestige of their existence remained. Horror-stricken at their loss, he commenced making inquiries about the remains of his favorite saint, and, on learning what had become of them, he vowed never to rest until they were again collected, and deposited where they rightfully belonged. He set about his mission immediately, and in a short time had the lost treasures restored to the mourning people, who welcomed them home with every demonstration of joy. How he happened to select the right bones when so many at that time bestrewed the ground in every direction, may seem a matter difficult to comprehend, but that he was completely successful must be inferred from the fact that they were placed in the original stone coffin—which had been saved from the general ruin, and deposited under the high altar of the parish church. St. Willibrord was a Northumbrian by birth, and soon after being ordained spent several years in Ireland, whence he went to Friesland to carry the light of the gospel to the northern pagans. There his mission was so successful that he was denominated the Apostle of the Frisians, and among them, even to the present day, he occupies the same position that St.

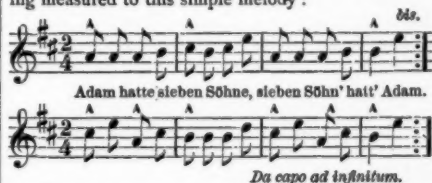


Patrick does in Ireland, St. Denis in France, or St. George in England. The pope appointed him Bishop of Utrecht for his ability, and it was this barren distinction that sent him among the barbarians dwelling along the Moselle, and subsequently led him to select the lovely valley of the Sauer for his final resting-place and the perpetuator of his fame. His monastery in that delightful region was the resort of many pious pilgrims, and so great had his name become that Erminia, daughter of Dagobert II., assisted him in his good works with land and money.

His charitable deeds, and the earnest labors of his zealous Benedictines, had endeared him so much to the peasants of the wild and rugged Eifel that they accredited him with supernatural powers, and almost worshiped him. As the cause of the jumping-procession, it is necessary that such details of his life as the legends have preserved should be known, that its origin may be understood. There are various theories about its origin, but, as they are enveloped in the mists of tradition, it is hard to tell which is the one to accept. One, and the most plausible of all, is, that a terrible malady, supposed to be the St.-Vitus's-dance, afflicted the people of the Sauer and Eifel during the lifetime of the saint, but that through his special intercession it vanished, and has not since appeared. In gratitude for his great kindness a procession, in which the participants acted some features of the disease from which they had been so miraculously freed, marched to the monastery each year to return thanks to its venerable abbot and to receive his blessing. The probability of this story is founded on the fact that the St.-Vitus's-dance scourged a large portion of Germany and the Netherlands (I think) the fourteenth century, and it is possible that the simple mountaineers, having heard of the great power of their saint, marched to his shrine and asked his intercession in their behalf, and that in the course of time the legend had lost its accuracy, and the event was carried back to the existence of the saint himself. Another theory is, that the venerated bishop, with crozier in hand, suddenly appeared among the herders during the prevalence of a terrible plague that was destroying the cattle, and by a few words banished it forever. Since that time annual pilgrimages have been made to his shrine, and, to make it a joyous one, dancing was introduced; but, as they did not wish it to be like ordinary terpsichorean movements, they introduced a *pas* of their own to make it, according to the assertion of a peasant, *sehr elegant*, and more in harmony with their hymn-like chant. Those who join in the dancing pilgrimage are popularly supposed to have the sins of a year forgiven them if they jump the entire length of the line of march; but, if they accomplish only a portion of the distance, their transgressions are remitted in proportion. Those who do not join can have their sins absolved by employing others to take their place, and this belief causes many persons, from a mere child to a senile old woman, to volunteer their services for a small sum, varying from ten groschen to a five-franc piece.

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After enjoying the gossip of the peasants, we strolled toward the parish church; but, before we had proceeded half-way, we heard in the distance the loud, heavy tones of many bands, the weird, melodious chants which soon swelled into a grand chorus, and the ponderous, measured tread of an advancing multitude. Looking at them from an elevated knoll, they presented a strange appearance, so unlike anything seen before that we could only compare their movements to the rise and fall of billows in a chopping sea. Steadily they advanced, four abreast, with hands entwined and ranged by parishes, jumping high in the air, and shouting in loud yet cadenced melodious tones. As they approached us, we could see intense earnestness and solemn gravity depicted on their faces; and all were so evidently impressed with the importance of the occasion that each acted his part with as much zeal as if the success of the entire procession depended on his individual efforts. Each parish was headed by its full corps of musicians, many of which were exceedingly large, for, should any rural Amphion who has played for money during the year fail to appear on that day, his lot for the future would be a most unhappy one. As the solemn, chanting hosts advanced, they presented an exceedingly strange if not ludicrous appearance; for, though keeping time to their song with the precision of a machine, and moving as one person, yet their grotesque forward and back and wild bounds caused them to resemble a carnival-procession rather than an army of pious, unsophisticated devotees engaged in a pilgrimage for improving their spiritual welfare. Many of the more enthusiastic, who insisted upon jumping as high as they possibly could, had weary, bloodshot eyes and haggard faces, a complete proof of the intensity of their labor. The dance or jump consisted of two steps in advance with the right foot and one to the rear with the left, the movements being measured to this simple melody:



Those who do not allow enthusiasm to get the better of their judgment, and confine their limping jumps to reasonable limits, generally complete the pilgrimage; but the majority, yielding to the music and the excitement produced by an assembled multitude, spring back, forward, and upward, with all their might, and, as a natural consequence, are soon left by the way-side overcome with fatigue and nervous exhaustion. The men are more excitable than the women, and their strength, great as it may be, is always forced to yield before the quiet, steady perseverance of the gentle sex. The same difference was noticeable between the boys and the girls, for, when the wearied yet enthusiastic pilgrims approached the church, many of the latter were keeping time to their rhythm with the same unflagging

patience and steadiness with which they started; but none of the former were visible, the wild excitement and fierce labor having subdued them to the most passive condition, and left them mere physical wrecks along the highway.

While the pilgrims passed through the streets of the village kind hands furnished them liquid refreshments, which were most thankfully received, for many were so exhausted that they could scarcely move; yet they persevered with the devotion of martyrs, and even while drinking managed to retain their measured pace, a feat that must have required a large amount of practice to perform it so successfully. All looked wearily haggard, and presented anything but an agreeable aspect with their parched lips, bloodshot eyes, and smoking faces covered with dust and perspiration. Their enthusiasm never lagged, however, until they fell by the way-side; and, while the prostrate lay panting on the ground, they looked with envious eyes upon the strong and steady who still jumped on, keeping perfect time with both feet and voice.

When the procession approached the church it was but a mere skeleton of what it was when it started, and not a few of its members were girls and women who acted in a most decorous manner, whereas several of the men were bounding as high as they could, some going head and shoulders above the others, and shouting as loud as their parched throats would permit them. It took about three hours for the pilgrimage—which must have numbered ten or twelve thousand persons—to reach the stone staircase leading up to the church, which is situated on an eminence; but several who had persevered thus far were forced to fall out of the line, not having strength enough to mount the steps without breaking the measure, and this would have obliterated the good results gained by the distance marched.

As it is only those who accomplish the entire journey, including the church, that have their yearly transgressions forgiven, those compelled to drop out of the ranks at an earlier period begin to calculate how much of their sinful debts is canceled, and what effect their efforts in behalf of others will have on their patron saint. This calculation causes them, if they have strength enough left to open their eyes, to watch with intense interest those that enter the church, and their physical condition. On this occasion, however, the number was quite small, for many fell on the staircase. Those fortunate enough to enter the sacred edifice were delirious with joy, and once inside they seemed to have gained renewed strength, for they bounded wildly around the high altar where the remains of St. Willibrord are supposed to rest, then around a tall crucifix, and out by a door opposite to that which they entered, only to fall on the turf outside mere masses of inanition. Lying on the greensward they seemed so exhausted as to be ready to drop into that eternity for which they were preparing; but the joyous though subdued light that illumined their weary faces and bloodshot eyes, the devout sentiments that came gasping from their bloodless lips, and the martyr-like pa-

tience and enthusiasm which they displayed, proved that their moral natures still governed the physical, and that their exhaustion would be of short duration. One could readily understand from these simple and sincere people how it is that religious excitement could so overpower the body and defy fatigue as to make feats impossible to perform under ordinary circumstances, not only possible, but within the ability of even children.

Half an hour after the ceremony was over not a pilgrim was to be seen around the church, though several human wrecks were prostrated along the highway, principally the aged and the young.

It would be naturally expected that such a day and such a scene would make the people subdued in tone, and inclined to religious reverie, yet the reverse was the case, and from every *Gasthof* and *Wirthshaus* came the gay sound of revelry, and the sensuous strains of dancing-music. A peep into these abodes of pleasure showed many of the pilgrims who had been trying to hop away their sins during the morning, indulging in a tearing gallopade, a whirling waltz, or a stately quadrille, oblivious, apparently, of the fact that they had ever transgressed the commandments, or knew aught of such a thing as penitential jumping. Although mirth reigned supreme, and glasses clinked merrily as neighbors quaffed each other's health, not a sign of boisterousness, not to mention intoxication, was to be witnessed. This might have been due to the presence of women and children, which the uxorious Teutons as a rule invite to share in their pleasure; yet it would seem as if they were always placid and companionable in their merry-making, and opponents of the flowing bowl by nature, for lager-beer and cider were the only beverages used. All seemed to be as unsophisticated as guileless children, and the last in the world, judging from appearances, to be guilty of violating the commandments; so the materialist would be apt to reason that they had wasted much energy and some time to no purpose; and that a devotional ceremony which consisted of mere physical display, and was followed by quiet though heedless revelry, could have little effect for good on the minds of the people, or, if it had, that it must be very transient.

By five o'clock the greater number were on their way homeward, and at dusk the sleepy village had returned to its usual tranquillity. The strange procession, as a mere religious demonstration, has of course no significance, as it was originated in honor of a good man; but as a procession, characterized by quaintness, novelty, and intense dramatic effects, it is interesting alike to the student, artist, and tourist, and once seen it leaves so vivid and, in some instances, so painful an impression on the mind, that it is impossible to forget even its most unimportant phases. The general effect is very pleasing, however, and though a person may not sympathize much with a pilgrimage so destructive to the health of many, yet he cannot help admiring the devotion, simplicity, and self-sacrifice, of the enthusiastic pilgrims.

## A NEW CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE.

## I.

WE made two mistakes at Tunbridge Wells: we bought a shilling guide-book, conspicuously bound in green paper; and we went to see Toad Rock. The latter mistake was a consequence of the first, for the guide-book contained an ardent description of the rock, accompanied by an illustration that called to mind Pelion piled upon Ossa. After surveying this picture with kindling expectations, we went into a cobbler's shop; and, while the cobbler was cutting down the heels of my boots to a practicable walking height, we inquired of him our nearest road to the aforementioned natural curiosity. He said we must go across the common.

"And how far is it, governor?" inquired George—my florid, long-legged traveling-companion.

At this the gray-headed occupant of the bench glanced up from his work with a sturdy chuckle broadening his wrinkled visage.

"We mostly calls it a mile 'n a 'arf," quoth he; "but Pintley, what keeps the pub. there, 'e says, 'Mile 'n a 'arf be blowed! it's a mile 'n two-quarters—that's what it is! '—'n 'as it put up so on the sign-board: cluck, cluck, cluck!"

There is humor, then, at Tunbridge Wells. The town is not otherwise specially attractive, although pretty enough in a conventional way. Many of the houses are built of solid gray stone; many more of gray stucco made to look like stone, and only too immaculate. The site is all risings and declivities; there are enough churches, but none venerable. We climbed the common, and were soon descending its farther slope, not expecting the Toad Rock for some time yet, when suddenly there it was before us. Yes, it was a mistake. George might have jumped leap-frog over it. Moreover, it was neither a mile 'n a 'arf nor a mile 'n two-quarters from town; it was barely three-quarters of a mile. But the truth may as well be told at once—the people of Kent have no proper notion of distances. To believe them, Kent would be as large as California, and England as the United States. They are so persuaded of the greatness of England that they believe it is communicated to her mileage. Subsequently during our expedition we made a point of inquiring distances of every person we met, for the pleasure, as George expressed it, of hearing them lie. They did lie, without an exception, until we got past Canterbury. They always said it was farther than it was; sometimes twice as far, sometimes only half as far again, but inevitably farther. We had spent a week previous to the start in diligent study of the Ordnance Map, and jotted down all the distances on the back thereof; and this map George carried in his pocket, and was forever pulling it forth to show me where we were, and how soon we would arrive elsewhere. He did this showing with his two huge thumbs clasped tightly down over the spot indicated,

and, as we were always moving at our full pace at the time, I was never the wiser for his demonstration. However, the ordnance-surveyors must have been less patriotic than the men of Kent, for their plotting was always rigorously correct, and Kent was made out to be not much larger than many an American's back-garden. And when, as the afternoons waned, we began to wax weary of putting one foot before the other, we used to feel a malignant triumph in the knowledge afforded us by our map that the man who said it was five miles to the next inn had told a falsehood—say, two miles in length.

After the Toad Rock, we threw away our green-backed guide-book, regretting the shilling we had paid for it. Then, being unwilling, categorically, to retrace our route to the town, we ventured along a tortuous foot-path that promised to bring us round by the other side. Midway down a winding descent we came upon a bevy of small boys and girls, none of them over five years old, and we asked them:

"Can we get to Tunbridge Wells this way?"

The most intelligent of the boys looked to every point of the compass, and then at us, and finally answered:

"T'other way's shortest way."

"But will this take us there?"

"Yes, sir."

"How far is it?"

This question staggered the intelligent boy, who, in his rambles through his native lanes and by-paths, was evidently accustomed to estimate distances rather by the gauge of his appetite for dinner, or his fear of being late for school, than by rod and chain. However, he at length pulled himself together and made this unassailable reply:

"'Tain't very fur, sir, but it's more'n a little way!"

In fact, it turned out to be just a mile—for which the above phrase is possibly Kentish vernacular, and not inexpressive.

On reëntering Tunbridge Wells, it occurred to us that the Wells themselves were still to be visited, and we looked about for some imposing building worthy of being the pump-room. Nothing exactly suitable was to be seen. At last we went into a public-house near the railway and made inquiries of the landlady behind the bar. She was a bright-faced, rather quizzical-looking young body, and seemed to find us amusing. In fact, we were both clad in Knickerbocker suits, and looked wild and unconventional.

As we drank her ale, she told us that the Wells, or one of them, was down by the Parade, which faced the Common. In confirmation, she turned to another customer, evidently an old familiar. He was a smallish man of convivial complexion and irregular attire, who looked as if he would have been a man of the world if he had enjoyed proper opportunities; as it was, he was fain to make the

most of being a man of Tunbridge Wells. He wore a smile while talking with us, half of modest pride at the extent of his knowledge, half of embarrassment at being called on to make a parade of it. He talked discursively about Tunbridge Wells, which, he said, was not to be seen altogether in a day, nor yet, perhaps, in a week. "Myself," he added, with demure rhetoric, "has lived here eight-and-twenty years"—here he paused, that this colossal fact might have time to sink into our minds—"Yes, sir, eight-and-twenty years; well, it was but three days since, I was up back of the hill, and there I see some 'ouses as I never see before!" In short, we might prolong our stay here for upward of a quarter of a century, and still depart unsatisfied. As we had thus far found no cause to doubt the gratuitous truth of this proposition, we inquired how far it was to Maidstone?

"Bout thirty-two miles," says our interlocutor, with the quiet smile of intense conviction.

You would have supposed he had measured the road with a yardstick every day of the twenty-eight years. George and I glanced at each other, wondering whether our map might not have been wrong, for once in a way. It had said twenty-four miles and a half. Our informant went on to describe the road in encouraging terms, and in particular dwelt upon a superb prospect which would greet our eyes on rising the crest of a hill some two miles out of the town. But that prospect we never found. It was lost along with the seven and a half miles in the shadow of the eight-and-twenty years.

We did see a well before we left. It was a small spring at the end of a paved walk some sixty or seventy yards in length, called the Parade. Steps led down to it, and a couple of iron dippers were chained to the basin. The water tasted very strongly of dipper; but that, I believe, was no more than its bounden duty. We were satisfied with very little of it, being fresh from our ale, and the weather crisp and cool, and the water dipperish, as aforesaid. But we found the Parade quite worth a visit. Indeed, it is the only place in the town that repays examination. It has an antique flavor. I could easily imagine Beau Nash and the ladies sauntering, and complimenting, and smirking, to and fro in their silk stockings and farthingales beneath the arcade—which is not as ordinary arcades, but is formed by the second story of the line of shops, which projects seven or eight feet horizontally over the walk, and is supported by posts. We sauntered after their shadowy figures for a few minutes, ere turning our backs finally upon Tunbridge Wells. Of course, the well I have described is not the principal, fashionable well; that was somewhere near, but we had not the curiosity to search further for it. We had drunk the water, we had had our vision of the old Beau and his surroundings, and that was enough.

## II.

As we addressed ourselves to the long hill which begins the road to Maidstone, it was near one o'clock of a fine March day. We carried neither knapsacks

nor carpet-bags, having previously sent on our luggage by train to Canterbury. My only incumbrance was the light, silver-headed switch which has been my walking-companion for many years, and is really anything but an incumbrance; George, at the outset, had nothing but his hands and feet, which would have incumbered any but a man of his inches; but, before we had walked a mile, he cut himself a sapling from the hedge, and retained a fragment of it as far as Dover. It had been a very forward season, but the trees were, of course, still leafless, and the crops had not begun to sprout. Our way led us through the centre of the famous hop-country, the rural beauty of which has, I believe, gained it the name of the Garden of England. The luxuriant greenness and fragrance of the flowering season we necessarily missed; but we gained other advantages by our early visit which were, perhaps, equally well worth having in their own way. We were free to please our eyes with the keen-edged, flowing curves of the undulating land, and with the lovely mingling of half-tints that colored the wide fields. The naked woods, seen from a distance, took on all shades of purple, from reddish to blue, and seemed to harmonize more subtly with the bare earth than the utmost verdure would have done. Nature is always in harmony with herself, down to the smallest particular; and from the pallid sky, blue overhead, but swathed in thin clouds horizonward, down to the smallest twig that whistled in the dry March wind, there was nothing out of keeping. Even the houses looked as if they had been built expressly to match the complexion of the month; and our own mood and spirit were similarly attuned. There was nothing of lazy summer geniality, either in the atmosphere or in our physical and mental feelings; it was a time to step out briskly along the smooth white road; to whistle rather than sing; to jest rather than sentimentalize; and to be rather hungry than thirsty. In truth, we achieved marvels of trencher-work from the very outset of our journey, and indulged in the smallest possible amount of serious or edifying conversation. There is no better way of making a happy and active animal out of a man than by setting him to walk thirty miles a day through bright March weather. He will come back with a moral and intellectual development that would do credit to a horse.

But though the hops were not in bloom, nor even so much as planted, we were in no danger of forgetting that we were in a hop-country. Oh, those hop-poles! Whence, in the name of wonder, do they come? They must be imported—possibly from the pathless forests of the Great West; for I am sure that so many tall, straight stakes never grew in dear little England. Upon my first entrance into these districts I was at a loss to account for the limitless Indian encampments that everywhere met my eye. Miles and miles of ploughed land were covered with conical wigwams, all precisely alike in size and contour, and of a uniform dark-brown color. Each wigwam had four entrances, arranged opposite each other two and two; and they were placed in mathematical order, in such a way that from whatever



point they were regarded they appeared aligned. There was one marked peculiarity about them—there were no Indians. Not a single wigwam showed a sign of an inhabitant. The tribes seemed to have migrated without taking their dwellings with them, and not leaving so much as a squaw or a papoose to look after them. I was at first inclined to suspect a general massacre; but then there were no dead bodies, no grave-mounds, and not a single one of the innumerable tents had been either burned or overset. In this emergency I turned to George, who, being an Englishman born and bred, was bound to know everything about his own country.

"What are those encampments?" I inquired.

"Hop-poles," was his ready reply.

Of course; hop-poles stacked in anticipation of the time when they should be ranged out singly, in serried ranks, for the hops to twine about them. In the course of our progress farther southward, we came to regions where this second stage had actually taken place. The mathematical precision of the straight lines was even more remarkable there than in the case of our present wigwams. Every four poles were planted at the four corners of an accurate square. Not only so, but in many districts the rows of poles which bounded the several sides of the fields were joined at the top by other poles fastened horizontally; while the interior array were connected with one another by strings, also horizontally. Thus the whole formed a vast, complete network, amid which the hop-vines might wriggle, run, and disport themselves to their spirits' content.

The poles themselves appeared to be about ten or twelve feet in length, a foot or two at the lower end being sharpened and blackened, for thrusting into the earth. They are scraped clean of bark, and their brown hue is due to their exposure to sun and rain. In stacking them, four bundles, of about fifty poles to the bundle, are taken and leaned against each other, as soldiers stack arms. The four wigwam-doorways which I had noticed were the four gaps between the bundles. In one of the fields by which we passed we saw a group of peasant-women manufacturing the poles from the raw material with hatchets and two-handled scrapers; and I don't think we noticed anything further about hop-poles which is worth putting down.

But hop-poles were not the only symptom of a hop-country. In every valley, beneath the shelter of every hill-crest, nestled one or more little conical turrets, like small church-steeple without the churches; generally painted white, and surmounted by wind-vanes shaped like the fin of a shark. The round body of the turret was made of brick; the conical top of wood, constructed to revolve according to the direction of the wind, like the top of a windmill. For curiosity's sake we went into one of these turrets and examined it. We saw a circular, polished wooden floor, some ten feet in diameter; overhead the conical roof. On this floor the hops are laid out to dry. How they are put in, or how taken out, or whether anything else is done to them besides drying them, I know not. I fancy something

else is, but I omitted to ask, being, as usual, anxious to escape anything like useful information. George and I called them hop-mills during our journey for convenience' sake. Whatever their practical use, they are a considerable aesthetic addition to the landscape, and call to mind the pointed towers of old French and German châteaux. England is, as a rule, so oppressively English that anything with a foreign flavor is apt to seem especially palatable.

After the malignant flatness of the county of Middlesex, the gentle ups and downs of Kent were as inspiring as so many Alps. There are no long, level lines and plains in this Garden of England. The contours change, subside, and swell constantly, yet never violently. The valley of the Medway, through which our road lay, is broad and shallow and winding, the same in its main features from beginning to end, but with just sufficient variety of detail to keep the attention pleasantly alert throughout. Over all were stretched, like a garment of many colors (all, however, quiet and subdued, and such as are, just now, fashionable for wall-papers, furniture-coverings, and ladies' dresses), the smooth-ploughed fields, the woodlands, and the fallow lands. The ploughed parts often appeared curiously shaded from dark to light-brown or almost white, the gradation being as even and soft as if done by an artist's brush. This appearance is due to the fact that the lower soil hereabouts is of a chalky character, and, in places where the upper soil is thin, the chalk comes to the surface beneath the action of the plough. It gives an aspect of artificial finish to the landscape that is far from being disagreeable. On heights of vantage here and there windmills swing their giant arms in meditative silence; but of dwellings or buildings of any kind there are few to be seen; and, to a soul strangled with the breathless multitude of hideous houses that break virulently out all over the unhappy face of Middlesex, these broad, free tracts are inexpressibly soothing. You feel as if there were elbow-room left even in England, after all. It does sometimes seem as if houses were the most unjustifiable feature of all our specious civilization. We blame women for wearing corsets and tight boots, but, good Heavens! we all wear brick and mortar, and thereby make ourselves petty-gestured, restless-eyed, and spiritually humpbacked and dyspeptic. A truly great soul finds the clay of its own body burdensome enough, without baking it in an oven, cementing it with mortar, and putting a Mansard-roof over it.

### III.

THESE considerations did not prevent us from feeling glad when, after about twelve miles' walking, we came in sight of a cluster of buildings standing a little back from the road-side. It was a farmhouse improved into an inn. The main building was a venerable and weather-worn structure, of a general reddish hue, with low, oblong windows, and on one side of the door a rough table and benches. Nearer the road was planted a tall post, with a square sign-board swinging at the top of it, whereon was written "The Chequers Inn." Crossing the intervening

plot of turf, and giving a respectful berth to a very unsympathetic-looking black dog which was chained to its kennel close by, we sat down on the bench and beat a tattoo on the table with our canes. After a due interval, forth hobbled from the low-browed interior a wrinkled crone, who surveyed us curiously but not unkindly, and, on our making known our needs, presently brought forth two large vessels of fresh milk, a huge loaf of bread, and a pound of cheese.

When the pangs of hunger had been allayed sufficiently to allow of our bestowing thought upon anything else, we noticed that the black dog had advanced as close to us as the limits of his chain would permit, and was regarding us with an unswerving fixedness of eye that was almost embarrassing, the more as it was accompanied at intervals by a low, unsatisfied growl. George, however, who is more at home with dogs than I am, affected a confident air, and threw the animal a piece of bread. It was promptly gobbled up, but seemed to produce no visible relaxation of that rigid stare, while the growls became if anything more frequent, and no sign of genial activity was observable in the tail. Nevertheless, as it seemed possible that it was our provender rather than our calves that he was after, I felt encouraged to try the softening effects upon him of a piece of cheese. The experiment was a success, so far as instantaneous acceptance of the gift was concerned; I shudder to think in what a condition of raw, unmastered haste that large piece of cheese must have sailed into that dog's stomach. Yet the surly cur manifested no gratitude whatever, seeming to separate in his sordid mind the sweetness of the cheese from the benevolence of the giver. To make matters worse, a piece of cheese, which George contributed at this juncture, rolled to a spot a few inches beyond the limit to which the dog's chain allowed him to stretch his nose. This accident, however, had the good effect of demonstrating the value of the chain as a factor in the situation: if it would not break for a piece of cheese, it might be expected to hold good for our calves likewise. Accordingly, it ceased to be of moment to us whether the dog loved us or not, and we even made a jest of his impotence to make his wish father to his deed.

A diversion was now created by some half-dozen hens, who, under the escort of their rooster, had been standing anxiously off and on during the late episode, with inquiring croaks and tentative peckings and scratchings, longing for a share of the good things, but too delicate-minded to step boldly up and ask for it. One of these respectable fowls, observing the piece of cheese which the dog could not reach, did cautiously, and with an affectation of unconcern, put herself in neighborly proximity to it. She strutted innocently to and fro, her thoughts evidently to the last degree abstracted and refined away from farm-yard interests, and concerned about anything rather than a piece of cheese. It happened, nevertheless, quite by accident, that her meditative strollings brought her nearer and ever nearer to this toothsome quarry, much as the sublime reveries of the alchemic

philosopher are fabled to have stumbled him upon some grand, practical discovery which he wot not of. The ingenious dignity of that hen, the moment before she made her sudden swoop, was worthy of comparison only with the utter exposure and degradation of her scrambling escape—the cheese, half-way down her beak, pursued by the angry yelp of the defrauded dog, and by the whole sisterhood of partlets, all intent upon at least flavoring their palates with a dab at the stolen booty. Hens are the most ridiculous, because the most transparent and shameless humbugs in the world—and one cannot help loving them. For my part, I forthwith lost my heart to all the little old trollops collectively, and so plied them with crumbs that they speedily became quite familiar in their approaches, inasmuch that I could not move my feet or change my position upon the bench without raising a flutter in some one of their feathered bodies. The uncongenial dog was quite forgotten, and, had not George occasionally taken pity on him with a bit of crust, he must have lost all faith in Nature, farm-yard or human.

Meanwhile, I had rolled a cigarette, and was feeling as corporeally serene as ambiguous-fated man may. George, who cannot smoke for all his six and a quarter feet of stature, and had fed away all the bread-crumbs, and bestowed a large remnant of the cheese into his coat-pocket, along with the map and a dog's-eared note-book (in which he occasionally made mysterious entries during our journey, writing them down with a visage of portentous earnestness and solemnity, but invariably reading them over with fond giggles afterward), George at length became impatient, grumbling out that it was already after four o'clock, and that we had at least thirteen miles yet to go. And, since his companion was one of the most compliant and obliging of mankind, he delayed but to finish the cigarette he was engaged upon, and to roll another, and then they bade farewell to the black dog, and to the hens, and to the withered crone, and to the venerable inn itself, and once more set forward upon their travels.

Speaking about varying estimates of distances, something of the kind was noticeable (had we been open to confess it) in our own procedure. Suppose our day's walk to be, as on this occasion, something inside of twenty-five miles, and that somebody had assured us at starting that it was thirty-two. After a mile or two George would pull out his map and say:

"We may have been wrong, you know, after all. Perhaps that fellow was right."

"He certainly ought to know," I would reply. "I have plotted maps myself, and I know how easily mistakes creep in."

"I shouldn't wonder if it were thirty-two miles. It looks that, doesn't it?"

"Over thirty, certainly. We must make allowance for the hills and the turnings."

Thus at the outset. But toward the end of the fourth hour the conversation would have taken some such tone as follows:

"That blackguard must have lied about the thirty-two miles."

"Of course he did. The only notion such fellows have of distances is the time they take to walk them. But it isn't likely the Ordnance survey would be out."

"We've been going fully five miles an hour, don't you think?"

"Four and a half to five, certainly."

"We must be nearly there. I'll bet it's not over twenty-four and a half. Only about an hour more."

Is this all? Alas for human fickleness! Arrived at our destination and comfortably seated at a well-earned beefsteak.

"Come to think of it, I believe we have done thirty-two, take it altogether."

"Just what I was thinking. Recollect that *de tour* we made, and then that tramp to Toad Rock—we must count that in."

"Safe to say thirty-two, eh?"

"Perfectly."

The most conspicuous feature of the valley of the Medway is, perhaps, the absence of all appearance of the Medway itself. The only symptom of it that we saw was a distant view of the bridge. English rivers are not apt to be Amazons nor even Mississippi; but this Medway—at all events so much of it as lies between Tunbridge Wells and Maidstone—is one of the most retiring streams with which I am acquainted. After this, the next most striking objects are the solid stone walls and houses. The stone is of a charmingly picturesque gray hue, overgrown with lichens and cemented with moss, and altogether invaluable as foregrounds for young ladies' water-color drawings. The walls are low, but quite solid, and often a good deal more than a foot in thickness. As for the houses, they are quite as often brick as stone, and as apt to be tiles as either. In the latter cases, the color being uniformly reddish, it is difficult to decide where the roof ends and the sides begin. They have generally stood so long that the walls have bulged and the ridge-poles sunk until the outline is rather that of an irregular mound than of a square-set, gabled edifice. The picturesque gain is of course great, and I dare say the practical comfort is in no way diminished. The superiority of such dwellings over the bilious brick boxes that obtain in Middlesex is enough to make the angels laugh and weep. But, as the latter structures are a pet grievance of mine, I will not further allude to them.

Then there are the little churches, with their square, gray towers, rising peacefully amid the lowly hamlet. To my fancy, these square towers are more pleasing than pointed spires; there is more stability and calm about them, and less of artificiality and effort. At any rate, they suit better with English skies and environment. Attached to the main tower was generally a narrow, round turret, looking something like a magnified water-pipe, and for what purpose designed I know not. The body of the church would appear, from a distance, to be built of the same stone as the tower; but a closer examination will show it to be composed of rough flint-stones imbedded in mortar. The extreme hardness of this

material prevents it from being affected by the weather, as is the comparatively friable substance of the tower, and of consequence the former has the appearance of being of much more modern date than the latter. Nevertheless, some of the oldest buildings in the country are made of these impassible flints. In Canterbury, and along the approach to Dover, such flinty walls and houses become markedly frequent. I do not like the material; it is harsh and unpleasing to the eye; but it certainly seems to wear unexceptionably well.

In passing through a small, straggling village, named Yalding on the maps, and called Yah-a-alding by its inhabitants, as if they could not so much as mention it without a yawn, our road led us so near one of these gray churches that we passed in through the little graveyard-gate (a very sturdy and compact little gate of massive oak), and, stepping across the close-lying rows of green mounds, peeped in through the diamond-paned windows. But the interior was disappointing, as the interior of most Protestant churches is. The walls and groined arches were whitewashed; the pews were made of stained deal, and looked both modern and comfortless; there was nothing dignified nor rich in the aspect of the pulpit. It was as if an antique volume, bound in sombre leather and heavy with clasps and bosses, should turn out, on being opened, to be not an ancient illuminated Bible or mediæval book of magic, but a year's numbers of a modern religious weekly journal, price sixpence. I suspect that the Anglo-Saxon race has an aversion to being made party to anything picturesque, especially during their seasons of devotion.

As we approached the vicinity of Maidstone the road gradually mounted, until, on coming round a corner, we looked down upon the town from a considerable elevation. A huge, yellowish building on the right we took to be the jail, but were afterward told that it was something quite different—I forget what. The town lies very cozily and affectionately between its hills, and the river (visible at last) winds its way through with lazy enjoyment, like a pleasant memory of youth in the heart of age.

#### IV.

FROM our bird's-eye point of view, the principal occupation pursued by the inhabitants of Maidstone seemed to be kite-flying. Kites floated high aloft over the town at all points. They were of the ordinary bow-topped figure—no strange birds and monsters such as the Chinese affect; but, such as they were, they were well made and balanced, evidently by hands which long practice had rendered skillful. Some of them flew so high that it seemed incredible there should be any string long enough to attach them to the earth. String-making must, I should think, be a profitable industry hereabout. But what an enviable life—one passed in flying kites over one's native town, in a steady, northwesterly breeze! Do the maidens of this happy vale yield their favor to the swain whose canvas floats the highest? Is the bestowal of civic honors determined by

the length of a man's string? Is social disgrace the consequence of an ill-proportioned tail; and does summary banishment or the scaffold overtake those wretches whose kites won't get-up, or, being up, stay there? What a strange instance of the irony of Fate, the establishment of a jail in Maidstone, the minds of whose inhabitants are so constantly fixed on things that are above the earth!

Down the long hill we briskly strode, our steps enlivened by the anticipation of a bath and dinner. Looking back upon one's predominant thoughts and desires during a prolonged tramp of this kind, it is humiliating to find how often they were solicitous for the merely bodily wants. As fresh towns and villages arose along our route, George and I might, perhaps, talk with our outward voice about its picturesque charms, its historical associations, its antiquarian interest; but inwardly we were asking ourselves: "Which is the best pub? Shall we get milk there? Have they any tubs? Are the beds feather-beds?" and so on. So now, as we walked into Maidstone, we made an hypocritical pretense of admiring the architecture of the great church which rose gray and mountainous at the entrance of the town; but in the bottom of our hearts we regretted that it was not a good hotel. For us, at such a time, there could be nothing in art so admirable as a well-hung tavern-sign.

A few minutes brought us into the central street or market-place, and here, in all conscience, were inns enough; the only difficulty was to make a choice between them. Immediately we became squeamish and difficult to please; we rejected this house because the view from its front-windows was uninteresting; we looked askance upon that by reason of its uncouth name; we scorned the other for that the bar-room was full of loafers. At length, however, we condescended to make trial of one which stood at the head of the market-place, commanding an outlook in three directions. Would I had the pen of a Walter Scott to do justice to the reception we met with there!

The landlady, with whom we conferred about rooms and appliances, was a well-looking woman of forty, with an inviting eye, and yet methought right modest, and withal discriminating. She was dressed in gray, and as neat as a Hollander. She was evidently accustomed to judge of her customers by their faces and voices, and I am proud to say that her expression, as we conversed, grew ever more and more genial, and that she ended with giving us two front rooms on the first floor, with a parlor between them, for the consideration of one shilling apiece. Everything was on a like scale of reasonableness and excellence. The beds, it is true, were feather-beds, but by the time we were ready to retire we were too sleepy to be troubled by that. The tubbing was glorious. The beefsteak afterward was, as George expressed it, a regular thirty-two-miler; the ale was mighty, and the coffee black. Breakfast next day was a morning edition of dinner, and the bill for all this, and more that I have forgotten, was seven and threepence each. Upon the whole, I never took

mine ease at a more satisfactory inn than The Castle, Week Street, Maidstone; and I counsel all those who find themselves in that part of the world to seek out Mr. and Mrs. Ison, and be ministered unto by them. But I am anticipating.

As has been already mentioned, we had sent our portmanteaux on to Canterbury, so there could be no change of raiment that night. After tubbing, we brushed our clothes and shook the dust out of our stockings; but, when it came to resuming our travel-stained shoon, we hesitated. George said that his were new, and had not yet accommodated themselves to his feet. I rejoined that mine were old, and that I feared the soles would come off if they were worn unnecessarily. There may have been other causes for our disinclination which we neither of us chose to mention; but no matter. In this quandary—for we revolted from the idea of going down to dinner in stocking-feet—we happened to look out of the window. On the opposite side of the street—behold! a boot-shop, and hanging up at the door several pairs of list slippers. We rang the bell, and sent off the chambermaid with instructions to buy the two largest and softest pairs of list slippers that the shopkeeper had in stock; and then we sat down at the window to watch the progress of the negotiation.

To our surprise, no negotiation took place. No emissary left the hotel-door to chaffer at the boot-shop. But after an interval of several minutes there was a knock at our door.

"If you please, sir," said the chambermaid, entering with two enormous pairs of slippers, "master says, would these do you, 'e'd be 'appy you should wear 'em, if you'll try 'em on, sir."

We accepted the slippers, I am sorry to say not without misgivings. We could not believe that their imprint, life-size, would not appear on the bill next morning. We did Mr. Henry Ison injustice, for which I take this opportunity of apologizing. I wonder whether he flew kites in his younger days, and so got him a soul above ordinary innkeepers? Well, we put on the slippers, which fitted us to admiration, and paddled down to dinner. It was served in what seemed to be an ancient manorial hall. Swords, halberds, and trophies of various kinds, adorned the walls; ranged round the room were chairs enough to seat a company of men-at-arms, and the board, at one end of which our meal was spread, was long and broad enough for them all. On the hearth a huge fire was burning, and above the mantel-piece hung a wide scroll of parchment, illuminated with quaint designs and figures, and thus inscribed:

"ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS,  
*Instituted from time immemorial.*"

But for the inexpugnable and incorrigible matter-of-factness of his companion, who was given to scoff at all flights of fancy, one of us might have felt disposed to quote poetry, and summon up reminiscences of mediæval romance. That "instituted from time



immemorial" especially flattered my imagination. But I may at least repeat now that the whole episode was such as Walter Scott would have worked into a glowing chapter. This was an inn of the old and of the right sort.

I will not linger over the incidents of that banquet; only the author of "Memorials of Gorman-dizing" could do it justice. After it was over, I took from the mantel-piece the longest of a dozen long-stemmed virgin clays, filled it with my own fragrant honey-dew; we stretched our legs luxuriously toward the blaze, which toasted our eleemosynary slippers, and I smoked. Presently in came a lovely young woman bearing on a tray two smoking and aromatic tumblers of something hot. The fact is, I believe George had taken it upon himself to order some punch. We sipped, and the firelight glimmered over the ancient armor on the walls, and the smoke eddied upward from my pipe-bowl (George, as I have said before, would *not* smoke, and that defect on his part was the sole occasion of heart-burning and recrimination between us during the whole expedition), and we were (subject to that sole exception) very happy. Sublunary existence had little more in the way of solid comfort to offer us.

According to all rational and poetical precedent, the evening ought to have gently concluded thus. But, since I am writing a narrative of facts, I must needs admit that it did not. I know not which of us it was that proposed an evening ramble through the town: I think it was George; but he seems equally persuaded that it was some one else. The upshot was, at all events, that on a ramble we went, in Mr. Ison's slippers, and to the best of my belief we explored every street of Maidstone. It being dark, we were, of course, unable to form any notion of what the town was like; and the only piece of information that we acquired was what we might just as well have discovered by sitting at our parlor-window, namely, that the population was composed of equal parts of young women of fourteen to sixteen years old, and red-coated militia—which last, as our landlord told us, had been called out throughout the county the day before. This mixture was tempered by here and there a policeman, who, like the generality of provincial police, wore a far more truculent and implacable aspect than is ever assumed by the "city and metropolitan." After prolonging our researches for some two hours, and finding all barren, we slipped it back to The Castle, where Mr. Ison hospitably insisted upon lighting a fire for us in the parlor. We were too sleepy to get much good out of it; and, though George made a plucky effort to read aloud a chapter of "Tom Jones," we both fell asleep in the middle of it; and, upon awakening, got to bed with all convenient dispatch. Then a delicious blank of ten unbroken hours before the house-maid's knock warned us to prepare for Canterbury.

V.

"I DON'T know, I'm sure," said the lovely young woman to whom I introduced the reader last night in her rôle of Hebe. "Oh, here's Mr. Simpson.—

Can you tell these gentlemen how far it is to Canterbury?"

"Thirty-six miles by road," was the confident reply of Mr. Simpson; who entered by the bar-room door at that moment, with the aspect and garments of a prosperous cabbie. And he proceeded, with much kindness and volubility, to describe particular features of the route, ending with the observation that it was a very pretty walk. George, meanwhile, was burying his nose in his tumbler to conceal his emotion; for we had just been consulting the map anew up-stairs, and had decided that the distance was within a hundred yards, one way or the other, of twenty-nine miles. However, we presently made shift to thank Mr. Simpson very earnestly, and indeed practically, in the form of a nip of something; and then we bade the lovely young woman farewell; and Mr. Ison gave us a couple of his cards; and his neat, gray wife smiled a hospitable adieu; and Mr. Simpson volunteered a few parting admonitions as to our route; and so we sallied forth into the windy morning sunshine, and once more took up our line of march.

It was indeed very windy, and in certain stretches very dusty likewise; but the wind was steadily on our backs the whole way, and rather helped than retarded us, so far as pace went. The character of the surrounding country had altered very much from yesterday. It was more hilly, the earth showed less admixture of chalk, and there was a marked famine of hop-poles. The unploughed fields seemed more numerous, and the general aspect of the scenery was therefore greener and darker. The road was almost irritatingly straight, and its straightness was gratuitously emphasized by an inevitable procession of telegraph-poles, which stalked past and ahead of us, seventy or eighty yards at a stride, and staked out our road along the horizon long before the road itself came into view. To add to the mischief, each pole was numbered in a consecutive series; a precaution which, though perhaps useful in the detection of evil-minded persons inclined to feloniously abstract such trifles, was harassing to the guileless pedestrian, who found himself under a morbid necessity of noting each number as he passed, and entering into exhausting calculations as to how many posts went to the mile, and how many were yet to come between this and his journey's end. Meanwhile the wind sang shrill music in the telegraph-wires; and once we fancied we could hear the irregular pulsations of a message resounding keenly along the line.

In addition to the telegraph-posts, we suffered considerable torment from sign-boards, directing us to side-issues which we had no intention or desire of following up. George had a fatal eye for these sign-boards; his superfluous three inches enabled him to descry them some while before I could; and, in spite of my earnest protestations, he persisted in announcing them at the instant of vision; and then we must press headlong on to see what was written on them. Nor did the nuisance cease here; for out came George's everlasting map, and his opaque thumbs

would be obtruded before my unwilling eyes, pretending to demonstrate—what I never denied—that we were “all right,” and that such and such an officious village lay so many miles to our right or left. “And Harrietsham is the next place we pass through,” says the statistical George; “it is just a mile and a half from this corner—see!”

Moreover, there were the milestones, seducing us into making “time,” and beating our own record from each successive goal. For this annoyance, however, I was not long in finding a remedy; for, being the possessor of the only watch in the expedition, I read off the minutes to suit myself; and it was not until we had thus attained an imaginary speed of over eight miles an hour that my companion began to have his suspicions. I then represented in strong terms the folly of maintaining such a race with nothing, and by degrees succeeded in getting the milestone mania under control. But it was followed by another form of lunacy almost as bad, and, in its moral effect upon character, perhaps even worse. We fell into the habit of putting all our remarks and observations upon various passing occurrences or objects into the form of vile rhymed couplets, as thus—

“Yon hill's bald outline cuts the sky;  
What lies beyond? Who knows? Not I.”

Such doggerel as this, only infinitely more fatuous and offensive, did we spin out interminably, not in the least because we enjoyed it (though each fresh perpetration was greeted with a cackle of vacant and despairing laughter), but because we had got agoing, and lacked the intellectual self-control to put a stop to it. In fact, we never entirely cleansed ourselves of this vice; it flared up in us from time to time to the end of our journey.

Harrietsham—which we found to be situated exactly where George's map said it was—was one of the most aged, oxygenated-looking villages in my recollection. It was merely a straggle of cramped buildings along a couple of hundred yards of crooked street; but the houses, besides being high-shouldered and heavy-browed, had acquired a color only comparable to the rustiest of rusty iron. They were tiled from ridge-pole to coping; they had quaint, disproportionate chimneys, and the queerest, blinking, irregular windows and narrow chinks of doorways. The sidewalks mounted high above the roadway, as if they belonged to a different geological formation; and, unless I am much mistaken, there was not so much as a single pub. from one end of the village to the other. This probably accounted for another remarkable fact—the absence of anything resembling a population. The only living beings seen by us in Harrietsham were three small fugitive children and one woman dressed in black, whom George at once greeted with effusion as Harriet, the lady to whom the “ham” belonged. Upon consideration, I am inclined to think there must have been a pub. somewhere about, after all. It was either here or at a neighboring hamlet called Lenham that we met the Maidstone and Ashford stage-coach, just drawing up before an inn-door. In spite of the dusty weath-

er, it had its fair quota of “outsides,” and the driver, beaming upon us with a friendly smile, wished us a pleasant walk, and congratulated us upon having the best of the wind. That driver's face attracted me. I should have liked to sit beside him for an hour, and listened to some local anecdotes and political wisdom.

He, however, could scarcely have approved himself so valuable an acquaintance as we made in the person of a certain small boy at the King's-Head Inn, Charing, a few miles farther on. This young gentleman, prompted by a healthy curiosity, entered the room in which we were waiting for our noonday bread-and-milk, and examined us with a deliberation which awoke a responsive interest on our own part toward him. He seemed to be about five years old, and had apparently come into the world with a set grin upon his chubby features, which his experience of life had not thus far served to abate.

“Johnnie, what is your name?”

“He! he! Horace. He-e!”

“Are you the son of the lady who conducts this establishment?”

“He-e-e!”

“Does your mamma live here?”

“Iss! e-e!”

“Have you a father?”

“E! zink a 'ave!”

“Ah! you mean to insinuate that the gray mare—? Where were you born?”

“He-e! never wuz borned!”

“Oh! Do you go to school?”

“No-ah! e-e!”

“Did you ever hear of London?”

“He! no-ah!—e!”

“Would you like to go there?”

“He-e! no-ah!”

“Did you ever hear of Russia?”

“E-e-e!”

“Do you know the value of this coin?”

“Iss—he, he, he-e-e!” (Exit, grinning, with bronze penny of the realm.)

I would not, however, advise any traveler to stop for bread-and-milk at the King's-Head Inn, Charing, kept by I. Catt. They charged us two shillings. Upon our remonstrating, they pointed to a half-pound of butter, neatly stamped, and adorned with sprigs of parsley in a plate at the other end of the table.

“But we haven't touched it!” cried George, indignantly.

“It's charged for, sir,” was the imperturbable reply.

“All right!” said George, with ominous cheerfulness. “Here's your two shillings.” The hardy Briton then produced from his inexhaustible pocket an old number of the *Sporting News*, tore it in two, folded up the butter in one half and the remains of the loaf in the other, put the former in his pocket, handed the latter over to me, bade the malignant Catt an emphatic good-by, and we marched out! At the top of the next hill we took out our forage, ate what we could of it, and only forbore when an

aged matron opportunely hove in sight, whom George thus addressed: "Hallo, missus! would you like some fresh butter?"

"Ho-o! Thankee, zur! You be very kind. Well, a doan't mind ef a do!"

Thus, like Robin Hood, my stalwart friend benefited the poor at the expense of the rich. Indeed, I think we were both relieved at this issue of the adventure: had we been forced to eat all that half-pound of butter ourselves, even in the cause of justice, I guess it would have lain heavy on something else besides our stomachs.

## VI.

BUT I find I must curtail my reminiscences if I wish to come in sight of Canterbury at all. It was certainly a long day's march, though enlivened with many thrilling episodes, not the least important of which was a memorable game of tip-cat, played between ourselves and a little reprobate three feet high, who beat us both, and who, on being asked the familiar conundrum—whether his mother knew he was out?—replied, tauntingly, that she did, and that she had given him a halfpenny to buy a monkey, and was either of us for sale? This occurred near Chilham, an imperceptible village about five miles from Canterbury; and with that sarcasm ringing in our ears did we come in sight of the great tower of the cathedral.

Canterbury is an old, historic town, the cradle of English Christianity, and the goal of many pilgrimages—among others, of a famous one described by Chaucer. All this and much more I read in Black's guide-book on the night of our arrival; but none of it occupied our thoughts during the first hour of our entry into the time-honored precincts. What we were concerned about was the whereabouts of the railway-station to which our portmanteaux had been sent, and, after that, the choice of an hotel where good dinners and beds were to be obtained. Our luck was not very brilliant. There were two stations, one at one side of the city, and another, a mile distant, at the other side. We called first at the nearer station, and found that our luggage was at the farther one. Thither, accordingly, we tramped, across aggressive cobble-stones, along meagre sidewalks overshadowed by impending second and third stories, through narrow alleys, underneath darksome archways, in and out of graveyards, and past the mighty cathedral itself, at which, however, we hardly glanced, our appetite for Gothic architecture being temporarily quelled by that for beefsteaks. At length the other station presented itself, and our portmanteaux along with it. We laid hands upon them, and found them quite as heavy as when we last parted from them. Nevertheless, as they were to be sent on next morning *via* the other railway to Dover, we must lug them back across the mazy town to the inn, hard by the first station, where we had determined to pass the night. The Railway Hotel, I think, was the name of it. It was not very comfortable; compared with our beloved Castle in Maidstone, it was in every respect uncomfortable. The landlady was

sour and silent; the lovely young woman was frivolous and untrustworthy; the landlord was shabby and insignificant; the dining-room was new-fangled and crude; above all, the steak was dry and leathery. As a matter of course, the bill next morning was exorbitant. But, as a set-off to this ill-fortune, we enjoyed the priceless blessings of a complete change of raiment; and the steak, once swallowed, was impotent to affect us otherwise than agreeably. I am aware that these details are not of historic dignity, and I regret that I cannot bring them up more nearly to the orthodox level; but, the truth is, so it was to us, and so it must be written. We cared not a fig for Canterbury that night, save as a place to eat and sleep in. I may add, on my own behalf, to smoke in. George would not smoke. It was a defect in him which I tried in vain to cure him of; his obstinacy was the cause, I fear, of an occasional, not coolness exactly, but pensiveness between us. A more unsociable—But no more! He has been forgiven, and the subject shall not be again alluded to.

We again fell asleep prematurely—this time in the middle of Black's guide-book. And oh, what a night of dreamless, infant-like repose that was! Next morning, at breakfast, George said emphatically, as he shoveled a fresh load of fried potatoes on to his plate:

"Well, I do feel thundering well?"

And his *vis-à-vis*, setting down his empty coffee-cup, echoed him heartily. Insomnia, nerves, feeble appetite—had such things ever been?

We had but a morning stroll of twenty miles before us to Dover, so, having dispatched our luggage thither by train, we sallied forth to ransack the beauties of Canterbury. We visited the cathedral, but it was too early to get in; we were obliged to admire the painted windows from the outside, and could only imagine how the spot looked on which Thomas à Becket was murdered. From there we went to the park, walking along the broad path on the top of the old city-wall, with the ancient moat still traceable on one side, and the neatly-kept lawns and flower-beds on the other. Ever and anon a dull, faint reverberation shook the air: was it the report of the great guns at Chatham, twenty or thirty miles away? George got out his map, and was of opinion that it must be. At the end of the garden was a large, rounded hillock, one of those prehistoric erections which are referred to the agency of the Druids. Some public-spirited citizen (whose name and virtues were recorded on a monument at the summit) had overlaid it with sods, and made an upward winding path upon it, climbing which we took a parting view of the town of Canterbury. To tell the truth, there was not much of melancholy mingling in our gaze. It was a fine old place enough; one that would be pleasant to live in, perhaps; but our hearts were now fixed upon the sea, and looking southward we half fancied we could sniff the salt breeze and catch a distant gleam of the Channel.

It was another bright day, cool, but with less

wind than heretofore. We mounted the long acclivity which trends toward Dover, and, ere plunging down the descent beyond, we turned for yet another look at the city of the archbishop. Shadows of clouds, alternating with sunshine, were drifting across it, making the massive height of the Gothic tower appear itself as unsubstantial as a shadow. They say the archbishop comes here only a few days in each year, and that then he sits at ease in his chair of state and—chews tobacco! Delightful old man! And for doing this he receives fifteen thousand pounds sterling per annum. And yet heretical malcontents exist who murmur for disestablishment! Madmen! What day the Archbishop of Canterbury stops chewing tobacco for fifteen thousand pounds a year, let England look to herself. Her end will be nigh!

The walk to Dover is particularly uninteresting, being straight and hilly beyond all precedent, cursed with many telegraph-posts, and relieved by the fewest possible villages. The latter all lie in the valley a mile or two on the right; all we saw of them was their names upon the sign-boards, and, of course, in George's map. At one point we crossed a high table-land, cold and barren; at its farther extremity, some two miles in advance of us, we could descrie a man on horseback, slowly moving in the same direction as ourselves. In the course of an hour we caught up with him; he turned out to be a young gentleman of agricultural proclivities, going to Dover on one of the farm-horses. A fine old giant of a horse it was, of the Flemish breed apparently. Kent, however, is remarkable for good horses of all kinds, so far as our observation went; certainly it is as far ahead of Middlesex in that respect as in some others. But to return to the young agriculturist. We entered into conversation with him:

"Good-morning, Johnnie!"

"Good—maw—nin'."

"How far is it to Dover?"

"'Bout—twelve—mile."

Dover Castle was by this time actually in sight, between four and five miles away.

"Is this Lidden that we're coming to?"

"Ye—es."

"Can we get milk there?"

"Eh—h?"

We thanked him and pushed on. We did get milk there, and saw the cows it came from—not a common spectacle in this county. In the midst of our carousal, Johnnie appeared at the bar, and called for a glass of ale. George paid for it. Johnnie slowly put back his tuppence in his pocket, with a dull, bewildered stare. The like adventure was a new thing in his experience, and he understood it not. After standing a while in silence, he turned slowly away and got to horse, revolving the incident in his mind. He moved away with no backward glance or word of acknowledgment. But when, half an hour later, we overtook him for the second time, a light had begun to dawn. He looked at George, nodded, and, as we passed, was heard to murmur sluggishly:

"Thank—e—e!"

A little way farther, and Dover had actually begun, though we were yet two miles from the sea. But beyond this I shall not force the reader to accompany us. We will part just as the sound of the surf falls upon our ears, and upon our eyes breaks the first glimpse of the wide, gray salt-water, and the clustering masts of ships, and the long, curving pier of granite, with the iron lighthouse at the end of it. Then the lofty, white-faced cliffs open right and left, and there lies the town between them, where Cæsar landed two thousand years ago, and which is now a half-way house on the road to Paris.

## A STRAIN OF MUSIC.

WHEN I first saw Lady Aglaia Mount Pansy (how long ago it seems now!) she was in the still-room of Violet Towers.

Suggestive name, still-room! It brings to mind sweet waters, conserve of roses, decoctions of elderflower, St.-John's-wort, things known to early English housewifery before "Fortnum and Mason" had existence. The very word brings back those delicious beauties, our great-grandmothers, in their chintz, tucked-up dresses, their red-satin petticoats, clocked stockings, and high-heeled shoes! Alas! the ungallant years came to rob them of their charms, and to reduce their pretty feet to the flat, uninteresting, yielding, and sympathizing prunella!

Although I went down to Violet Towers by special invitation, I managed to get into the wrong train, and the official who met me mistook me, as I afterward found out, for a chemist from a London shop who was sent for.

I did not find out who I was, however, until I reached the still-room.

It was a large, neat apartment, filled with shelves, boxes, and bottles, cupboards, and clean wooden tables. Clean, did I say? I have gained a new sense of the word "cleanliness" since seeing that room. It had the neatness of the clover-blossom, the sweetness of the mint, the spiciness of the caraway-seed.

And at a table stood a real little model young great-grandmother! Yes, a picture by Sir Joshua, or perhaps a Wilkie, or a Copley.

A beautiful young woman in a striped, cherry-and-white gingham, under which gleamed a cherry-colored petticoat, a white cap, more dignified than Dolly Varden's, with a cherry bow, and, oh! help me, Sir John Suckling!—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice, stole in and out,"



clad in high-heeled, broad-buckled country shoes, evidently built from a picture. And before her a pile of apricots, as fresh as her cheeks—such was the picture. My good angel brought back to me my friend Marigold's description of his sister Aglaia.

"Delightfully pretty, with a passion for usefulness, also a little quaint," said he, "cut out for an old maid. You see we have the three Graces—Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne—and lots of younger ones, so that Aglaia must be a little old-maidish; she knows how to cook and loves housewifery. Thalia is superior, and wishes to go to Gurton College; Euphrosyne cares only for flowers and dancing."

All this talk of Lord Marigold, my friend, whom I had come to Violet Towers to see, flashed across my brain as I looked at the sweet, fresh young cook.

When I entered, announced by the John Thomas who had picked me up at the door as "the chemist from London," Lady Aglaia motioned me to a high settle.

"Lay your coat and hat there," said she.

"But I am no chemist from London; I am Mr. Delano, from America," said I, on whom my new profession now burst for the first time. "Do I speak to Lady Aglaia Mount Pansy?" Lady Aglaia rivaled her cap-ribbons for a moment, sent all the apricots to the right-about, and denounced John Thomas as "stupid."

"Mr. Delano, I am exceedingly mortified!—a most ludicrous blunder! You were expected in another train, and the professional person by this; I trust you will forgive the mistake.—Chandler" (this to the housekeeper), "see to Mr. Delano's things—and you—will you go to your room?"

"Not unless your ladyship sends me, for I suppose I am speaking to Lady Aglaia Mount Pansy? I have had only a half-hour in the train—I was brushed off at the station; I understand all about apricots. Why not allow me to stay here, and help in the preserving process—I am not asking too much, am I?"

Lady Aglaia gave a pretty little smile, but the housekeeper looked shocked.

"I have heard of your ladyship as a *cuisinière* *incomprise* from Marigold," I hastened to explain.

"Oh, yes; I dare say my brother, who laughs at me, has told you many a false story. And I have yet to verify some of his stories of you—of buffalo-hunting on the Plains, of the fashionable season in New York, of the beauty of your American ladies, of the 'good times'—as you say, over there. Pray remember some of Marigold's follies and mistakes, I dare say he committed many, that I may laugh back."

"I will," said I, "if you will only allow me to stay here and help."

"Could you pare the apricots?" said she, shyly, looking at them and at me.

"Perfectly; in fact, they should not be pared, but dropped in hot water. Would you oblige me" (to an attendant satellite) "by bringing a bowl of hot water?"

The maid seemed ready to faint at my impudence.

"Bring it," said Lady Aglaia, in a gentle voice, but one which had never been disobeyed.

I proceeded to ruin the fruit, but to make the acquaintance of the oldest of the Graces.

She was a little old-maidish, and, being really very young, it became her much.

"I want to make apricot-wine," said she. "Do you know anything about apricot-wine?"

The fact that I was *not* the "chemist from London," and had to confess to ignorance on the subject of apricot-wine, decided us to make apricot-jam, a conserve which I imagined would be an easy form of preparation, done somewhat on the principle of packing portmanteaus in college: given so many coats, and vests, and impedimenta, so many square inches of portmanteau, application of boot, and the thing is done. I intended to mash the apricots—not with my boot, but with a silver spoon (the principle remains the same). Lady Aglaia read out of an antiquated book a recipe written in a pretty old-fashioned hand, and weighed the sugar herself. The housekeeper watched us with furtive smiles, which she tried to conceal behind her decent apron. What were we to *her* but children playing on the sea-shore of cookery?

"Shall we put the apricots in the preserving-kettle first, or the sugar?" said Lady Aglaia.

"Oh, the sugar!" said I, boldly.

"That would be apt to burn, would it not, Lady Aglaia?" said Chandler, softly.

At this moment a tall figure darkened the pretty, latticed window of the still-room. I had noticed this window; it looked out on a kitchen-garden, and was shaded by honeysuckle and sweet-brier. The tall, dark object which stopped before it now was dressed in clergyman's attire, and I noticed that the hand which held the sugar trembled—Lady Aglaia trembled.

"Our rector, Mr. Herbert," said she, softly.

I thought the rector put his nose through the lattice-work in a very unreverend and familiar manner, and addressed his high-born and beautiful parishioner with too much ease.

"So you are cooking, are you?" said he, looking askance at me in no friendly manner.

"Just making the apricots into wine—no, jam! Let me introduce Mr. Delano from—from the United States, Mr. Herbert," said Lady Aglaia.

Mr. Herbert was a very handsome person, young, straight, dark-haired, and dark-eyed, blessed (or cursed, as the case may be) with regular features, fine complexion, and soft, silky mustache.

When my name was mentioned, for some reason or other, he lighted up with a radiant smile, and became all sweetness and light, apricots and sugar, and the sugar first.

I should not have said, to look at this ecclesiastic, that pious lectures, severe austerities, ecstasies of prayer, occupied all the hours of his day or the watches of the night. He seemed to me to have a lively sense of beauty; he had not entirely renounced the vanities of this world; the solitude of the cloister was evidently not for Mr. Herbert. Per-

haps he loved picturesque contrasts, and came from his library, where he had been poring over the Fathers, to see the flowers bloom in the fine season, to taste the apricots, and to look at Lady Aglaia. No saint in his calendar ever received such a look as he gave *her* through the latticed window, I will be bound!

Nothing can make two men hate each other so sensibly, securely, and immediately, as a beautiful woman. I was not deceived by Mr. Herbert's radiant smile, although I smiled back serenely.

"I knew he envied me—so fair she was!"

That game was destined to be spoiled. Lady Aglaia asked some questions about the parish-work, the child's hospital, the choir, and the bishop's visit. Mr. Herbert leaned in a graceful attitude against the lattice, plucked a sweet-brier rose and put it in his button-hole, and handed a honeysuckle in to Lady Aglaia. He even, in the plenitude of his sweetness, gave me a flower for my button-hole. Then he bade us good-morning and walked away.

He had ruined my morning for me, and he utterly spoiled the jam. Lady Aglaia lost her interest, and weighed wildly, and not too well.

"You may finish them," said she to Chandler, "and I will go to my room.—We will meet at luncheon," bowing to me politely.

I reflected when I reached my apartment upon the rapidity with which I had gone through a first-class passion and a three-volume novel in three-quarters of an hour.

I had had a romantic introduction to a beautiful woman, quite a foundation for a deathless attachment and a modern comedy. I had progressed favorably, had shown presence of mind and impudence, had played my part extremely well (so I thought), had seen my rival win, had seen the lady's interest in me diminish, had found out that Lady Aglaia was in love with the curate, and had been summarily dismissed—to my room!

That was doing up business in American style! Was *this* sober England, the country of precedent, formality, manner, Court of Chancery, and red-tape? If this was the slow Old World—where were we? It struck me the mother-country was getting the better of us.

However, I did not mean to wear the willow. Better to go and smoke a cigar in the shrubberies. Marigold I knew would not be down until dinner. I did not expect to meet my host and hostess until then. I had two hours before luncheon even. I boldly sallied forth.

Violet Towers is one of those superb places which defy description; it is also a gentle and lovely place, not too magnificent to be pretty. You could not, of course, apply the latter adjective to those stone battlements, those records of the past, on whose imperishable pages the Mount Pansys had been writing their history for centuries, but now that spring was hiding these stone outlines with clambering roses; now that the rhododendrons clumped themselves in gorgeous array on the green lawn or

against the southern wall; now that the ivy put forth green shoots of a lighter tint than the conventional sober livery of its winter dress; now that great, yellow roses clambered high, and then hung down heavy with gold from every lattice and coign of vantage; now that an especial and prim pink rose outlined the glorious old mullioned window of the library with a sweetness and propriety which reminded me of Lady Aglaia; now that the fingers of Proserpine were touching Violet Towers with a tender, perennial caress—you might call the place anything—pretty, beautiful, charming—in fact, no epithet of praise equaled it, language became inadequate as your soul reveled in its perfection.

I found a sort of summer-house perfectly covered with ivy, and from its open spaces I could see much of this beauty.

Presently a pretty boy with square collar and long curls rode by on his pony. Then came three or four children with dogs. I was evidently on a high-road of Violet Towers domain.

Then a young lady with a book in her hand, who came directly to my ivy-clad bower. I saw by her resemblance to Marigold that she was one of the young ladies of the family, so I threw away my cigar and introduced myself.

"Mr. Delano, from America," said the young lady; "oh, I am so mortified!"

And she went through the explanations which had so troubled Lady Aglaia.

"And you are Lady Thalia? I knew you by Marigold's pictures and description."

"Yes, I have his short, black curls, you see," and the Muse of Comedy took off a rather masculine head-covering, and showed me a head which would have driven Sir Thomas Lawrence wild.

She was a tall, well-developed creature, with the darkest skin and the highest color I had ever seen out of gypsy-land; her teeth were superb; they were so white, and regular, and strong, that I thought of young lionesses, and tigers, and such ungente images; her eyes, however, were gray, which gave a becoming and unusual surprise to this dark face, and added a fascination of the highest.

If I had not seen Lady Aglaia in the still-room, I should have fallen in love with Lady Thalia in the ivy-bower, but I was still (strange to say!) under the influence of my first passion. This was a glorious creature to gallop across-country with, but she was not the beauty of the still-room, not a "creature not too bright and good for human nature's daily food," and all that sort of thing—no, I still hated the curate!

Lady Thalia talked with great vigor and originality. She told me the story of the house, its different eras, restorations, and improvements. She knew the dates and the legends, and was proud of her family. "The daughter of a hundred earls," Lady Thalia was full of race, blood, beauty, aristocracy, but not unpleasantly so. She was the splendid flower of a splendid tree; and I liked her pride—it was rich, racy, and natural.

"There is the luncheon-bell," said she, rising.

We walked along together, and saw the children and their governess trooping behind us; the boy on the pony came trotting along; the golden pheasants scurried away in the grass.

"Our English ibis, you know," said Lady Thalia, laughing—"the sacred bird for whom we legislate."

"Oh, how lovely your England is!" said I, as I took in anew all these various colors, and odors, and outlines.

"Mamma and Euphrosyne have gone to town to the rose-show," said Lady Thalia, "but Aglaia is at home.—Miss Southgate—Mr. Delano" (I bowed to the governess); "and now—you—Theodore, say grace"—as we all seated ourselves at luncheon.

The boy of the broad collar said his grace with correct simplicity, and then attacked his cold roast beef with unrelenting British valor. A soft *frou-frou* at the door, and Lady Aglaia floated in, in the costume of the period. She was dressed for driving, and I cannot say that her dove-colored pelisse was unbecoming, or the hat which bore out the plumage and breast of the English pheasant was ugly, or that the fair blonde, fresh girl, looked otherwise than well in them, but so deceitful is the human heart, and so desperately wicked, that I found myself regretting the cherry-and-white gingham and the white apron. Now, she was a copy of a hundred others; then, she was an original of the highest value.

I liked to hear her explain to her sister as to our meeting in the still-room. I liked their sweet voices, gentle laughter, and pretty, rare intonation. She told them about my visit and of the apricots, but she did not mention the curate.

"Did Mr. Herbert find you?" said Miss Southgate, the governess, and it struck me that there was a cold, northeast corner in her voice.

Lady Aglaia commenced carving a chicken very violently.

"Yes, he came along by the kitchen-garden window, and gave me the bishop's message."

"He dines here to-night, I believe," said Lady Thalia.—"Mr. Delano, let me tell you that our curate is of the handsome kind, and he sings—oh, such a tenor voice! Cannot you imagine his popularity? I always think of Thackeray's account of the Reverend Charles Honeyman, to whom slippers came in such quantities that he could only have worn them all had he been a centipede! and who had lozenges sent him for his dear bronchitis, and a silver teapot full of gold sovereigns from his devotees. Don't you remember the immortal phrase, 'The devotee pot he has still, but the sovereigns, where are they?'"

I was glad to see that Lady Thalia had escaped the infection of love for the curate.

Lady Aglaia asked me to drive in the basket-wagon. Lady Thalia showed us her superb figure in a riding-habit. She and her groom preceded us as we drove through the green hedge-rows, the long, silent avenues of old trees, the ever-changeful, ever-beautiful, ever-refreshing English landscape.

"Thalia rides better than anybody," said Aglaia,

looking at her sister. "Do your American ladies ride?"

"Oh, of course they do! not across-country so much, but at home, about our parks, and at Newport."

"We expect an American lady to-night—a very important, well-introduced personage. Do you know we all feel rather awkwardly—we don't know how to treat her."

"Oh, I think she will be a human being!" said I.

"Undoubtedly; but we hear that this is a rather artificial personage—a woman of fashion, who has been in Paris and Nice, and Baden-Baden, all her life. Marigold met her somewhere; he says she is very anxious to *not* be considered a typical American woman, but rather a woman of the world."

"What is her name?" said I, for I saw a little cloud rising no bigger than a man's hand.

"Mrs. Perkin Warburton," said Lady Aglaia.

"Oh, I know her well, and I am very glad that she disdains the name of American; she is a sublime egotist, who has no topic of conversation but herself; she does not belong to any country or any civilization peculiarly; she is *sui generis*—she paints her cheeks, her eyebrows, and her blue veins; she is not quite old enough to be Mrs. Skewton, but when she gets a little older she will be."

I looked at the fresh blood mantling in the clean cheek of this healthy English girl, and thought with a shudder of Mrs. Perkin Warburton's cosmetics. I thought, too, of certain American complexions and of the real charms of my countrywomen, the most beautiful women in the world. I was sorry to have an enameled copy come in their place to this noble, sincere English home, for, do and say what we will, English people are very apt to accept our poorest specimens as types of the best.

At dinner I was presented to Lady Mount Pansy, and I saw where the beauty came from. I was not ignorant of the fact that the Mount Pansys were one of the crack regiments of beauty in the English peerage—one of those quoted and talked-of families, like the handsome Sheridans, the Howards, and the Montagues. Lady Mount Pansy had been so long a renowned beauty, like the Duchess of Sutherland, that I expected to see what we call, after a mummy way of speaking, "a well-preserved woman," but I beheld instead Owen Meredith's "Madame la Marquise:"

"The folds of her wine-dark violet dress  
Glow over the sofa, fall on fall,  
As she sits in the air of her loveliness  
With a smile for each and all.

"Half of her exquisite face in the shade,  
Which o'er it the screen in her soft hand flings,  
Through the gloom glows her hair, in its odorous braid,  
In the firelight are sparkling her rings."

She made me a place beside her on the sofa, and received me with kindest cordiality. She had "that slow smile half shut up in her eyes," the crimson lips, the pearl-white teeth, the long, silken lashes, which are included in the general inventory of beauty, and then she had, as all great women have had from

Helen of Troy down, something which was utterly indescribable. Beyond all this prodigality of Nature, she looked the pure, noble, spotless woman, the core of this great house—the mother undefiled, the monarch of this domestic sovereignty.

"You are Marigold's friend," said she, as her two soft, warm, taper hands infolded mine; "it is twenty letters of introduction!"

We, of course, talked first of Marigold, who was evidently her passion. She had a woman's weakness for her grown-up son; he was a good fellow, no doubt, but she thought him an Adonis, an angel, and a hero, and Marigold was none of these.

I feared my cup was to be too full, as she presented Euphrosyne, youngest of the Graces, her blond daughter, who had been to the rose-show with her in London.

Euphrosyne was a great, white rose, a superb and a showy creature; but I was glad to observe that she had big blue eyes, a little too prominent; white teeth, a little too long; blond hair, a trifle too heavy; and a head a little too large—for I was becoming satiated with beauty.

I must confess that I afterward observed that Lady Mount Pansy was unbecoming to all her sweet daughters. She was one of the great, commanding beauties of the world, and had also that gift of quiet, still, unobtrusive fascination which does not always accompany beauty.

The earl, a short, fussy, big-headed, fair-complexioned man, bustled in, kissed his wife's beautiful hand, and greeted me cordially. The earl was one of those men who are eternally busy doing nothing, who believe that they carry the world on their backs. For my part, I was not impressed with my friend's father; and, hereditary noble that he was, I found him innately vulgar, and a snob. "Why, oh why, did his wife marry him?" thought I; and it was a question I never answered.

Then came the guests—a German Baron of Climpfenhausen, or something of the sort, tall, white, fluffy, soldierly, and learned; many young honorables and old honorables; and then softly came the handsome curate, who entered with the air "*L'église, c'est moi*," and to whom I gave my seat, for I have always noticed the immense significance of that part of the game of chess—the bishop stands next to the queen.

Then hurried in my dear old Marigold, who gave me the best and most sincere of unobtrusive English welcomes, and who gathered up all his mother's attention. She devoured him with her sleepy eyes while talking to other people. The party began for Lady Mount Pansy when Marigold arrived.

There were Ladies This and Ladies That, charming pendants to these masculine attractions, and heavy old dowagers, and the witty man, and the silent man, and the great parliamentary debater—the usual mob, I had almost said, of a great dinner, at a great house, of a great earl, who lived an hour out of London, and who could, therefore, unite the pleasures of the country with the duties of the season.

I took down Lady Euphrosyne, while the curate

had the good luck to secure Lady Aglaia. *He* did not sit below the salt, this priest of the nineteenth century!

Lady Thalia in evening-dress came next to her glorious mother in beauty. She was deliberately murdering the German Baron, who looked, as he was contrasted with her dark beauty, like a white bear making up to a gazelle.

The earl himself took in Mrs. Perkin Warburton, with her painted cheeks, and her flaxen wig, and her tinted lashes, and her penciled eyebrows, and her tulle, and gauze, and silk, and satin, and puffs, and furbelows, and other inventions to conceal thinness and the ravages of time.

Mrs. Warburton used gestures presumably like a Frenchwoman, and laughed much a meaningless, mirthless laugh, which was sadder than many tears. Every one laughed at her; she was the stalking-horse of the world's sarcasms; she carried along epigrams enough to make a jest-book of the things which had been said of her. And yet from her wealth and family connection she had always a position in society, was always invited. These scapegoats of fashion, who point many a moral; who are never found wanting when one would satirize human folly, yet who never hear the echo of their own silliness; who never see themselves as others see them; who are never disturbed in the desirable calm of their self-conceit; who go through life believing themselves belles, beauties, wits, and Graces, women without reality or worth, but who by the vital power of vanity alone hold a large place in the world's esteem—or at least its outward respect—are very curious, but they are very much to be envied: they are the most satisfied of all self-deluders.

I have met these characters in all countries, and I have wondered whether if, some day, the mask could fall, not from their eyes, but from their ears, and if they would hear what the world said of them!

The gifts of other egotists, however, paled before those of Mrs. Warburton. She was the high-priestess, and kept the lamp alive before the altar of self, undisturbed by the gibes of the populace.

Lady Euphrosyne was most agreeable. Like her sisters, she had the crowning grace of good manners. There were no wandering eyes, no lapses of memory. They paid you the compliment of devoted attention, these fair women, and saw nothing but yourself, while you were the happy man who commanded the situation. She told me more about roses than I had ever expected to know. She was prettier than I had first thought, and such a complexion would have covered a multitude of sins if Lady Euphrosyne had any sins, which I doubt.

But I looked down the table at Lady Aglaia. I was not won from *her* yet.

After dinner the Reverend Herbert sang. It was an ecstasy of a voice, one that touched a chord in your heart, and reverberated all through. You might as well attempt to resist a nightingale.

The young ladies listened with rapt admiration. I could not blame them. A tenor voice is a power-



ful gift—the old fable of Orpheus is a significant myth.

"You played that tremendous accompaniment very well, Sylvia," said Lady Mount Pansy to the governess, when the song was over.

"Thanks, your ladyship; it is difficult," said she whom she called Sylvia.

The words and music of Herbert's song were alike admirable, for the words were those noble ones which Sir Walter Raleigh composed the night before his death:

"Even such is Time, who takes on trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days:  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust!"

The vision of this figure in the Tower, who amid cold, and sorrow, and neglect, awaited his unjust sentence; who went from his living tomb to his scaffold—came strangely enough into the picture of luxury which surrounded me: these women in the pride of their loveliness, in their exquisite dresses (for the Mount Pansy family belonged to that fortunate small portion of the British aristocracy who know how to dress themselves). I could but remember Sir Walter's gloomy cell as I looked down the vista of the grand *salon*, filled with pictures, and porcelain, and statues, busts, ebony pillars, gold ceilings pointed with vermillion, hangings of brocade and satin, flowers of every hue, and breathed that rich air of luxury which has a perfume of its own.

"It is well to have some great impersonal passion," whispered Lady Thalia to me, as she wiped a tear from her gray eyes. "Patriotism is mine: Sir Walter Raleigh is my hero; I go back and fall in love with him when I am noble and good. His memory strikes the massive chords of my being."

"Do you believe in spiritualism, Lady Thalia?" said I; "for, if you do, and Sir Walter hears that, we shall have his ghost back at Violet Towers."

"I think I *must* have a love-song now," said Mrs. Perkin Warburton, who had caused the musical and handsome curate to be brought to her painted shrine.

The governess had excused herself, and Lady Aglaia was asked to play, as the next best musician.

"Miss Southgate is wonderful, you know," said Lady Thalia; "we are only pretty good, and Mr. Herbert is very particular about his accompaniments. Aglaia, however, has a great passion for music, and he says that she is getting to play them very well."

I should think she did play very well! The moment Lady Aglaia swept those white hands up and down the keys, I saw that she was one of the favored few who know what music means.

To gratify Mrs. Warburton, Herbert sang

"A CHAIN TO WEAR."

"Away! away! the dream was vain,  
We meet too soon, or meet too late:  
Still wear as best you may the chain  
Your own hands forged about your fate—  
Who could not wait!"

"Well, I have left upon your mouth  
The seal I know must burn there yet;  
My claim is set upon your youth;  
My sign upon your soul is set—  
Dare you forget?"

"For me, you say the world is wide—  
Too wide to find the grave I seek—  
Enough! whatever now betide,  
No greater pang can blanch my cheek—  
Hush, do not speak!"

This lighter strain was received with loud acclamations, and then Marigold called for "Here's a health to King Charles!" and other mannish songs. I suppose no one but I, who had seen the episode of the morning, knew or noticed that, after the singing was ended, Lady Aglaia played with one hand a soft, monotonous air, and talked to the curate, who leaned on the piano.

When we met at breakfast the next morning Mrs. Warburton, very much gotten up, was seated again beside the earl, and was talking of herself.

"My dear friend the crown-prince," said she, "the very dearest friend I have on the Continent, said to me: 'Dear Mrs. Warburton, why don't you always wear pink? It is your color, and you should never wear *any other*, except blue;' and then he talked some nonsense about eyes—I don't remember what; I only know that he is the most wretched flatterer in Europe."

"His royal highness was right," said the earl. "However, the last color one sees Mrs. Warburton in is always the best."

"Oh! ah! dear me! this morning-wrap of mine must be the cestus of Venus, I always get so many compliments in it! I must really write them all out for Worth; he ought to have them, for you know *he* makes the woman—ha, ha, ha!—Lady Aglaia, 'how is your mamma this morning?'"

"Oh, she is well, but she never breakfasts with us! She has the younger children and the governess to breakfast with her."

After my second cup of tea, I whispered to Lady Aglaia, "*How about the apricot-jam?*" but she blushed and smiled, and pushed away the subject after a young-lady fashion. She did not again admit me to the still-room, although during my six weeks' visit, amid all the glorious festivities of such a house in the height of the season, I often remembered and referred to it.

The curate and I got to be friends. He talked much of America; seemed to think he might one day come to live among us.

"I like the freedom of your church," said he. Well, that was important.

I talked music with him, which he understood better; and one day at a garden-party asked him about the Sir Walter Raleigh song.

"That was a very pathetic strain of music," said I; "where did you get it?"

"I composed it myself," said he, "and Miss Southgate, who is a first-rate musical scholar, wrote it out for me."

She passed us at this moment, and I thought looked hard at the curate, who absolutely blushed.

"A very disagreeable-looking woman," said I.

"But a very clever one, who has had a sad history. Lady Mount Pansy treats her with the greatest confidence and consideration, as you observe."

"Lady Mount Pansy has all the virtues as well as all the graces."

"She is a theorist, and somewhat romantic. She has but one fault: she loves her sons better than her daughters."

"Probably to equalize matters, for the rest of the world can love her daughters for her."

"The German baron is proposing to Lady Thalia at this moment, I should think," said Mr. Herbert.

Very red and fluffy looked the German baron as he sat under the flowering lime-tree and talked to Lady Thalia. She, in a Gainsborough hat, was simply delicious, and neither red nor fluffy, but she did look pleased with the baron.

Lord Marigold joined us at this moment, and took up my case at once.

"Come, Delano, you must know Lady Alicia Lilacs; she is the nicest *débutante* of the season."

"We are watching the baron's sufferings," said I.

"Queer fellow that; he kissed me once," said Marigold, looking disgusted.

"It is a foreign fashion, you know. He evidently wished to ingratiate himself with the family."

"A very poor beginning, so far as I am concerned," said sturdy Marigold.

Lady Alicia Lilacs favored me with a walk, a *boutonnire* from her bouquet, and a great deal of abuse of my country. She asked me if Mr. Reverdy Johnson was our President, and if Alabama was a pretty city. She also asked if New York did not burn down constantly, because it was all built of wood. She wanted to know if American ladies painted as badly as did Mrs. Perkin Warburton; and, when I brought her a strawberry-ice, asked if I had ever seen ices in my own country. I told her that Alabama was not so pretty a city as Wisconsin; that we always stabbed a "Britisher" when we saw one; and that we had no ices, except the veiled priestess of Isis, who lived in New York.

Her ignorance and indifference about America were so complete that I think she did not mind my sarcasms or understand them; so, after admiring her youth and beauty, and burning the proper amount of incense under her nose, I took my departure.

I joined Lady Mount Pansy, who was resting under the ivy-bower. Her little son Theodore was leaning across her lap, and laying his curly head in his mother's hand.

"You find my garden-party a pretty sight?" said she.

This opened the flood-gates of my enthusiasm.

"Oh, your ladyship knows that I am in that besotted state of adoration of everything English which attacks the American mind. The green, the luxuriance, the finish, the perfections of a country like this, must always overwhelm us, who have as yet only carved out a sort of unfinished, pioneer splendor, even in our great cities. When we have laid our hand on Nature, she, like the giantess that she is, treats us as rebels at first, and will not let us woo her. Left alone, she is grand and unapproachable; but, when we desecrate her with railroad-cuttings and new paths, and even when we try to subdue her with lawns and hedge-rows, she is recalcitrant, and refuses for a long time to smile. Here she has smiled for a thousand years. Then we have, as Ruskin says, 'no castles in America.' We can never have either Lady Mount Pansy or Violet Towers."

"I do not see why you should not have the first—do you, Theodore?" and she patted the golden head in her lap.—"You have very happy homes, beautiful and good women, and excellent, noble, and educated men. I have many friends in America."

"Thanks, your ladyship; you remove the stings lately implanted by Lady Alicia Lilacs."

"O Mr. Delano! don't expect a young English girl, who has not traveled, to know anything about America. We know it through Marigold, perhaps."

"But your daughters know so much about my country; they know everything that is desirable—that goes without saying."

I had seen Lady Mount Pansy in all her diamonds at a court ball, in all her splendor at a royal wedding; I knew that she was the handsomest woman in the peeress's gallery, even before I looked up at that combination of stateliness and beauty; but I never saw her look so perfectly well as she did this day under the shadow of the fluttering leaves in the ivy-bower. She was simply all that woman should be, and I had occasion to remember it, for it was the last time that I ever saw her alive. Yes, my splendid vision passed away in a tragedy. The next day Lady Mount Pansy went out to drive in her pony-phæton with her pretty boy Theodore, her youngest darling; and the horses ran away, frightened by some perfectly common thing—one of the unnecessary tragedies, coming to help us to realize Holbein's "Dance of Death"—and Violet Towers received back two corpses, maimed, bruised, and broken, in place of the beauty that went out so gayly from its noble portals. I could not at first accept Death as a visitor in this perfect place. All was life, all was beauty, all was grace, all was success, and yet the mailed warrior could climb this castle-wall!—the enemy that modern civilization has not conquered, has not baffled, has not built out—Death came and took this mother and her young son, he of the square collar, the velvet coat, the golden curls! I keep him in memory's picture-gallery, as he lay, an *enfant d'Edouard*, fresh from the pencil of the great

master, leaning across his beautiful mother's lap—and that mother!—

"Death! ere thou shalt take another  
Wise, and fair, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee!"

I saw none of the family at Violet Towers, after this dreadful event, but Marigold. He was utterly crushed.

"It had never occurred to me that my mother could die!" said the poor fellow, who had accepted her love as a matter of course.

Marigold went to India, and I heard very little of Violet Towers and its inmates for a long time.

It was after a journey through the East, which had taken a year and a half, that I arrived in Paris, to read in *Galvani* the following announcement: "Married, at St. George's, Hanover Square, the Earl of Mount Pansy to Lucilla, widow of Perkin Warburton, Esq., of New York."

I went off to Kansas, and took up sheep-farming. The episode of my visit to Violet Towers became almost a dream. Sometimes the odor of honeysuckle would bring back the picture of the still-room, and once the voice of an Englishwoman in the house of one of my shepherds brought back Lady Thalia's deep, clear tones. The waving of vine-leaves over my head reminded me of a still nobler memory, the mother and son in the ivy-bower, as the Fates, all unseen by me, were marking them as the next victims for the great conqueror.

But a life of toil, of pioneer simplicity, brought few reminders of the luxury and serenity of Violet Towers.

They say that sailors and shepherds think much of their past, and of the girls they left behind them. I will not say that I did not dream of the three Graces, but what had they to do with my hard-working adventures and not too successful life?

Four years had passed over my head, and I got tired of Kansas. I determined to try my fortunes in West Virginia, and, starting from one of the large towns which touch that then much-talked-of region, I meandered off on horseback toward a little settlement, which was called Rollhaus, where I was told that I should find some Germans and cultivated English people, a church, and some vestiges of civilization.

Everywhere around me I saw the remains of an imperfect and a vanished attempt at living, and that mournful combination of Nature's luxuriance and man's ruin which exist in that as in other portions of our sunny South. Nature, superb in noble outlines, grand in forests, wildly profuse in bud and blossom, was only ugly where some imperfect attempts had been made to improve her. After a few hours' ride, I saw the houses of Rollhaus in the near distance, and gladly greeted the spire of a church. I am not a religious man, I am sorry to say, but, after years of absence from this once familiar type of civilization, it greeted me somewhat tenderly.

I determined to ride up to the little church first, before going to that always most disagreeable place

in an American village—the tavern—and to try my newly-awakened piety by a visit to its interior.

Why should I not, like a knight of the middle ages, consecrate my new enterprise by a prayer? Why not, instead of following Hood's instruction, as I had done often before—

"To kneel with faith upon the simple sod,  
And sue in *forma pauperis* to God?"—

why should I not go into this homely country church, and, kneeling before its humble altar, pray for a blessing on my lonely life? No mother, no sister, no wife knelt for me. I was alone in the world, a wanderer, and without friends. No wonder that I felt like stretching out a hand, however tardily, to that Friend who is always waiting for us.

I rode up to the church; and, as I did so, I heard some one playing the organ within.

I stopped and tied my horse to a post just under the window of the old, tumble-down, picturesque church, evidently a relic of colonial times, and whose humble walls were covered with a luxuriant wistaria-vine, now hanging thick with long, purple blossoms.

Where had I heard that strain of music before? Why did a strong emotion seize my heart? Why did a picture paint itself upon my brain of a splendid *salon*, beautiful women, and luxurious surroundings? I have not a good memory, it has ever been the poorest faculty of my mind; but, seized by some subtle thread of association, I heard Lady Thalia's voice saying, as if in the air:

"It is well to have some great impersonal passion. Patriotism is mine: Sir Walter Raleigh is my hero; I go back and fall in love with him when I am noble and good. He strikes the massive chords of my being!"

Then, as I entered the church, I heard these words, sung by a tenor voice:

"Even such is Time, who takes on trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have"—

and I recognized, as I walked farther on, the handsome figure and head of the curate of Violet Towers—Mr. Herbert.

Thousands of men, of all nationalities, had passed across my field of vision since I had seen him. I might not have known him had I met him in London or Paris; but here, in West Virginia, the place where he could not possibly be, I knew him perfectly.

He finished his song; and, after allowing him to extemporize on the organ a few minutes, I went up and interrupted him.

"Delano!" said he, as if he saw a ghost.

"Mr. Herbert!"—then I am not mistaken. How came you here?"

"And you have not heard? You do not know our history?"

"Our history? Whose history? No!"

We talked on indifferent subjects for a few minutes, Mr. Herbert not answering my question. His face had grown older; it was marked with care, and his beautiful black hair, which still lay gracefully

over his brow, was luxuriant, but streaked here and there with silver.

I gave him my history, and told him that I had come to Rollhaus to try my fortunes at farming.

"Come with me," said he, "and see an old friend."

We walked down a village street, as I led my horse along. It was as ugly, prosaic, and white-wooden-housed a village street as I had seen. Here and there, however, some tumble-down old house seemed to point to the vanished civilization of which I have spoken.

Mr. Herbert stopped at the squarest and most unpicturesque of the white wooden houses, and entered it.

I tied my horse to the gate-post, and followed him. Not a tree, or a shrub, or a vine, ornamented this unlovely house.

"Here," said he, to a lady—"here, Aglaia, is an old friend."

And in a poor little parlor, rocking a cradle, and sewing on some humble garment, sat the eldest of the Graces!

She took pity on the confusion and the astonishment depicted on my face.

"You see I have 'given the world for love,' and consider it well lost," said she, smiling and blushing, and looking as lovely as when I had first seen her—the "daughter of a hundred earls"—in the still-room at Violet Towers.

"We ran away, and have been disinherited," she added, gayly. Then from time to time she told her story.

It took me a week to pick up all the dropped stitches—how miserable all the daughters had been after the death of their mother, and how disgusted at the second marriage of the earl.

"And our flight and marriage was precipitated by the conduct of Sylvia Southgate, our governess," said Lady Aglaia. "She discovered our attachment, our correspondence, and betrayed us to my father, who forbade Mr. Herbert the house. Then, after long, trying days, and much persecution from the woman who reigns in my mother's place, I eloped. We were married, and sailed for America."

Then clouds came over the faces of both husband and wife. Without money, and without friends, this fugitive pair had evidently eaten of the bread of bitterness in a strange land.

"Your sisters and Marigold?" I ventured to ask.

"They are as unforgiving as the rest," said Lady Aglaia. "I have wounded their pride."

Then I remembered Lady Thalia, and her talk of her race as I sat with her in the ivy-bower. Lady Aglaia cooked my dinner that day, for there were no servants in Rollhaus, except a few very lazy, very independent negroes. Not in vain had been the training of the still-room. She turned a beefsteak and an omelet with those aristocratic hands as delicately as she had handled the apricots.

"You know," said she, "that I was always a *cuisinière incomprise*."

And in my next six weeks' experience of this un-

common and most romantic woman, and her handsome and adored husband, I perceived that here, as elsewhere, the most worthy of the two, the one who had sacrificed the most, was the least complaining, the most generous and giving, the most unselfish, and by far the most in love. Herbert complained, Herbert found fault, Herbert railed over the change of fortune; he regretted his comfortable rectory, his pretty church, his English finish, quiet and the luxury of Violet Towers, far more than did the woman who had been born in the purple.

The wilds of West Virginia did not suit the pampered curate; but never did I hear a word of regret from her lips, she whom he had induced to forsake all for him. She hushed the child's cries, that Herbert's study-hours should not be disturbed. She cooked, wrought, scrubbed for him. I cannot say that he did not love her, for she was a creature whom no man could help loving; but he was selfish, and poor, and unworthy, beside her.

"Sylvia Southgate's story was a queer one," said she to me one day. "She ran away from Violet Towers before I did. You see, she was in love with Mr. Herbert."

It was the only poor thing I ever noticed in Lady Aglaia, the pleasure which beamed from her face as she thought of this unrewarded worshiper at Herbert's shrine.

"And she made all the mischief she could for me. Then she disappeared, and all my mother's jewels with her; and, what was worse, a large budget of family letters and papers. She appeared in India, and made her own terms with Marigold, some of whose early indiscretions were more than hinted at in these letters, and who had not heard about the jewels; in fact, we did not know of their disappearance until long after. Now, I have an idea that she is in this country, somewhere, and no doubt in trouble."

"But she had had a romantic history before she came to you?" said I.

"Oh, very: she had been betrothed to a young officer of the navy, who left his ship to come on here to see her, without permission, and who was cashiered and ruined, and committed suicide. After that Sylvia spent her life, I think, in falling in love with men who did not love her, and in hating the rest of the human race."

"Lady Mount Pansy liked her and trusted her," said I.

"My dear mother," said Lady Aglaia, reverently, "loved and believed in everybody who was unfortunate. She pitied Sylvia, and tried to help her. Perhaps, had she lived, everything would have been different—she would have saved us all!"

My efforts at farming in Rollhaus were not crowned with success. Mr. Herbert, whose romantic story had reached the bishop, perhaps not without my aid, received the offer of a better parish, and we separated, having forged, however, the chain of an undying friendship. I could not entirely resist his fascination: he had that God-given faculty of irresistible attraction; his genius, his music, his beau-



ty, his external amiability, made one forget his selfishness and his want of depth. There was no honorable, high living in Herbert, although there was decency of deportment. He wore his livery with sufficient regard for the appearance of serving, while his wife kept the sacred fire alive. I suspect that she wrote the sermons after making the bread.

Such load-stars exist in this world—we cannot help being drawn toward them any more than if we were straws—people with certain external gifts of pleasing, women who fascinate all men, men who are fatal to all women. We cannot catalogue their fascinations, reason is of no avail; we must bow before them and respect their power, for it is Heaven's own gift. As well attempt to resist the caress of a child, the breath of the soft south over a bank of violets, the song of the thrush, the serenity of moonlight, the first flower of spring.

As for Lady Aglaia, I felt no shame in confessing that I worshiped her, wherever and whenever I should have a chance to confess such a sentiment. I could not say that she had shown much worldly wisdom in her marriage—perhaps not the sternest filial duty; but when I remembered the earl, her father, and the countess, her painted step-mother, I must say I was not too severe on this point. She worshiped a very inferior idol in Herbert, but her manner of worship would have made a stock or a stone respectable.

\* "There was a lady loved a pig:  
'Honey!' said she,  
'Shall I give you a silver sty?'  
'Hunc!' said he."

Our sympathy in this nursery-rhyme has always been with the lady, and not with the pig. It is a parody on some cases in married life, not too severe—often, unfortunately, scarcely a *parody*.

Having failed in sheep-farming in Kansas, and again in Rollhaus, I determined to try my fortunes amid those human sheep and goats whose wants, fortunately, are so numerous that we self-appointed shepherds will always have plenty to do.

I came to New York, and went rather largely into business, and got drafted, without knowing it, into the charitable work which is so energetically carried on in that great town. I always thought of Canute, and his address to the on-coming waves, as I visited Blackwell's Island; tried my hand at reforming reformatories; became a committee-man in several societies for the relief of the poor, the lame, and the lazy—the last-mentioned class having my sincerest compassion; and finally came very near asking myself the undevout question as to whether we could not make over this world, and leave out the ugly, positive, and disagreeable fact of sin, and the miserable inconvenience of poverty: if I were to make a world, I should, with my present lights, leave out those two very unmanageable ingredients. However, I am not likely to be consulted on any such lofty enterprise as the making of worlds, so those already created need not tremble before me. It is I who must tremble, and own up to my own incompleteness.

However, I gained much and varied experience by my visits to jails, prisons, hospitals, and reformatories. It was at one of the latter that I picked up the last note of my strain of music.

Sister Mary Agatha, one of my good friends, and a woman who by a sublime piety and self-renunciation had made herself very eminent in one of our Protestant sisterhoods, often talked to me of the interesting characters who floated through her retreat.

"Abandoned women!" said she; "it is we who abandon them: so long as one woman comes to me with words of repentance on her lips, I will take her in!"

"In the words of the lady abbess in the play," said I, "if society sends you a criminal, you will return society an honest woman?"

"I will do my best," said Sister Mary Agatha.

We were sitting in her little parlor just outside the chapel, as she said this, and the organ began to play, or rather some clever hand began to play on the organ.

"There is a case in point," said Sister Mary Agatha—"a woman, accomplished, agreeable, refined, and in a certain way strong, but who cannot help sinning; she was brought to me as a thief—a wretched, fallen creature. I shall keep her as long as I can, for I feel as if she were the victim of some strange and miserable destiny."

Yes, there it was again. A strain of music once heard at Violet Towers, again at the wistaria-clad church in West Virginia, now in a refuge in New York.

Presently a woman's voice sang the words:

"Even such is Time, who takes on trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have."

"Sylvia Southgate!" said I.

"That is not the name she gave," said Sister Mary Agatha.

"Will you take her my name, and ask her if she will see a gentleman whom she once met at Violet Towers?" said I.

When Sister Mary Agatha returned, she was in tears.

"It is she," said the good woman; "and, hearing that you have come as a friend, she will see you."

I should not like to repeat that interview. It is not pleasant to see a soul in rags, to go down with human nature into its worst charnel-house, where it grovels in the presence of its own self-destruction, and looks backward on a ruin.

Over the walls of a certain school in Germany is engraved the fine motto—

"When wealth is lost, nothing is lost;  
When health is lost, something is lost;  
When character's lost, all is lost!"

But after hearing Sylvia Southgate's dreadful story, and seeing her still with Sister Mary Agatha's one hand on her shoulder, while the other pointed upward, I could not say that all was lost.

"Woman, thy sins are forgiven thee; go, and sin no more."

This was Sister Mary Agatha's motto.

A year later I was invited again to Violet Tow-

ers. Marigold was now the Earl of Mount Pansy, for the old earl slept with his fathers; his painted second countess retired with her ample jointure to Baden-Baden or Nice, or wherever she chose; and Mr. and Lady Aglaia Herbert had been summoned home.

It was a great meeting of the clans. The German baron and Lady Thalia had been married several years; and she added his sixteen quarterings to her own proud escutcheon, and a flaxen-headed heir to the dynasty of Climpfen-Clampenhäusen. Pride is a very handsome sin sometimes. It was at its very best in Lady Thalia, who, like her mother, was destined to laugh at Time, and grow more lovely every year. Lady Euphrosyne, too, had married appro-

priately, not having had the grace to wait for the humble American citizen who had admired her, it is true, but feebly.

After all the great celebrations were over, Marigold (I could only call him by the familiar name so far) walked down to the rectory with me.

"Herbert is sure to succeed in the church," said he; "very clever, not stiff, you know—married to my sister, too."

"Yes," said I, "that is preferment in itself."

"Aglaia is a good girl," said her brother; "and then Herbert has such a delightful voice; I declare it is a perfect strain of music!"

"A strain of music set to noble words," thought I, remembering the wilds of West Virginia.

## CONCERNING CLAMS.

A MOIST and muddy clam, lying with a lot of others on a fish-dealer's slimy stand, is not altogether an attractive object. Yet there is much about it that is interesting. Take up one of those "soft" clams, for instance, and look at it. The two oblong, slight, bluish-white shells hold within an unintelligible yellowish mass, while projecting from one end is a blackish, wrinkled lump that, upon being irritated, quickly withdraws, throwing out at the same time a stream of water, while the shells shut tightly together. But put this forbidding-looking creature in a shallow pan of fresh sea-water twelve or fifteen inches in length. Although this, its natural element, is no doubt instantly grateful to it, the animal must be left quietly for a few hours before it recovers confidence. Then the blackened tube—of which a glimpse was afforded before—gradually protrudes from between the margins of the two halves or valves of the shell, and slowly extends itself until a length of several inches is displayed. Now it is easy to see that this organ has two openings at the end, beautifully fringed with appendages like little feelers, and mottled with the richest brown. It really, then, consists of two tubes, one on top of the other, leading to the body of the clam; and if you observe the openings closely, you will see a current of water flowing into one of them, and another current pouring as steadily out of the other. These currents are produced by the tremulous motion of innumerable minute hairs (*cilia*) that line the interior of the animal. The extensile and contractile double tube is termed the *siphon*, and the currents *siphonal currents*.

The anatomy of the clam, like that of nearly all bivalved mollusks, is very simple. Forcing them open, we find that the two halves of the shell are held together by a pair of strong muscles, but if the animal would keep his doors quite closed he must exert a continued effort, since immediately beneath the hinge, occupying a little cup-shaped projection like a bracket, is an elastic substance which acts to throw the valves a little apart when the muscles are relaxed, just as a piece of India-rubber, squeezed into

the hinge of a door, would tend to open it as soon as the pressure was removed. Having taken off one valve, we find lining it—and the other as well—a thin membrane called the mantle. The scalloped border which follows the edges of the shells is thickened and united, except a small slit through which the "foot" projects at the end opposite the siphon. The foot is a tough and muscular organ, serving as an excavator. Within the mantle are the curtain-like gills, between which lie the muscles that operate the foot and siphon, the abdomen, and the viscera, which form the principal edible part. The mouth is just under the forward transverse muscle, and opens almost directly into the stomach. The intestine, after several turns, goes back directly through the heart to its orifice near the mouth. The ordinary length of the shell is about three inches, but it is not uncommon to find it much larger, while the siphon may be projected fully a foot.

In this country the soft clams are found from South Carolina to the Arctic Ocean—where the walrus, polar bear, and arctic fox feed upon them whenever they have a chance. It is scarce south of Cape Hatteras, and most abundant on the New England coast. It occurs on the northern coasts of Europe as far south as England and France; on the northeastern coast of Asia, in Japan, and in Alaska. It is therefore essentially a northern species, and had the same general distribution as far back as the Pliocene and Miocene ages of geology.

The soft clams are everywhere denizens of the beach between tide-marks. The soil that suits them best is sand with a large admixture of gravel or mud, but all sorts of places are occupied, where the water is sufficiently brackish and it is possible for them to burrow. The specimens that live on the outer sandy beaches have a much whiter, thinner, and more regular shell than those found in estuaries; they are often really delicate in texture, and covered, even when full-grown, with a thin, yellowish epidermis, making a striking difference between them and the homely, rough, mud-colored specimens usually seen in the markets. Now, as in 1616, when

Captain John Smith wrote, "You shall scarce find any Baye, Shallow Shore, or Coue of Sand, where you may not take many Clampes," these mollusks are very numerous. More than a hundred, of different sizes, are said to be sometimes dug from a single square foot of ground in Boston Harbor.

On such beaches as I have mentioned, the young clam, as soon as old enough, turns his head down, and pushing out his foot, which he can fold into various shapes—"now a dibble or spade, a trepan or pointed graving-tool, a hook, a sharp wedge"—he digs his way straight down six or eight inches into the sand, leaving stretched behind him his siphonal tubes to keep up his communication with the surface. When the water over him is deep, the siphons are thrust well out; when shallow, as in some tide-pool, only the fringe of short tentacles is visible above the closely-impacted mud; and when, as happens much of the time in the case of those clams whose home is near high-tide mark, there is no water over him at all, his tubes are withdrawn wholly into the sand. Confined in his burrow deep in the earth, the clam cannot roam in search of its food. It is, therefore, to bring sustenance to it that the tubes are pushed up into the sea, and the cilia set in motion. A current of water is sucked in, bearing microscopic particles as aliment for the stomach, and bringing oxygen to revivify the blood brought into contact with it in the gills. Its burden unloaded, the unavailable residue of the water flows out through the discharging siphon, carrying with it all excrementitious matter. A continuous current is thus kept up. It is never long "between drinks" with this bivalve, which may, perhaps, account for the origin of the adage, "Happy as a clam."

The spawning-season, according to the fishermen, occurs in June and July. The eggs, issuing from the ovaries of the female, find their way into the cavities of the outer gills, where they are fructified by spermatozoa exuded from the males of the colony at the same season, and floating about in the water. There they develop until the eggs are furnished with little, triangular, velum-like shells just large enough to see, which are discharged by thousands into the water and left to take care of themselves. How long it is before they reach a sufficient size to settle down in life and construct a burrow for themselves, is unknown—probably not a great while. It is doubtful, indeed, whether one in a hundred ever fulfills that domestic ambition before being swallowed by some one of the numberless aquatic birds, fishes, and crabs, that are on the lookout for just such tidbits. Nevertheless, the little clams do their "level best," anchoring themselves by a slender thread to the bottom, and holding on against the currents with all their tiny might. Alas! that so many of these brave little fellows must perish in their youth!

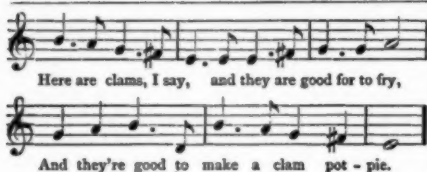
Beds of soft clams are sometimes of vast extent, and are usually found in sheltered parts of the coast, where the action of the waves is not sufficiently strong seriously to disturb the beach. The inside of the long, sandy neck connecting Nahant with Lynn, for

example, is filled with them, while on the outside, where the surf pounds, not one is to be found. They are sought at low tide, betraying their hiding-places by squirting water up when the sand is shaken or pressed. That is the spot to drive in your spade. From the days of the Mayflower hogs have had sagacity enough to discover the situation of the buried bivalves at low water, and to root them out and devour them. Two hundred and fifty years ago old Thomas Morton had found that this diet "makes the swine proove exceedingly," and Long Island farmers are still of the same opinion. Such clams as have been unlucky enough to be washed out and cast high up by some rude breaker, are quickly seized upon by gulls, cormorants, crows, and other large birds that frequent the shore. During the winter months, when ice is often piled high upon the northern beaches, the clams bury themselves more deeply than ordinary, and get along as well as they can. They seem able to endure great cold without harm. Professor Agassiz found within their shells icicles, which did not incommode them in the least.

Leaving for a later paragraph the value of the soft clam as a means of human sustenance, let me speak here of its utility as bait. Our fishermen very long ago learned that most carnivorous fishes, and the cod in particular, have a special fondness for the various species of *Mya*, the codfish of Newfoundland Banks, relying very largely for nourishment upon a species allied to our edible *Mya arenaria*. It occurred to them, therefore, that it would be worth while to take our soft clams to the Banks with them, and the experiment met with such success that at present more than fifty thousand bushels are employed annually for bait in the cod and mackerel fisheries. The clams are used either alive or salted. In the former case they are enveloped in netting bags, and kept in the wells with which many of the vessels are provided. If the voyage is to be a short one, the clams may be preserved alive for a considerable period by being kept in a cool place, and stores of ice are now taken on some vessels for this purpose. The majority of the bait, however, consists of the animals removed from the shell, salted and packed in barrels, and much of it is not the edible species, but an inferior one, known to the fishermen as the "skimmer." Salted clams are also used with success in the mackerel-fisheries, according to Lieutenant Broca, where they are used, like the roe of the animal, to attract the fish.

Thus much for the soft clam, long clam, nannynose, manninose, sickisnuog, or *Mya arenaria*, as you please to call it.

More often seen upon our streets, here in New York, is the "hard" or "round" clam, or "quahog." It is mainly this that is sold from baskets, wheelbarrows, and crazy wagons, by the peripatetic vendors, whose prolonged howl—"Cla-a-a-ms! fresh cla-a-a-ms!!"—is so well known in the suburban parts of the city. In Newark I used to hear a song drawled out by these street merchants of mollusks, which would do well as the opening measures of a dirge. A friend has written it out for me:



The hard clam is of very different appearance from the other, being a Venus (*Venus mercenaria*). Like all of that genus, the shells are chalky, roundish, somewhat globose, ornamented with concentric ribs, the beaks pointing far forward, with a deeply-curved indentation in front, and the color varying from brownish-white to smoke-tint, sometimes painted with waving lines and zigzags of red and brown, there being so much difference between varieties from different localities and depths that many have been described as distinct species. It has very short siphons, slightly parted at the end, and a large, muscular foot, with a broad, thin edge, by means of which it can burrow in the sand when necessary. The foot and fringed edges of the mantle are white; the tubes yellowish-orange toward the end, more or less mottled with brown and white. Its home is on firm, sandy, and muddy flats, just beyond low-water mark, where it is frequently laid bare by spring tides, since it does not burrow like the soft clam, but crawls about only half buried in the mud, or conceals itself beneath the stones and sea-weed. Its food is similar to that of the soft clam, and secured in the same way. It abounds not only on the outer beaches, but also in estuaries, inhabits the oyster-beds, and lurks among the rocks of reefs and inlets from Florida to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, although rare and local north of Cape Cod. On the coast of Maine the only colony known is at the upper end of Casco Bay, and in the last report of the United States Fish Commission I find an interesting note concerning it.

From a critical examination of this and similar colonies, Professor A. E. Verrill concludes—"First, that in the Post-pliocene and Champlain periods the coast was at a lower level, and the marine climate of Casco Bay colder than at present, probably about that of the present Newfoundland or Labrador coast. Second, that at a subsequent period, when the coast had attained nearly or quite its present level, the marine temperature was considerably higher than at present. Third, that the temperature of these waters has gradually declined, but was still somewhat higher at the period when the Indian shell-heaps were formed than at present."

A like conclusion is reached by the examination of a somewhat similar colony on the St. Lawrence. Professor Verrill ascribes the survival of these earliest colonies to the fact that, in the increasing coldness of the water, the peculiar isolation and other favorable conditions of their position protected them against the general fate of their neighbors. The clam, then, comes from a very ancient race, and is "happy" in its long pedigree. Quahogs may sometimes be taken by hand at low water, and are often dredged;

but the ordinary method is to fish them up by means of long-handled tongs and rakes, similar to those used for oysters.

Shell-fish have served as food from time immemorial, and the poorer classes of the Old World habitually eat a far larger variety than we on this side of the Atlantic are wont to esteem worthy of being cooked. Especially is this the case on the coasts of France and England. The oysters of Britain were luxuries with the Romans, who also ate many of their own mollusca. About Southampton our soft clam is known as "old maid," and in the northern islands as "smurslin;" while our hard clam is eaten in Devonshire under the name of "pullet," and used as bait by the Hebridean fishermen, who call it "cullyhock." The Scotch do not appear to relish either as well as they do the common mussel (*Mytilus edulis*) and the scallop, or fan-shell (*Pecten*), both of which are also eaten in England and Ireland with avidity. It is not strange, therefore, that all the earliest voyagers to North America should have mentioned the shell-fish among the good things which they found. Thomas Morton wrote in 1632:

"There are grate store of oysters in the entrance of all Rivers; they are not round, as those of England, but excellent fat and all good. I have seene an Oyster bank a mile at length. . . .

"Mustles there are infinite store. I have often gone to Wassaguscus; where were Excellent Mustles to eate (for variety) the fish is so fat & large. . . .

"Clames is a shellfish, which I have seene sold in Westminster for 12. pe. the score. These our swine feed upon; & of them there is no want. Every shore is full, it makes the swine proove exceedingly, they will not faile at low water te be with them. The Salvages are much taken with the delight of this fishe; & are not cloyed (notwithstanding the plenty) for our swine we find it a good commodity. . . .

"Raser fishes there are. Freeles<sup>1</sup> there are, Cockles, and Scallopes, & divers other sorts of shell-fishe, very good foode."

The Indians along our whole sea-coast have always been accustomed to eat some sort or another of "mustles." At Puget's Sound it is the great *Tresus*, which they smoke for winter-stores; in California, the oyster and other bivalves; in the Gulf of Mexico, the *Gnathodon*, of which the shell-roads around New Orleans and Mobile are made; on the Atlantic shores, the oyster, common and horse mussels, razor-shell, cockle, scallop, and our two clams, besides the freshwater unios and anodons. To what an extent these various mollusks furnished sustenance to the wild tribes of the coast and of the Mississippi Valley is shown by the vast banks of cast-away shells that remain to mark the points of aboriginal habitation. The records of exploration show that some parts of the interior of Florida are so full of mounds composed of broken shells and of wide fields strewn with them,

<sup>1</sup> In certain parts of England, according to Fleming, the scallop (*Pecten*) is called the "frill;" yet Morton afterward mentions scallops.



consisting of unios not only, but also of the smaller gastropods, *Ampullaria* and *Paludina*, that the fact is commonly known to the people living there; while the savannas of Georgia, the banks of the Mississippi and its tributaries—particularly along the Ohio—and even of the Merrimac and Concord Rivers, in Massachusetts, are dotted with heaps of the mussels existing in those rivers, the animals of which have been consumed by the Indians. The same sort of remains are found on the Pacific slope and in South America. As for shell-heaps upon ocean-coasts, they are world-wide in their distribution, and often prominent in appearance. On certain points of the shores of Denmark and Norway, there were disclosed, many years ago, banks of marine shells, sometimes a thousand feet in length, two hundred feet in breadth, and ten feet deep. At first these were taken for natural deposits, but it was observed that here only adult specimens of the littoral fauna were present, and closer examination revealed calcined shells, circles of blackened stones indicating fireplaces, fragments of the bones of edible animals, and remains of rude utensils and implements. Thus it came finally to be proved that these were the kitchen-refuse heaps of ancient mollusk-eaters, and are called "kjoekkenmoeddings." This discovery prompted research, and similar deposits were soon found in various other parts of the world. Our own coast is lined with them, from the piles which grew up around the doorways of fishers on the low Florida shores, until their huts stood on hillocks above the reach of the highest tides, to the layers of *Ostrea* shells exposed on the cliffs of Maine, where "mine oyster" is no longer to be found. Most of our refuse-heaps are buried under a foot or more of soil, and have long nourished the roots of a (so-called) primeval forest, but there are others which did not cease to be increased until the Indians were driven back from the coast by white settlers. At these places they spent a portion of each year, probably the winter months, when the climate of the shore is warmer than that of the interior, in feasting, while some perhaps lived there permanently, raising in the cast-away shells unconscious monuments of their sea-shore life. At such times the two clams, but mainly the quahog, formed the chief comestible. Roger Williams tells us that the Narragansett Indians called the soft clam "sickissuog"—"a sweet kind of shell-fish," which, he says, "and the naturall liquors of it, they boile, and it makes their broth and their nassaump (which is a kind of thickened broth) and their bread seasonable and savoury, instead of Salt." The hard clam they named "sequnock" and "poquaahock," concerning which Old Roger notes: "Obs.: This the English call Hens, a little thick shell-fish, which the Indians wade deepe and dive for, and after they have eaten the meat there (in those which are good) they brake out of the shell, about half an inch of the blacke part of it, of which they make their Luckahlock, or black money, which is to them precious." The black money was worth one-half as much as the wampum or white money, and the "blacke part" used was

the purple scar inside of the shell, under the beak, where an adductor muscle was attached, for the anatomy of this species is much the same as that of the soft clam.

Then, as now, it appears that all the hard work of obtaining the delicacies fell upon the women. A quaint old book, written by William Wood, and published in London in 1634, entitled "Nevv Englands Prospect," etc., contains a poem upon the kinds of shell-fish, in which the following elegant verses occur:

"The luscious lobster, with the crab-fish raw,  
The brinnish oyster, mussel, periwigge,  
And tortoise sought by the Indian Squaw,  
Which to the flats dance many a winter's jigge,  
To dive for cockles and to dig for clams,  
Whereby her lazy husband's guts she crammes."

Not all the shells were thrown away. Various implements were made out of them—arrow-points, scrapers, paint-holders, and spoons.

"... The dainty Indian maize  
Was eat with clam-shells out of wooden trays."

The especially noteworthy one of these primitive festivals was at the time of green-corn, when a great assembling of sages and warriors with their families was held at the sea-shore, and clams and succulent ears and sea-weed were roasted together in astonishing quantity, amid all the delights of a New England midsummer by the ocean and every savage amusement. So good a custom merited perpetuation, and has, indeed, survived to the present day in a *clam-bake*—that patriarchal institution of New England, where the icy Puritan might permit himself to be won a little from his rigor by the seductive mussel, and the prim maidens enjoyed a moment's timid relax from conscientious austerity in the fun of saying *periwinkle*. Nor is the custom still extinct, although it is no longer possible that the clam-bake should be a season of universal holiday as of yore. But now and then some great occasion in Rhode Island or Connecticut is celebrated much after the traditional fashion, and the wise and renowned join in the festivity, as in the old days when Diedrich Knickerbocker and his friends sailed over to Communipaw to discuss grave questions of Dutch polity as they smoked their pipes beside the sunlit bay until the quahogs were toasted brown and they could eat them slowly, as befits the viand, and listen to Jacob Steendam as sonorously he sang his "Praises of New Netherlands":

"En Kreeft, en Krab, en Mossels: Oesters, die  
Een beter is als Europa drie  
In veelheyt heel on-kenbaar voorheen, wie  
't Mocht onderwinden."

Now, the manner of a modern clam-bake (I have read it in a book) is this: a circular hearth or bed is first made in the sand with large flat stones, upon which a fire is kept up until they are red-hot. A layer of sea-weed is then placed upon them, and upon the sea-weed a layer of clams about three inches thick covered by more sea-weed; then follows

a layer of green-corn in the husk, intermixed with potatoes and other vegetables; then a layer of poultry, cooked and seasoned; then more sea-weed; then fish and lobsters, again covered by sea-weed. This arrangement is continued according to the number of persons to take part in the feast, and when the pile is complete it is covered with a linen cloth to prevent the steam from escaping. When the whole is cooked each one helps himself without ceremony to morsels from the delicious mass.

Except for local consumption along the coast, Boston and New York are the chief markets for clams; but it is difficult to ascertain, or even estimate, the total amounts annually received at these and other ports. A large number of vessels, from fine schooners of hundreds of tons' burden to ugly

little sloops without shape or comeliness, are employed in the trade; but the skippers, as well as those who handle the shell-fish on shore, are a queer class of men, full of jealousy and prejudice, impossible to be persuaded that no harm would result from divulging the amounts of their cargoes or sales during a twelvemonth. But from inquiries in Fulton Market and elsewhere, it appears that not far from two million bushels are received annually at New York of each species. Immense numbers of the hard clams are shipped to the West, packed in ice or preserved in the manner of oysters, since emigrants have taken to the prairies with them the taste for the fry and chowder, perhaps because they find in their salt flavor the best reminder of the early home by the sea-side.

## MADAME CHRISTOPHE.

### I.

IT was raining in Registown. There had been thunder and a torrent, but the weight of the storm had subsided, leaving a permanent and persistent drizzle even more dispiriting than the tempest. The gray-stone houses shone and glistened in the wet; the occasional red-brick buildings looked dull and sodden; and the gutters flowed with a muddy stream. The streets looked melancholy and deserted, for not many people dared venture abroad on such an afternoon as that of the 9th of July, 18—.

Few passengers were in the streets, and fewer still down on the wharf, when the ferry-boat from Paradise Island came in. Two drenched cab-drivers and a sulky custom-house official formed the attendant crowd on the landing of those travelers who had braved the weather. Of those all except one were men who, empty-handed, walked or drove off independent of examination; the feminine exception, after submitting the small valise she carried in her hand to the scrutiny of the guardian of the revenue, rejected all offers of escort or assistance, and took her way through the rain and the muddy streets alone.

She was not quite so forlorn an object as might have been expected, being enveloped from neck to heel in the folds of a large water-proof cloak of dark blue; nor were there any flounces or feathers to entrap the rain, and thereby to become moist and dragged. A close-fitting black hat was confined yet closer by a veil whose texture left but little visible of the face it covered; but the slight figure denoted youth, the firm step told of health and some degree of self-reliance, and, when an occasional impatient twitch of the heavy cloak showed the dress below, "silk attire" betrayed the fact that it could not be from poverty or necessity that at so unfavorable a season its wearer was abroad.

She directed her course first to the post-office,

where she inquired for, and received, a letter addressed to "D. C." She showed no surprise; but, had any one acquainted with her been there to notice her as she opened and read it, her quickened breathing would have told him of some strong emotion excited by its perusal; and yet the few words it contained were merely these, in the form of a telegram, which perhaps it was; "Cleveland down at 5 P. M. Will meet you at P. to-morrow. M. R."

The girl folded up the letter, and glanced at a church-clock which happened to be in sight and pointed to a quarter to four. After a few moments' hesitation, and a slight shiver at the sound of the still steady rain, she ventured out of the shelter, and walked bravely on with her face set westward. She persevered until she reached a point beyond the town where she overlooked the lake, now lashed by the wind out of its ordinary blue placidity into green-crested billows and curling foam; here and there appeared a close-reefed sail, and on the horizon a black trail of smoke told of a steamer's passage; but the girl fixed her eyes in one direction, and a sigh of disappointment escaped her. Evidently what she looked for was not to be seen.

The flapping of her cloak in the strong wind and a sudden increase in the dash of the rain recalled her to recollection, and she turned to retrace her steps. She walked more slowly now, as though to pass the time, and looked back now and then as if watching would hasten the appearance of the object she longed for, until at last she seemed to become aware that the rain was penetrating even the thick folds of her clothing, and that shelter was needful. Seeming to be perfectly acquainted with the way, she traversed two or three narrow and not over-clean streets of that character peculiar to river-side neighborhoods, and emerged on a broad, wooden wharf; freight-sheds and storehouses surrounded it on three sides, and to one of the latter the girl advanced, and entered it, without any previous knocking, by a heavy iron door.

"May I wait here, please, till the Cleveland comes in?" she said, to no one in particular, as she paused on the threshold.

Two dapper young men engaged at the high desk in the office, and two or three others less carefully gotten up at work among the bales and boxes, looked up at the sight of the wet apparition and the sound of the soft voice. Of the two former, one fixed his eyes on the face from which the veil had been thrown back, and the other glanced at the clock.

"Certainly," said this last. "But the Cleveland is not due till seven."

"Yes," replied the girl. "She will be here to-night at five."

The clerk looked in some surprise at the girl, scarcely more than child, who presumed to know more than he did in his own domain. Apparently the result of his observations was not displeasing, for with a half smile he brought a stool from a distant corner and placed it beside the stove, in which a fire—kindled on account of the damp—diffused a grateful warmth through the cheerless building.

"Sit by the fire," he said; "do you know how wet you are?"

"It did rain heavily, I believe," replied the girl, and the sigh with which she sank on the seat provided for her told how weary she felt. Then she loosened her cloak and removed her gloves, thereby showing a rich dress of brown silk and white hands; and then she leaned her head back against the chests piled up behind her, and in the relief of the wet and warmth together closed her eyes.

The clerk took advantage of the opportunity of her eyes being shut to use his own, and perhaps we may as well do the same. Following his look, this is what we see: a young face, that of a girl of certainly not more than twenty years, and perhaps less; a pale face, but one whose pallor may be only that of exhaustion, for repose and the glow of the fire have already begun to bring back a tinge of color; eyes whose color cannot be seen, but whose lids are thin and blue-veined, and lashes long, and round which dark circles tell of weeping not long over; a close-shut mouth, which looks as though it had forgotten the childish art of smiling; dark, wavy hair brushed away from a low, white brow; a slender, girlish figure, and the tightly-clasped white hands. Her whole appearance is one to excite tender care and pity rather than admiration, and her aspect that of timid patience. The faces of the clerks softened as they looked at her, and they ceased to whistle and joke noisily with one another as they fancied that her rest and reverie might end in the sleep she seemed so much to need.

It did not, however. Long before the others had heard a sound the girl had risen, readjusted cloak and veil, and was ready to depart. The hoarse signal of the approaching steamer in another moment showed how vigilant had been her ear; and, as soon as the first cable had been thrown ashore, she had made a slight inclination to those who had ministered to her comfort, and was gone.

In her haste, however, she had omitted to fasten

the door, and the young man who followed her to repair the neglect raised from the floor the handkerchief she had dropped in her hurried exit. The little figure had already disappeared in the busy crowd with which the steamer's arrival had covered the quay, and, with a careless glance after her, the clerk turned back into shelter from the storm. Then he examined the handkerchief, carelessly at first, then closely and curiously; it was of fine cambric, wrought round with needlework, and having a name encircled by a wreath in one corner. This name the clerk read aloud, and uttered in a low tone the exclamation:

"Whew!"

"What of it?" asked his friend, looking up. "Who is she?"

"So that's the girl, eh? Did you never hear, Jim—no, you weren't here at that time—how young Christophe—him that was drowned last month—brought home a French wife one trip down below, and the row the old people raised about it? They say Paradise Island has been anything else but Paradise for the last two years; but, from her looks, I should say it must be more their fault than hers."

"But what has this girl to do with it?"

"Why, here's her name—Denise Christophe; it was the girl herself that was here. Denise—old Christophe has a vessel called the Denise; I suppose Paul named her when he was in love. She's a fine boat; she ran into harbor here once, and her captain came ashore on some business or other; he's the handsomest man on the lakes, and an educated man, too, quite superior to most of his sort. I guess he has been something else before."

"You seem to know all about it," observed the other.

"Well, I've been in this office a good while, and I've got eyes and ears. I wonder what it means?" he continued, reverting to the handkerchief, "and what she's doing running about by herself and going on board the Cleveland alone in the rain? And not a thread of black about her, and her husband drowned three weeks ago? I tell you there's something at the bottom of it; there's been a flare-up in Paradise, and she's running away."

"Well, what of it?" asked the philosophic Jim. "Did no one ever run away before?"

"It seems a pity for so young and nice-looking a girl to go alone."

"Has she no people to go to?"

"I guess not. Her mother was living when she married Christophe, but she's dead since. The girl's been awfully used among them, if half that I have heard is true. Some people say old Christophe expected money with her, and was half crazy when he found she had nothing; others say Paul found out she had a former lover; that can't be true, for she looks only a child now, and she's been here nearly four years. But there's no doubt they abuse her, and I suppose, now Paul's gone, she won't stay to stand it."

"Right she is, too, if she's able to go. They're rich, ain't they?"

"Rich! they've made money like dirt in that timber-trade these last few years."

"Suppose we're asked if we know what's become of her? Maybe she didn't say good-by."

"How should we know what's become of her? All we've got is a pocket-handkerchief, and no one need know that unless we tell. There was a girl in here, but where she's gone I know as little as where she came from, and she didn't tell her name."

"You think it's best to keep dark?"

"The Christophes are a hard lot, Jim, for all their money, that's all I say; and the less any one has to do with them, out of the way of business (they're all right enough there), the better for him. If I'm asked a question, I shall answer as little as I can. If not, I shall say nothing at all."

"All right; I understand."

The first speaker looked again at the telltale cambric before he laid it aside.

"It's like her," he said, "fine and delicate. She's too soft and pretty to go about alone. She ought to have some one to look after and take care of her."

"You're the greenest one I ever saw, Jack. Do you imagine she'll be long alone? She'll find some one fast enough, if he's not on hand already, and that's the most likely thing of the two a long way. I'll make any bet you like on it, that if you hear of her within a twelvemonth, she'll not be—what's her name again?—Denise Christophe."

## II.

PERHAPS under no aspect or circumstances could the wharf at Presburg be a very cheerful place. Seen even as travelers generally have the good fortune to see it, in the glow and brightness of a summer forenoon, the prospect is not gay, for the town lies somewhat away from the water, and the freight-shed and the gaunt walls of a large stone brewery are the most conspicuous features in the scene, while the quay itself shares largely in the decay and untidiness too characteristic of all wooden constructions; but in the sunshine reflected back from the glorious river, and glistening over the white city on the opposite shore, dilapidation may be to some extent forgotten or excused. At half-past five, however, on a misty morning, when the fog hangs in sulky drops on every rope and fragment of wood, when the smoke descends heavily and thickens the air, when the distance is lost in clouds that leave it doubtful whether they will disperse as the sun rises or return in a fresh torrent of rain, then the shivering spectator can perceive no extenuation of the gloomy surroundings, and the scene appears very dreary indeed.

Such a morning was the roth of July, but the scene was slightly diversified by the presence of a large timber-ship, which lay at anchor at a little distance from the shore. Some curiosity had been excited by her arrival; she had dropped down the river, heavily laden with the cargo that should have been discharged at Paradise Island, in the storm of the day before, which, though severe, was not suffi-

cient (as every one who knew anything about it was well aware) to account for her being driven so far out of her way. Those, however, who had been bold enough to ask questions, had received but little satisfaction. The captain hinted that, if they would mind their own affairs, he was quite able to attend to his; and any one else inquired of simply stated that he knew of no reason whatever for being where they were except the captain's pleasure; he had told them to hold on their course for Presburg, and the captain was a man who commonly said what he meant, and didn't very often say why. There, however, the vessel lay; her long, black hull low in the water, here and there a sail half unfurled flapping softly in the breeze of daybreak; while the lazy song of one of the men at work floated over the misty river, and on the forward deck the team of strong, sleek horses enjoyed their morning meal.

A boat was made ready, and the captain, coming from below, descended into it, and was rowed ashore. As he landed, he turned to speak to the mate, who had accompanied him:

"As soon as the wind rises, Martin—it'll blow when the sun comes out—make sail back and discharge; I shall most likely be back before you are unloaded. You can tell Mr. Christophe anything you like; I can't be at the trouble of making a story. I had to come here, and, as the wind served, and I was in a hurry, I held on. If he's mad, I can't help it, and I don't care. You may expect me at Registown day after to-morrow by the cars."

The boat pushed off, and the captain was left alone. The wharf was deserted at that early hour, and he stood for a moment looking westward as earnestly as the girl had done at Registown the day before. The fog was beginning to drift upward before the rising wind, but nothing broke the expanse of water; and, brushing his hand across his forehead with a somewhat impatient gesture, he took the road to the town. He was a man whose magnificent *physique* would have excited attention and admiration at once and anywhere, and whose manly attractions no adverse circumstances would have been able to disguise. He had spoken with a slight American intonation, but his appearance belied the inference that might thence have been drawn, and bespoke him partially if not wholly of an older race. Lofty stature, strong and massive frame of fine proportions, and free, firm action; blazing dark eyes, a full black beard, and gleaming teeth; close-curved hair, and an expression at once good-natured and determined, formed a whole on which once seen you were forced to look again. It was not until that second look that you perceived that the head might have been more finely shaped, that those lines of the mouth which the beard permitted to be seen were too softly sensuous in their curves, and that the splendid eyes possessed less depth than brightness; and came to the conclusion that these defects denoted a nature in which the animal predominated over the spiritual—one which would be less under the rule of intellect than that of passion.

He followed for a short distance the course of the



dingy street, and turned into a second or third class tavern within sight of the quay. The bar-room was as gloomy as such places usually are: dark, save for the few struggling sunbeams which were endeavoring to pierce the clouds and mist, and the further difficulties of the murky window; and untenanted, except by one man, who stood before the empty fireplace, spelling through the large letters of a placard affixed above it. He had some trouble in mastering the sense, and, as though hoping for clearer comprehension on second perusal, had just recommenced at the first words:

"Five hundred dollars reward. The above will be paid for the recovery of the body of Paul Christophe, drowned in the Coteaux Rapids June 17th last. Age thirty-one years; dark hair, scar on left cheek. Wore, when lost, a suit of blue serge. Had a gold cross round the neck, and the letters P. C. on the right arm."

"It's to be hoped some one will get it," said the man to himself. "It's a tidy sum to be going begging. Well, one thousand is just twice five hundred, and perhaps easier earned than this will be. Where is Redmond, I wonder? If the Denise wasn't lying there, I should think he meant to give me the slip; and if he did—"

The opening door interrupted him, and he turned and faced the man who was in his thoughts. The two looked at each other with a peculiar expression, the one of question and the other of affirmation; and, without a word of salutation or invitation to drink, as if by mutual understanding, turned aside and sat down at a table by the window, which, while it commanded the water, was out of sight of the bar.

"You're not very sharp to time, captain," were the first words spoken.

"I'm time enough," the captain replied, in no gracious tone. "What's *your* hurry, I should like to know? What's your business here but to wait for me, and tell me at my own time what I want to know?"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, captain, or I'll tell you nothing."

"Well, if I hear nothing, you'll get nothing; so there'll be two of us. Come, Carrol, quit this fooling and go ahead. You know as well as I do what you've come to say."

"And what *you* have come to hear?"

"Exactly so. Listen, and speak low. Is Paul Christophe really dead?"

The other man glanced at the notice on the wall.

"Haven't you seen that, captain?" he asked.

The captain's heavy brows contracted in an awful frown, and a spectator might have gained some idea how savage he could on occasion be.

"Seen it?" he muttered, with an oath. "Curse them, I believe there's one on every wall between Chicago and the Saguenay!"

Carrol laughed.

"Say so? That's a useless expense—ch, governor? There ain't much use in advertising or in looking above—Cedar Island, say."

"Hold your infernal clack, and say no more than you need! It's not what the public believe, but what you know that I came to hear—and to pay for. Go on, now, and tell me just how—how the raft was lost."

"I told you before to keep a civil tongue in your head, Captain Redmond, and I tell you so again; what's the use of us two falling out? How the raft was lost? Very good. *Very good, indeed.*"

And he laughed again. If this man were a villain, he was by no means one of the conventional novel type. He had no fiendish scowl, he was no giant in strength, nor was there anything sardonic in his mirth. He was simply an ordinary-looking, clean-built young fellow of some seven or eight and twenty, with reddish hair and twinkling gray eyes, and a somewhat sinister expression about his mouth. But in his face was to be read no trace of kindly feeling, modesty, or shame. The strong, fierce nature of the captain might, and probably would, commit crime under sufficient temptation, but the repentance would be in proportion to the guilt, and the guilt would never be incurred for sordid motives. Carrol, if he sinned, would sin for small gain and private interest, and would never repent.

"Lose no more time now," said the captain; "the morning's getting on."

"It was a great stroke of luck, the raft coming to grief as it did—wasn't it, captain? Made things easy—eh? I expected it, though, before we left Paradise Island. Of course, it wasn't my place to speak. The old man thinks he knows it all, and Paul was conceited yet; and, when the captain of the raft got hurt, and Paul took his place, I knew just how it would be. The raft was too heavy in the first place; any one could 'a' told them all that oak would never float alone. We got knocked about considerable in the Gallops; and even then he'd hardly consent to put in to Château Blanc for some pine to float us. That was all that saved us, old Mack having his own way in that. Lord! you should 'a' heard the ripping, and tearing, and smashing, as we went down the Sault!"

"Get on," said the captain, impatiently, "and make fewer words about it!"

"I thought you wanted to know how the raft was lost? Well, there was another reason besides the weight. Grafty used to hire men enough, and, if he told old Christophe they had to be paid, why, they *was* paid, and no words about it. But Paul thought he knew better, and could save a little; and, where Grafty had eleven men, he tried to run with six, besides himself. I guess the devil forsook his own, and played into your hand for once, captain. Paul's brains must have been muddled, for no man in his senses would have tried to run the Coteaux with seven men to a crib of solid oak."

"They couldn't steer, I suppose?"

"Steer! we was going up and down like a cork in a kettle! Two of the men slipped off in the first half-minute, and I thought nothing else than that it was all up with the rest of us as well. Paul was game enough, I'll say that for him, and did his

good best; but the logs were as slippery as ice, and a touch of a finger would have pushed any one of us off. I don't know *exactly* how it happened, but he made a slip, and, as he did, *one of the poles struck him*, and he went over!"

The captain slightly shuddered as the other paused.

"Well?"

"There's no more. What more do you want when a man goes overboard off a raft in the Rapids?—Why, I swear you've turned pale, boss! Of all the men that get crushed and drowned every year, what's Paul Christophe's life worth more than another's to get white over?"

"You've stronger nerves than I have, I should say, Carol," returned the captain, somewhat irrelevantly, as it seemed, fixing on him a look compounded of admiration and horror. "How did you get off?"

"We got to the bottom somehow, me and the other three men and the crib—all that was left of it, that is. The rest came off no better; they was all more or less knocked to pieces, and two or three of the men lost. They're a-floating round somewhere, I suppose, with the loose logs; but, bless your eyes, no one offers five hundred dollars for *their* bodies!"

"There can be no doubt, I suppose, that Paul was—drowned?" But the captain looked steadily out of the window as he asked the question, and did not meet his companion's eyes. "Is there any chance he escaped?"

"I guess if you'd ever seen the place you'd hardly ask. If you have any doubts, just do it over again, and see how you feel about it yourself. I don't know why you're so mighty anxious to be certain—perhaps you expect to fall heir to his property, or his sweetheart, maybe—it's none of my business, that ain't; but you may be sure of this, that Paul Christophe is as dead as General Wolfe. They'll likely find him when they're hunting up the scattered logs."

There was a short silence.

"Well, boss, there's one other little matter to settle, and I'll be off. The train is due at half-past six, and I'm going west."

"Eh?" said the captain, starting from deep thought.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire, you know, governor, as somebody says," returned Carol, with an uneasy laugh.

"You're just the one to quote Scripture," said the captain, a bitter sneer curling the lip he had been biting during Carol's recital till it was marked with blood. "I beg your pardon for forgetting a matter of such importance to *you*."

He took from his breast-pocket a small, silver-mounted revolver, which he laid on the table, and then produced a flat parcel from the same receptacle; this he retained a moment in his hand.

"Still the same old friend, I see, boss," said Carol, eyeing the pistol. "Do you always carry it with you now?"

"Sometimes," said the other, significantly. "I

didn't know but I might find a use for it to-day. It would have blown your brains out if I had found you had lied."

"And how do you know I have not?"

"I *know*, and that's enough. Here, this is yours, take it," and he tossed the parcel across the table with a gesture of superb scorn.

How long will the delusion, now too common, last, and he who *gives* the price of baseness think himself, and be thought by others, less abject than he who *receives*? The captain really believed his own fingers cleaner than those greedy ones which fastened so eagerly on the spoil.

"It's all there," he added, as Carol began to undo the string. "I've counted it, and if you've any brains you'll not open it out and finger it over here."

"Well, governor, you're the first man whose word I ever took in such a matter; but, if you say it's correct—"

"You'd better not be the first man to doubt my word," said the captain, carelessly taking up and examining the revolver. "There, take it and put it in your pocket; do you suppose a man who never told a lie in his life is going to begin to *you*? I guess there's no more to say."

"My time's up anyhow, and yours, too, for they're shaking out the schooner's sails. Good-by, captain, and good luck to you! The wind's fair, I see, for the Denise, and she'll slip up through the islands like a snake. Good-by."

But was it the movement of the schooner that had brought back the color to the captain's brown cheek, lit with soft and sudden fire the splendid eyes so dark and gloomy a minute before, and transformed the guarded and self-contained manner to one of trembling and eager haste? Scarcely; for the Denise slipped away through the gilded water before the freshening breeze, her white sails gleaming like silver in the now bright sunshine, without receiving from him so much as a thought or glance; while his eyes outstripped his footsteps, rapid as the latter were, and devoured with eager search the steamer Cleveland as she swung slowly round to the quay.

"Every man has his price," said one who was believed to have some knowledge of human nature; and I am afraid in neither of these men did his theory find contradiction, different as had been their several temptations in kind and degree. James Carol, in whose low and callous nature there lay no seeds of remorse, went westward with the purchase-money of his soul in his pocket, well content. Morris Redmond sprang on board the Cleveland, and received *his* price of conscience in a moment of intoxication of feeling and passionate delight, in which was forgotten the dread of that remorse which, to his less depraved and more enlightened though fiercer nature, must surely come.

### III.

DENISE CHRISTOPHE stood on the guards waiting; but was this transfigured, glorified being the

girl whose forlorn aspect had excited the commiseration of the storehouse-clerks hardly more than twelve hours before? As little resemblance was there between them as between him who leaned over her, all softness and tender ecstasy, devouring her with his eyes and with caresses too rapturous for aught but silence, and the man whose words of guilty inquiry had scarcely died away, and on whose fingers lay warm the taint of James Carrol's hire.

O Love! magical revivifier, thou art the one draught left us from the vanished fountain of youth; the one elixir of life whose virtue never fails! Before thy potency into what nothingness sink all other spells! In thy presence all mournful memories of the past, all doubts and fears of the future, perish and fade, and are forgotten. Time the soother, and, alas! Religion the consoler, are weak and slow to work beside thee! Thy power may be less beneficent than that of those blessed comforters, may be of less duration, and, once overthrown, may leave only desolation; but while thou rulest thou art absolute indeed!

And with these two love was for the time all-powerful. Death, remorse, and fear, had no existence for them, as they stood together in the first moments of union, looking into each other's eyes for further assurance of what both knew, and dreaming—ah, how idly!—that at last life lay smooth and fair as the sunlit river before them. Judge not Denise too harshly. That must be a rare nature, indeed, in which a duteous grief will outweigh both remembrance of years of past and present tyranny and joy at escape from thralldom. Judge her lover as you will—but the fact remains the same. What room is left in the breast of any man—any man capable of passion—for other feeling than that of triumph and delight in the first hour when he clasps the woman he wildly loves—no matter how won—as his own?

But it may last no more than an hour; and a slight accident soon disturbed the serenity of these lovers. Denise had raised her arms to meet the embrace bestowed upon her—and from one the sleeve had fallen away, revealing on the soft white flesh the livid and discolored mark of a recently-inflicted bruise. On this the captain's eyes fastened, and his face grew very black.

"Denise!" He laid his finger lightly on the spot.

"Never mind," she said, hurriedly covering the telltale traces. "It is nothing—I mean I do not feel it now."

"Is that *his* work, Denise?" His voice was hoarse with a passion of mingled hatred, love, and pity.

"No, not *this*—hush! he is dead (Heaven pardon me that I cannot grieve for him); you must never say a word against him more. But, oh! they have been very cruel to me, Morris! Had they been less so, perhaps I should not have dared to come to you; but it is over now."

"Over!" he muttered, with a deep execration. "Where was justice, that it was not over long ago?

Could anything be guilt that saved her from brutality like this?" Then suddenly, with unutterable tenderness, he whispered, "Denise—my love, my flower, my tender blossom!"

"You will be kind to me, Morris? You are so strong—so good!"

"I will be kind to *you*," he returned, in a tone almost savage in its earnestness. "Before either harms you, may my tongue rot and my hand wither! But—good, Denise? Suppose I were not as good as you think me, could you love me still?"

"Why suppose it? I know you to be good."

"You thought so of *him* once, Denise."

"Ah! that was when I was a foolish child; when I thought it would be fine to be *madame* and to escape from my childhood; when I believed all that was told me, and when—when I did not know how to love."

"And you know that now, Denise? And, loving me, could you go on loving me if I were not so perfect as you believe?"

"I could never think or believe ill of you, Morris."

"But if you *knew* it? If you were *forced* to believe that I, the Redmond you love, were like—what many men are—tell me, Denise, would you hate me? Would *anything* ever make you hate me?"

"What foolish talk—I do not like it. Listen, Morris; if that were all true—if it could be true—I should never have time to hate you—for I should die!"

He slightly shuddered.

"May I die before you so learn to think of me, Denise!" he said, and to her ear the words could bear but one sense. "Come, we will have no more of this gloomy talk. We are together and safe at last, my dearest, my own, my wife that will be before the sun sets. Let us forget all that is over, and be happy now."

But, alas! what says the song? "En pensant qu'il faut qu'on l'oublie on s'en souvient." The words are too true. When the captain had forgotten, he did not need to say, "Let us forget;" now that he desired forgetfulness, showed that recollection had returned. Even to her who had only suffered, perhaps continuance of perfect peace might be doubtful; whether he could hope for it, whose suffering was the consequence of sin, would admit of little doubt indeed.

Nevertheless the morning floated by on wings of joy to both. Swift travel, change of scene, and shining sky, are strong stimulants, and under their influence Denise soon recovered from the uneasy impression produced by her lover's persistence in a supposition she could not for a moment entertain, but his earnestness in which had puzzled and pained her. The lovely scenery, the excitement of the slight danger attendant on their journey, were new to both, and both felt their unspeakable charm; who, indeed, has not felt it, who has been happy enough to follow the course of that most glorious river? The watching, the expectation excited, only to be again repressed by many a curve in the stream be-

fore final gratification, the distant view of the white line of breakers, the dark waves beyond encircled by the darker trees, the onward sweep of the resistless river, when we feel that we are at its mercy and that power to pause is lost, the moment of tension and breathlessness while the steamer rises slowly to the effort and then plunges with a sudden thud and shock into the boiling, turbid foam—who that has thrilled to those minutes of exquisite and short-lived delight can ever forget?

Strange as it may appear, the first part of the journey was over, and the pause of rest attained, before Morris Redmond remembered that it was only the first part, and what remained to come. A casual remark of another passenger caused his pulse to beat and the blood to flow back to his heart in a choking tide; and it was with a struggle that he concealed all sign of agitation as he accosted the captain of the steamer on the first opportunity.

"You do not run the lower rapids in this boat, do you?" he inquired, and at the tone in which he asked the question the man to whom he spoke looked up in surprise.

"Not always; sometimes the water is too low; sometimes we have too heavy a load; but, generally speaking, it is quite safe."

"What shall you do to-day?" with a curious hesitation in the words.

"I can't say about Lachine. It will depend on the light. But we shall certainly run the others."

"Yet you seem to be very deep in the water."

"No; we have rather less freight than usual, and there is ample depth of water this year; a foot to spare is plenty, and there is more than that now. There is not the slightest danger, I assure you," he added, observing the change in Redmond's face without being able to assign a cause, and jumping to the conclusion that it must be fear.

"I was never afraid of anything yet, Captain Hanlon, and I am not going to begin now," Redmond said, with angry scorn; but the scorn and anger were more for himself than his companion, as his own heart told him that he *did* fear, though not as the other man supposed. "It was not for that reason I asked."

"All right," said the other, good-humoredly. "You'll find it pleasant enough; most people like it better than the Sault. Are you coming back? Yes? Then you'll have quite enough of canal-work without wanting it to-day."

Captain Hanlon went off, leaving Redmond a prey to severer mental strife than he had ever known. "I am not going to begin now to be afraid," he had said, and he repeated the words with an emphasis which showed the necessity of self-assurance. "Bah! what should I be afraid of? The work is done, and the price paid and received, and I would not undo it even if I could. Why should one place be worse than another? And yet—I might show something. I will send her to rest, and be alone for a time. God! I cannot sit beside her, and hold her hand, on the very spot!"

So, suppressing as best he might all trace of emo-

tion, he told Denise that there was nothing further to be seen for a time, and that she might obtain some repose, of which, indeed, she stood in great need. Telling her where she would find him if required, he consigned her to the care of the kindly woman in charge; and Denise, ever gentle and obedient, and conscious that the tax on her strength was not yet ended, and that she was very tired, complied with his behests, and retired, to rest certainly, and to sleep if she could; and Redmond was left to the enjoyment of his own reflections alone.

## IV.

THE low, level shores of Lake St. Francis were blue in the distance, and the haze twinkled and trembled in the sultry hush of the July afternoon. No breath stirred the stillness of the air; no sound broke the silence save the monotonous plash of the paddles, and an occasional unavoidable word among the crew. Passengers were resting, and recruiting their observation in readiness for the next demand; and those to whom observation was no novelty found equal satisfaction in repose. So Denise found the saloon deserted when, after an absence of some length, she returned to the place where she expected to find Redmond awaiting her. He was not there; and, to escape the heat, and breathe the purer air, she passed by the open door out upon the guards, and the man she sought was before her.

If feminine beauty and manly comeliness are attractive when waking and striving to engage our regard, still more is such the case when they are wrapped in the unconsciousness of slumber. The abandonment of self, the release from all restraint or endeavor to please, softens all defects, and brings out every charm. The grace of children, the loveliness of young womanhood, and the strength and splendor of man's prime, never show to such advantage as when they lie helpless and deprived of all knowledge of self before us. Denise thought so as she stood for the first time in the presence of the man she loved asleep, and fixed her timid eyes on his face without fear that his burning glances would return her own.

He lay on a low bench, his left hand thrown behind his head, and his fingers tangled in the dark, curling masses of his hair; his right arm, robbed of its might, hung listless, and his hand rested on the deck; his powerful frame was carelessly extended "in a strong toil of grace," while over the face, where the lids were firmly closed over the fiery eyes, and the mouth was relaxed into a smile, his mother might have bent in loving admiration. And Denise did more.

Not Psyche of old stood more breathless or spell-bound. A tide of emotions which defied analysis or control swept over her—a rush of sensations in which she could scarcely separate delight from pain. Almost as though she dreaded that the vision might vanish in a breath, she came forward softly, step by step, and, after a pause, and a fearful glance round her, knelt down at his side.

Do not grudge her the momentary indulgence of



a feeling of contentment such as had hitherto been a stranger to her—the few minutes of poignant happiness and tumultuous peace which were the first and last she was ever to know. Wife as she had been, to her the sweet and holy name was, as far as regards the tender strength and trustful reliance implied in it, a name alone. From a dream of childish ignorance she had awakened to a woman's suffering, alas! too real. Was *this* reality, or was this too destined to prove delusion? Rather, could such feelings as she was now for the first time conscious of ever in this life pass away?

Should she kiss him? She had never yet done so, but why should she not? He was hers now. Fate—or Providence—had removed the barrier between them, and henceforward she belonged to him, and he to her. If she had ever suspected that the interest and sympathy he had expressed for her in her unhappy life meant more than the friendship he professed alone to feel, no word or sign on his part had betrayed it, while its betrayal would have been insult to her; if she had ever thought how sweet would be a love and protection like his, she had repulsed the idea with a shudder of self-contempt; but now what need was there that she should conceal either her love or her joy? Should she not reward him for his respectful forbearance? Should not she taste at last the soft happiness of mutual affection? The haste which might appear unseemly was justified by the cruelty of the treatment she had received, and her friendless position; was not too much coyness a mockery, when a day or two, perhaps that very day, would see her bound to him by the nearest of all ties?

So thinking, or rather so feeling, she bent forward to give the kiss which, like that imprinted on the lips of the Sleeping Beauty, would restore life and passion to the breathing statue. But she gave one moment to a pause and look of admiration, and in that moment Fate struck her final blow. The kiss never left her lips, for as she stooped again the sleeper stirred—and spoke.

She thought him waking, and drew back; but in another instant saw that his senses were still sealed, though he repeated the words, among which was her own name, and she listened to their incoherence with idle curiosity at first, and with a smile. Then she bent forward a little anxiously as the words came fewer and more articulate; then a fear stole over her face as he spoke again, slowly and in disconnected fragments, but intelligibly enough to listening ears like hers, and now she could not have risen and gone away had her life depended on the movement. Those intermittent words held her tranced and bound, and even had she retained sense to know that she ought not to listen to them, she would have listened still. What did they convey? What could be the meaning of sounds that drove the springing blood from her cheek back upon her heart, that froze the look she fixed upon the sleeper into a glassy stare, and contracted brow and lip in a spasm of unutterable pain? What was the sense of speech that transformed all her warm life and loving fervor into the

semblance of mortality, and left her kneeling without sense or motion, gray and cold and rigid as a stone?

Truth is good, and we pray that we may not believe a lie. Denise had learned some truth, and the knowledge had dealt death.

So she remained until Redmond woke, and, seeing at first only her and not the look she wore, held out his arms to embrace her. He might as soon have clasped her marble image, and with a cry of terror he released her, sprang to his feet, and looked her in the face.

"Denise!"

There was no answer, but a slight shiver showed that she heard his voice.

"Denise, my Denise, my love, speak to me!"

Then she looked up, consciousness creeping back into her eyes.

"Did you tell me the truth in your sleep just now? I thought you loved me."

The incoherency of the words prevented his grasping their true meaning.

"True that I love you, Denise? As true as death—or heaven!"

"You told me how—how my—my husband came to die. Was that true, or did you—can you—"

He knew all now. In one instant of wild thought his mind took in the truth, and he knew that, if he could not deceive her, all was lost. Could he have commanded himself for the effort, he might yet have won. Love and woman's trust are self-deceiving, and glad to be deceived; but, strange to say, this man, who, to serve his own ends, had not shrunk from the *action* that we know or can guess he had committed—had, as he had boasted to his accomplice, never lied in his life—and brought suddenly face to face with the necessity for open and deliberate falsehood, faltered at the lesser as he had not done at the greater sin. He hesitated for a breath, for an inappreciable moment, but that moment's hesitation sealed the doom of Denise and his own. It gave an answer plainer than any speech.

Neither had remarked how the time had passed, how the land had gathered round them, and their speed increased. Neither had noticed the warning sound of the signal-bells, the voice of the pilot, the tread of feet on the decks, the rush of the water, and the rapidity with which the shore swept by. Absorbed in their own agitation, that of Nature was unregarded by them; and it was not till a sudden lurch of the vessel almost threw Redmond off his feet that he awoke to the knowledge of where they must be. The ominous conjuncture sent a shudder through him, but he struggled for self-mastery, and his physical courage stood him in good stead. The slight danger restored his mental balance, and his nerves regained their steadiness, and his only thought was to reassure the timidity of Denise.

"Denise, dearest," he said, ignoring her last words, "give me your hand, love; we are entering the Rapids. Lean on me."

She shrank away from him.

"Do not touch me; leave me alone!"

The cold, hard words and tone cut him to the core, but he would not give way to the fear that smote him like a blow.

"Denise!"

Was the backward movement she made only an involuntary impulse to avoid the hand he would have laid upon her, or was it an instantaneous and maddened resolution to escape from life and life's last broken dream and mortal disappointment? None ever knew—none ever will know—until the Coteaux Rapids, like the sea, give up their dead. But there was a sudden shock, a swaying of the rigid figure, a vain grasp at a swinging rope, a heavy plunge, a splash, unheard in the rush and surge of the water, and the boat swept onward, leaving no trace but a few broken bubbles in a line of creamy foam.

What was done? What *could* be done where all human exertion must be impotent and unavailing? where to stoop to the water was as impossible as to scale the heavens, and where delay meant destruction? The panic arose, culminated, and subsided, of course, among those who had little or nothing to do with the matter; pale faces and exclamations of horror and compassion were plentiful enough; hurried questions were asked, to which no one could give reply; wild suggestions made, on which no one acted or thought of acting; and the excitement died away. Pity remained—pity for her who had sunk forever from the sight of the living, and for him who remained to mourn her, to whom none dared to speak; but the tragedy touched no one else nearly; and, alas! (or perhaps happily for our nature) tragedies make no lasting impression unless brought very closely home.

And he, to whom the death of Denise meant ut-

ter destruction of body and soul, made no sign, and spoke no word, but stared fixedly on the distance as though he still saw the very foam that had swallowed her from his sight. Of what avail the massive strength that had been his boast? A few inches of water had been more powerful than he. Of what use the iron force of will which had dared all human and divine wrath for the accomplishment of its desires? The impulse of a weak woman had frustrated all. He had that morning suggested the possibility of escape in the same cruel current; what did he think now? He had spoken of death as the only certainty in this world; was he satisfied now of its immutable and irrevocable decree?

Into his mind it is, perhaps, best not to try to enter, nor strive to lift a veil behind which could be found nothing but wild remorse, self-loathing, and black despair. Those only of his thoughts that found outward expression might be read in the steadiness with which after a time he took out his revolver and scrutinized the charge and lock.

"Shall I?" he asked himself, half aloud. "There can be nothing hereafter worse than what I must endure here. No! I must live; for in the grave—if they gave me a grave—I might not be able to remember *her*."

A handsome monumental tablet in the principal church of Registown records the tragic and untimely death, by drowning in the Coteaux Rapids, of Paul Christophe and his young wife; and the casual reader, conning over the gilded lines, where no inconvenient discrepancy of dates confuses calculation, is left to believe that they met their fate together. Over the bones of Morris Redmond, killed not long afterward in savage Western warfare, no epitaph tells either truth or falsehood.

## THE AUSTRIAN HUSSAR.

WITH sabres drawn and guidons dancing free,  
And music dying in the joy it made,  
In gay Vienna rode the cavalry,  
The pride of Austria, on grand parade.  
Like a rose-garden with fair colors set  
Was the wide plain whereon the host were met.

A little child—a lovely, rosebud girl—  
In white attire, and ribbons green as moss,  
Straying away, lost in the crowded whirl,  
Into the open field she thought to cross,  
Rushed out, when to the bugle's cheerful sound  
A squadron of hussars came sweeping round.

From the huge, dragon-like main body these  
Rode down to honor with their steel salute  
The empress, where she sat in velvet ease,  
A diamond 'midst the cluster of her suit.  
She cried with horror, all her peace undone,  
To see the danger to the pretty one.

Directly on the child, like angry flame,  
Had wheeled at headlong speed the brave and strong,  
Facing the dazzling sun, and, as they came,

Drawing a gust of pennant air along.  
Swift as unbridled rage they rode, as though  
In battle charging fiercely on the foe.

The poor, bewildered babe, in blind affright,  
Ran toward the squadron, and her shadow there,  
Hiding behind her from the living light,  
Flat on the grassless level dry and bare,  
Went following, and it took the boding shape  
And gloom of death from which is no escape.

Seeing the ill, the mother of the child  
Stood spellbound in the depth of her distress.  
Her gaze was set; her panting bosom wild  
That she to save her own was powerless.  
So, too, the multitude were thrilled and dumb;  
Alas! from them no hand of help could come.

So many near, it seemed a bitter thing  
That the abandoned strayer, small and fond,  
Should be down-trampled by the galloping,  
Pitiless hoofs of steeds caparisoned.  
For she, the harmless rosebud pure and sweet,  
Already stood before the brutal feet.

As when, in polar regions white and still,  
The compass points no longer to its star,  
But downward to the ocean dark and chill,  
And frost and heavy silence only are,  
So now hope's compass failed, amid the drear  
And pallid stillness of benumbing fear.

But Succor waits on Fortune's smile and beck.  
In the front rank the holder of a rein  
Threw himself forward round his horse's neck,  
And bending down, under the streaming mane,  
Caught up the child from frightful death below,  
And set her safely on his saddle-bow.

This feat he did, and never checked the speed,  
Nor changed the pace, nor to a comrade spoke,  
Nor lost his hold on his submissive steed,  
Nor the alignment of the squadron broke.  
With modest grace, which still endears and charms,  
He gave the child back to her mother's arms.

Voices of thousands to the welkin blue  
Cheered the good deed the brave hussar had done;  
And other thousands cheered it when they knew.

Two women there—one for her little one,  
The empress in the joy that crowned her fears—  
Could only tell their gratitude with tears.

Bright as a star the moment, and how blest  
To the young trooper! when the emperor,  
Graciously taking from his royal breast  
Of the insignia that men struggle for,  
Placed o'er the other's heart, so nobly bold,  
An Order's golden emblem, more than gold.

That other, then, of honor may have thought—  
How unexpectedly it was his meed!  
He had not found it in the way he sought;  
But from an unpremeditated deed  
In which he saw no merit, had no toil,  
The flower had sprung, and from its native soil.

## SUBAQUEOUS HISTORY.

FORMERLY, books, records, human authorities (as they were called), transmitted occasional truths, but more frequently error after error, to successive generations. Strange assertions appeared to be truths, because the venerable but credulous Pliny, or such as Pliny, had delivered them, *ex cathedra*, to mankind. Now, we choose to see and judge for ourselves. Even history, which emphatically might be termed a science of record, is obeying the universal rule. If we do not supersede, we at least strive to authenticate history by the evidence of our eyes. And how do we effect this? Precisely by the same method that the geologist makes use of when he is so wise—or, as poor Cowper thought, so 'sinful—as to

" . . . drill and bore  
The solid earth, and from the strata there  
Extract a register."

To the earth man instinctively turns for the archives of the past—to the earth, the great keeper of the dead—the preserver of extinct forms and vanished dynasties. We rifle tombs, we drive pits into buried cities, we plunge into railroad-cuttings, and so lay bare and extract the life of other days as it is made manifest in its domestic implements, its handiworks and ornaments, its modes of sepulture, and scrolls of epitaph. For many a year we have been burrowing thus; so that, since the day when, in 1709, Herculanum gave up to view her first secrets, subterranean research has become an art that is already advancing to a respectable maturity. But the immense stride forward that it has made in our day is owing to the multitude of objects and observations that have been so discovered and accumulated as to admit of chronology being founded, not on conjectural eras, but on the objects themselves, which, where-soever found, illustrate and determine these eras. The old natural geology loosely judged of periods by the mere substances in which certain fossils were found. It babbled of the green-sand fossils, the

fossils of the coal, the fossils of the chalk, etc. But this method of classification was found to be misleading and imperfect. "It is well known" (as Sir R. I. Murchison in his "Siluria" observes) "that a mass of sediment which in one tract is calcareous, often becomes sandy and argillaceous in another; and thus, in such cases, very close examination of the fossils can alone decide the exact line of demarcation." To this we add, from our own observation, that, in Switzerland, where there is no chalk, the peculiar fossils belonging to the Cretaceous period are found in clay. Safely and rightly, then, each period of ascending organization is decided by the fossil, which is unalterable, and not by the local matter around it, which is susceptible of very great and surprising transformation. So it is with human geology. Recent works on ancient pottery take the line of judging of the age of a vase by form and manner of embellishment, not by the locality in which the vase is found. The Etrurian tomb, in which certain urns are discovered, does not prove that the urns are Etrurian; the forms of them, and the pigments, and the figures on them, may determine that they are Greek, or haply of Egyptian origin, and that they have come from afar.

The same analytical argument that has been found satisfactory in respect to earth-buried objects is now being applied to certain relics of antiquity discovered in water. The discovery has taken place in some of the lakes of Switzerland, and it is found that these relics are indubitably of a period far anterior to the Roman conquest. Traces of lake-dwellings, even of lake-villages, have been discovered; that is, of cabins that have rested on piles, advancing, Dutch-fashion, far into the water. The most remarkable of these discoveries has only recently been made in the lake of Moosseedorf, six miles from Berne. This lake, having been partially drained for agricultural purposes, gave to view the broken remains of stakes projecting a little above the mud

that formed the bed of the lake. A further search revealed that many more stakes were hidden; being covered by a kind of under-water peat, in which have been found upward of a thousand articles of a simple and evidently very remote manufacture.

Taking for granted that a nation in its infancy uses for its immediate purposes only the substances which it finds ready to its hands, we cannot but assign to articles composed merely of stone, wood, or clay, a high antiquity. Reversing old fables, we discover that the golden age was not the age of gold, but of wood and stone. Of course, these primitive substances, worked by human hands, have the priority over articles wrought from metal. Ops gave Saturn a stone to devour long before Vulcan (Scripturally Tubal-cain) became "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." Judging thus, we find that the articles from the lake of Moosseedorf bear the stamp of primitive antiquity. They consist of fragments of rude pottery, made by the hand, evidently without a turning-wheel; domestic implements in stone and stag's-horn without any trace of metal. The stone—a kind of serpentine, extremely hard—is fashioned into hatchets, bearing the form of a wedge, and into instruments resembling chisels, hammers, and knives. Not one of the hatchets has been pierced—as in our day—so as to admit of a handle being inserted into it; on the contrary, the stone hatchet-head itself has been inserted into a handle, generally of stag's-horn, in some few cases of wood.

Passing some time, lately, at Lausanne, we were made aware of these discoveries in and near to the lake of Moosseedorf, by Professor Troyon. This gentleman—head of the museum at Lausanne—had studied in Edinburgh University, where he took his degree, and has made geological antiquarian research his especial study. The recent discoveries in the lake have been made under his personal direction. He has been indefatigable in his exertions to prosecute research ever since the first discoveries were made, and has transferred from the natural museum of the peat-moss a number of the sub-lacustrine articles to a well-ordered museum of his own.

The information which we have obtained from him is most interesting as well as trustworthy. He began his "discourse" (for such, unaffected as it was, it might be called) by opening a cupboard and displaying a variety of human skulls. These were all the skulls of Helvetians, or of Celts prior to Helvetians, or of some unnamed people older than the Celts. These, like many other articles in this private museum, have been chiefly discovered or dug up from ancient tumuli by the professor himself. He made us observe how small were the earliest skulls—unintellectual, but not cruel, like some of later savage nations, in which the great proportion of brain lay behind the ear; and he so led us on to the higher developments of the skulls of the civilized that occupied the upper shelves of the closet. We next proceeded to survey the contents of the first glass case, which were supposed to be coeval with the small-skulled generation. These were the horn

and stone industrial implements that had just been discovered in the Moosseedorf and other lakes in Switzerland; yet, even here, we should say that the ingenuity displayed in the structure of these peculiar instruments betokened a people already somewhat advanced out of the first state of barbarism. The odd thing that strikes an observer first is the small, toy-like character of everything. Hatchet, indeed! One of these Lake-people's hatchets lies on a quarter sheet of the foolscap paper on which we are writing, with room to spare. It is a pretty baby-hatchet, a piece of serpentine not two inches long (very well sharpened, however), inserted with wonderful firmness into a detached portion of stag's horn. We asked the professor, "Could any one have ever cut down a tree with that small thing?" He replied that, by marks found on the old, buried timber, it appeared probable that the ancient Lakers charred and nearly burned through the trunks of the trees before they felled them with their miniature stone hatchets. Our attention was next turned to a dandy poniard, entirely of stag's horn. A sharp-pointed and polished piece of horn, about four inches long, is inserted into an unpolished piece of antler, somewhat longer. The professor suggested that the handle of this poniard was worn almost smooth by use. We said, "Could the owner have killed so many men as that implies?" "No!" returned the professor, with a smile; "but the dagger may have served many uses—as a defense from wild beasts, to kill animals in the chase, and perhaps now and then to dispatch an enemy." Next we admired a variety of small instruments that would have gone into a lady's *étui*—needles of bone, not perforated, and even a bodkin, properly perforated, a specimen almost unique; small chisels of beautifully polished serpentine, some of which looked quite gem-like in their green, half-transparent lustre. These were supposed to be for cutting leather for moccasins or other garments. Then we noticed teeth of the red deer fastened into handles of rough horn. These, it is supposed, were used for polishing down the protuberant seams of barbarian dresses, and were shaped not unlike some of the burnishers in use in silver-plating establishments.

Very curious indeed were certain minute saws, not more than three inches long, like reductions of Queen Elizabeth's pocket-comb, with the teeth broken off. These flint saws, and one or two scoop-like articles, that looked as if meant to scrape off the hair from deer-hides, also of flint, give rise, as Professor Troyon observed, to curious speculations. Flint of any kind is very rare in Switzerland, and flint of the particular kind from which the ancient Lakers had wrought their saws and knives is not found in Switzerland at all.

The induction is that the Lake-people were already sufficiently advanced in civilization to have made the first step toward commerce by import or barter. The especial silex of the Lakers might have come from some neighboring portion of Gaul; but, in truth, it resembled more the kind of flint that is found on the British coasts. To have fashioned a



flint knife, such as was shown us, four inches long, the improving savages of the Lacustrine period must have had a very large flint-stone, such as Great Britain peculiarly produces. Waiving a too precise settlement of this curious question, we at least are sure that the flint found at Moosseedorf was not a native production of Switzerland. There were also small arrow-heads, prettily and neatly wrought from a fine kind of silex.

Under a glass, and framed like a picture, we observed something that looked like coarse, dark netting, the reticulations of which were jointed by rude knots. This, the professor told us, was a specimen of the supposed garments of the ancient people, of which the material was flax, and the mode of putting together knitting, or rather knotting; the art of weaving not yet being practised by the Lakers. Some of the mysterious-looking needles in horn might have served for the manufacture of this primitive sort of shirting.

For food the Lakers had, as the remains of various seeds and fruit-stones demonstrated, the wood-raspberry, the wild-plum (*Prunus spinosa*, which we unlearned schoolboys used to call "bullas"), small crab-apples, of which a dried and venerable specimen was shown us, and wheaten corn, sundry masses of which, apparently carbonized by fire, demonstrated that agriculture was an art not unknown.

Fragments of bones of various animals, which were discovered in quantities under the peat, and had either been used in the fashioning of instruments, or were the remains of antique repasts, proved that this primitive people already possessed the greater part of the domestic animals of our day. The professor showed us bones enough in this department to have served as the basis of a Cuvierian lecture on osteology. The Lakers had certainly gathered round them the ox, the pig, the goat, the cat, and many different-sized kinds of dogs; nor had the horse been wanting, though, as the professor conjectured, chiefly used, by a sublime anticipation of Parisian gastronomy, as an article of food. With these were mingled quantities of bones of the elk and stag, the urus, bear, wild-boar, fox, beaver, tortoise, and various kinds of birds. Strange to say, the bones that one would most have expected Lake-people to have left behind them—fish-bones—were entirely absent; for which absence, however, their chemical decomposition by some unknown agent might by possibility account.

Of what materials the habitations of the primitive Lakers were constructed, the professor now gave us ocular demonstration. First we were shown what kind of stakes or piles their lake-cabins were elevated upon; the stakes themselves we did not see, only casts of them; for, when these very ancient piles were first taken out of the peat, they had looked fresh and solid as those human bodies which have occasionally been found in airless stone coffins—bodies which for a moment have mocked the view with a phantasma of fresh life, and almost immediately after fallen to dust. So with the stakes of the old Lakers. Once exposed to the air, they crumbled; and their external skin was found to be only

a feeble covering to rottenness. Professor Troyon then cleverly devised a mode of perpetuating these fleeting forms by injections of plaster, from which moulds and casts were obtained. These casts, short and fragmentary, looked very like the ends of not very large hop-poles. The marks of the stone chisels were still plainly discernible on the stakes, and they were sharpened to a point. The cabins that had been raised on these piles had left more enduring fragments. Most interesting were the morsels of old wall, which consisted of unbaked clay, bearing the impressions of woody twigs, whereby it was evident that the primitive cabins had been formed of boughs of trees plastered over and between with clay. From the fragments being calculable segments of a circle, two facts were ascertained, namely, that the cabins had been circular, and the circumference of them about fourteen feet. Some of these fragmentary piles and dwellings that were found in the lake of Constance some years ago were about a hundred yards from the shore, and that they always had been so, and had not been thrown farther off from the mainland by any rising or agitation of the waters, was proved by pieces of earthen pots that lay at the bottom on the stirless depths, near together, just as they had broken and fallen ages before. These fragments are of rough manufacture, and, in their dark, burned-looking substance, contain morsels of shining quartz, or mica, unassimilated to the prevailing texture. We possess some fragments that, by carrying out the segments of the circle, appear to have been of great size (singular exception to the general littleness of the relics)—as big, indeed, as Roman wine-vases. Another thing to be observed is the way these pots were evidently supported. They had pointed ends, and near them are found circular open rings of pottery, whose use was evidently to support the pointed ends of the vases, which were incapable of standing by themselves. The ring of burned clay was the mortise; the peg-top-like termination was the tenon of the vase. In connection with this, the professor told us that an admiral of the British Navy, who had visited the museum some days before our arrival, recognized this primitive form of support as still used by the Hindoos and other Indian people.

This brings us to the probable origin of these ancient predecessors of the Swiss. They were a wave of that great tide which set in toward Europe from the East, choosing chiefly the inland seas, and ascending rivers as their roadways, or rather waterways, to new regions, where they should replenish the tenantless earth. Naturally, as they were accustomed to water, they chose water whereon to found their first settlements—for traces of such settlements have been found in other European localities long before the date of these more recent discoveries in the Swiss lakes. Moreover, the long, narrow causeways of wood, that led from the shore to their habitations, became a protection to them from wild beasts or wilder human enemies. Also the waters supplied them with ready food, and were as Nature's own clearings amid the shaggy

mountains and impenetrable forests, the mere fringe of which they with difficulty cut away for household purposes. Advanced into the free lake, the settlers could look around them, and breathe the air of heaven. Herodotus has described similar lacustrine dwellings belonging to the Pæonians, who had settlements on Lake Prasias in Turkey; and the same kind of settlements abound at the present day among the Siamese, according to the reports of M. Huc and others, whose books so graphically describe them.

When we asked the professor why the implements of this ancient race were so baby-like and small, he replied, "Probably because they themselves were small, and, like the Orientals, had very small hands and feet." Here, we would remark, is another curious confirmation of the probable correctness of the theory that this primitive people were of Oriental descent. We remember a stand of arms taken from a Sikh chief (killed by a brother of the writer's, an officer of the Bengal Horse-Artillery, at the battle of Chillianwallah, and who was described as a man of more than six feet high), into the handle of whose *tulwar*, or sabre, we could barely thrust three of our fingers; the explanation of such an apparent anomaly being that the natives are invariably found to have small hands and feet. The professor continued: "This is not conjecture, but fact. Look here at the next case in my museum, where you perceive ornaments of a more advanced period, though still belonging to the Lake-people. Look at these bracelets of horn, so deep in circumference, but so small in diameter, you would think that even a child's hand could not enter them; yet here are the human bones still in them." This was true. The professor, finding the bracelets on the skeleton of a full-grown person, had fixed the bones of the wrist within the bracelets by pouring cement round them. "Look, also," resumed the professor, "at that bronze sword, still later in date, found at a time when the Age of Wood and Stone became the Age of Bronze. Observe that the handle is only co-extensive with three of my fingers, though my hand, like myself, is not very big—I wear a six and a quarter glove. I met, some few weeks ago, a Peruvian lady, claiming to be the last descendant of Montezuma, and hers was the only hand and wrist I have ever known slip easily into that bracelet, which is as inflexible for the hands as Cinderella's glass slipper was for the feet."

That these lake-relics are, in very truth, of a most remote antiquity, was proved in various ways by Professor Troyon. He said: "A discovery that was made in the valley of the Orbe may give an idea of this antiquity. The lake of Neufchâtel, it is well known, is always, because of the increase of the peat-bogs and the delta of alluvial matter, formed by the rivers Thiele and Buron, retreating farther back from the lake of Neufchâtel. In the time of the Romans the actual site of Yverdun was under water. There was even a time when all the valley was covered by the lake. Then Mont Chamblon was an island, and at the foot of this mount

were lake-villages of the ancient people, whose relics, which are all of the Age of Stone, are now found many feet below the surface of the bog. By accurate calculation of the time that the lake now takes in its retreatings, we find that the destruction of these lake-dwellings must have occurred, at latest, in the fifteenth century before the Christian era.

"But here is another proof of this," continued the professor. "Look at these fir-poles, which were found in the lake of Geneva, the supports of ancient villages of a later date, though still of a period long previous to the Roman conquest. You see that they are the real wood, while I only possess casts of the primitive poles; and that they are not only much longer than the ancient stakes, but curiously worn to a gradual slenderness, and to a point, by the gentle but constant action of the waves upon their upper surfaces. Why is this difference? Because these poles, when discovered, still projected two or three feet above the mud of the lake, while the others were covered by the mud itself. Now, it is calculated that a thousand years, at least, must have elapsed before the fir-poles could be brought by the slow action of tideless water to the level of the bed of the lake."

We own that these reasons did not quite convince us of the deduction at which the professor wished to arrive—namely, that the first, and not altogether savage, inhabitants of Switzerland dated from two thousand years before Christ. Many circumstances—draining, for instance—might, we thought, have expedited the retiring of the waters or the wearing away of the piles. Nevertheless, with all the caution of skepticism, it is impossible not to allow that the lake-relics proceed from an age long anterior to the Christian era, and very far more remote than the Roman conquest. Even supposing the objects now discovered to be coeval with the time when Herodotus mentions the Pæonian lakes, they remount to the seventy-fourth Olympiad, answering to four hundred and eighty-four years before Christ—an antiquity to be respected by us poor mortals who grow old in seventy whirls of our little planet.

Pursuing our investigations, we find that, dark as it may appear in its origin, the end of this lacustrine dynasty has a sad light cast upon its cause. The villages, the inhabitants, all evidently perished by a sudden catastrophe; and that catastrophe was Fire!

To understand this, by the architecture of fancy, reconstruct the primitive villages of the Swiss Lakers. Take your stand on some "coigne of vantage," whence you can see all that is not water or snowy summit covered with black-looking, crowded pine-forests, that team with the red-deer, once numerous in Switzerland, now extinct. Throw out your narrow, wooden causeways a hundred yards forward into the shallow waters nearest the shore, drive whole quincunxes of fir-poles into the bed of the lake, top them with rudely-fashioned planks, and upon the artificial peninsula now elevated above the waters transport a bit of riverly Orientalism—dwelling-places for man, gardens, if you wish, or patches

of ripened grain (for the catastrophe must have happened at harvest-time), such as, even at this day, may be seen floating on the half-quaggy, inundating rivers and channel-pools of China. Penetrate into these circular Red-Indian-like wigwams, that stand like beehives on the stationary rafts, and see the rude pots upon the earthen shelves, the traps in the floor for catching or preserving fish, the little barbarian children, tethered by the foot with a cord to a projecting stake lest they fall into the water (both these particularities are mentioned by Herodotus in his account of the Peonians), and behold the industrious natives themselves, the pygmy race, with their small but constructive and not cruel heads, and their long, flexible, Hindoo-like hands. Enter their manufactories for their ingenious tools and pretty ornaments; and, when you have set the whole nation busy at their several employments, suddenly crush the whole of your scene and drama by the irruption of some wild band of warlike Gauls, who annihilate our poor aborigines and their fragile dwellings by casting fire-balls into the lake-villages, and killing or carrying away the inhabitants.

No other combination of circumstances can account for the appearances which the remains of these villages present. The carbonized corn, the pieces of wood half burned, the marks of fire everywhere, all testify to the destruction of these villages by fire. Then, again, it is apparent that all industry stopped on a sudden. The workman was at his polishing, the housewife was grinding corn by hand between two flat stones; but, by a fall worse than that denounced upon Jerusalem—"the one taken and the other left"—of our poor Lake-people *none* were left. The late explorers of these mysteries came, at Moosseedorf, upon a marvelous heap of objects of industry, which, by their state and number, crowded over a considerable area, proved that the discoverers were standing on the site of the village manufactory of industrial implements. We were shown many proofs that it was so—pieces of serpentine, half fashioned and thrown away, because they had been broken in the cutting and rendered unfit for use; split stag's-horn, also rejected; and, more affecting still, instruments that were not thrown away because of defect, but were dropped, unfinished, because of a sudden alarm; axes that lay beside the handles, into which time was not given to insert them; poniards yet unsharpened; needles or hairpins yet unpointed.

He who visits Pompeii is not so much affected by the architecture he finds there as by the signs of human life that realize the sudden destruction of the city. The woman's crouching form, impressed upon the lava that had filled a cellar, interests the heart more than hundreds of tessellated pavements. The remains fetched up from the subaqueous Pompeiis of Switzerland also produce this touching and human effect. They are more than books or oldest parchments—more than Nineveh's cuneiform inscriptions so recently (and for the first time) deciphered by Mr. Smith of the British Museum—more than all these, wherein to read how race after race

of men do verily pass away, according to old Homer's deathless simile, like leaves of trees. Science, too, on such evidences of abrupt conclusions of things, is most wonderfully impelled to speculate on the wherefore of these stern closings-up of human periods. It is as if some power had grown tired of a particular creation. Strong relation here to the geology of Nature, in which the mintage of preceding eras is found suddenly to cease; the medals, indeed, laid up in the stupendous repositories of a past creation, but the die that stamped them broken forever and cast away as a thing of no account. No otherwise is it with the geology of man, with human relics subterranean or subaqueous. In the midst of their full life they were suddenly and utterly destroyed—if not by a volcano or an earthquake that ingulfs or overwhelms them, by man's own rage. Some excavations have displayed people suddenly crushed by some other people. The conquered are gone; the conquerors themselves have passed away. Similarly the Swiss lakes are now giving up their records of hasty catastrophes and nations blotted out forever. But why so sudden? Why so complete? Here the doom-book is silent.

We can only glance at later eras to be read in the contents of Professor Troyon's interesting museum. Arranged with infinite knowledge, this complete collection rises from the Age of Stone and Wood to that of Bronze, and soon to periods still remote, but which are assimilated to our own time by form and material; periods in which the luxury of the precious metals, and the beauty of gems, far from being unknown, were displayed in works of human fancy, then young and vigorous, which modern art but feebly imitates.

There is, however, one group of relics of the ante-Roman period, evidences of an event that probably occurred two centuries before Christ, which we cannot pass over in silence, since these evidences contrast most strikingly with any revelations that we obtain of the harmless, childish, and in all respects—except the poniards—peaceful people of the Lakes.

The time had grown warlike, as the bronze spear-heads and swords demonstrate. The human beings had grown larger—we could almost insinuate our hands into the inflexible bronze circle without a clasp, which was called a woman's bracelet, while a woman's bronze girdle, with clasp, gave no wasp-like idea of the women's waists of the period. Society had left the lakes, as too tame, in order to dwell in the hills and forests—living, to construct bloody altars; dying, to be buried and potted in tumuli. The relics we were now surveying came from a tumulus opened some years ago, under the direction of Professor Troyon—of course, in a forest on a hill. The hill and the forest are about five miles from Lausanne inland. The relics are three earthen pots, which are filled with calcined-looking stuff; then sundry small bones of animals; then a number of warlike implements, and a still greater number of female ornaments, consisting of glass-bead necklaces and bracelets that have an Egyptian character, and a very curious appendage like a

little bronze cage, with a round white stone loose in it—a child's rattle, in fact.

These objects were found in the following order: Lowest were the earthen pots that held all which had once been a hero or heroes. Above these came a vast assemblage of bones—supposed to be those of the warrior's favorite animals, which were slain in order that they might accompany him into Hades. At the summit of the tumulus—crowning the terrible interest—were four skeletons of females, supposed to be the warrior's four wives—also sent after him to his long home.

Concentrating the interest, we take the professor's account of the uppermost skeleton. It was that of a young female in an attitude of supplication and wild agony. The knees were bent as if she had implored for life; the arms were cast on high, as if in frantic deprecation of her fate. She had evidently been tossed upon the top of the pile, and her limbs yet retained the very posture in which she died. Then earth and stones had been thrown hastily over the corpse, to crush out the remains of life if any remains of life there were. A large stone had shattered one of her feet; another lay across her arm, the bone of which it had broken.

"Was she stoned to death?" we asked.

"No," replied the professor; "she was probably slaughtered at a stone altar, which was close to the tumulus, and in which the customary blood-basins of the heathen are still to be seen *in situ*—for the altar, as we had others of the same kind, we did not

remove from its place. Besides, it was the wish of the owner of the wood that the relic should remain on his property."

"Did you preserve the skeleton?"

"I could not. It fell into a thousand pieces in being removed from the pile. But here is the young creature's skull; and you see by the teeth (beautiful, are they not?) that the poor thing was young."

We were struck by the preservation of the small and perfect teeth; and, moreover, by the fact that the skull was beautifully and intellectually formed.

"Ay!" said the professor, "it was an affecting sight to see that skeleton uncovered, telling its own poor history of two thousand years ago! Several ladies, my own wife included, who were present at the exhumation (the whole search into the tumulus took four days; and, as it excited great interest, was attended by many people), shed tears as they looked at the remains."

We felt how possible it was, even for a man, to have wept at such a drama; and the thought occurred to us: "Eras do not always rise to better things! The poor, gentle savages, on their artificial islets, would not have done the deed which the nation of the forest, capable as it was of higher arts, arms, and manufactures, so fanatically perpetrated. Was there ever a priest upon the tethered rafts of the Lakers? We find no trace of him! But here were evidently a grand sacrificator and an unexceptionable altar. Blessed be the faith which has overturned every sacrificial altar save that of the loving heart!"

## STORM-FRAGMENTS.

THE storm had raved its furious soul away;  
O'er its wild ruins Twilight, spectral, gray,  
Stole like a nun, 'midst wounded men and slain,  
Walking the bounds of some fierce battle-plain.  
The ghost of thunder muttered faintly by;  
While down the uttermost spaces of the sky,  
Just where the sunset's glimmering verge grew pale,  
The baffled winds outbreathed their dying wail!  
The sombre clouds that thronged a shadowy west  
Writhed, as if tortured monsters of unrest,  
Whose depths the keen sheet-lightnings rent apart,  
To show what fiery torment throbbled at heart!  
Where raged of late the war of elements dread,  
Brooded a solemn silence overhead,  
Through which, beyond the cloud-strewn, heavenly field,  
The moon shone gory as a warrior's shield  
Dipped in the veins of many a vanquished foe;  
Blood-red, I marked the wandering vapors flow  
Vaguely about her, while her lurid light  
Scared the vague vanguard of the shades of night;  
Their banded hosts retreating wild and dim,  
In shattered cohorts o'er the horizon's rim:  
Yet, the broad empire of those baleful beams  
Heaved with strange shapes and hues of nightmare  
dreams!  
Here, as from cloud-born Himalayas rolled,  
I saw what seemed a cataract's rush of gold,

Hurled between shores of darkness, dense and dire,  
Down to a seething mountain-lake of fire;  
There, dismal catacombs whose nether glooms  
Yawned, to reveal their loathsome place of tombs:  
Caverns of mystic depth, whence bubbling came  
The blue-tinged horror of sulphureous flame;  
Fragments of castles, with fresh blood besprent,  
Gaunt, ruined tower, and blasted battlement—  
On which, flame-clad, and tottering to their fall,  
Dark eyes of frenzy flashed o'er cope and wall!  
With awful ocean-spaces, limitless, grand,  
Where spectral billows lashed a viewless land;  
Their mountainous floods a frowning senith kissed,  
But glimpsed, at times, 'twixt folds of phantom-mist.  
I viewed, as faintly touched by muffled stars,  
The semblance of dead forms, on shipwrecked spars  
Whirled upward, and dead faces, a white spume  
Smote to false life against that turbulent gloom,  
Where mournful birds, on pinions gray or dun,  
Circled, methought, o'er some half-perished sun,  
Whose feeble lustre, faltering upward, flings  
A sad-hued radiance round their pallid wings;  
Yea! all fantastic shapes of terror, wrought  
'Twixt errant fancy and dream-haunted thought,  
Until I seemed with Dante's soul to fly  
Through new Infernos, shifted to—the sky!



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THOSE among us who so earnestly deplore the dangerous tendencies of American life—the alleged decline of religion and increase of extravagance, the growing taste for luxury and display, the spread of corruption and dishonesty—commonly overlook many of the hopeful and saving conditions of our life, as well as overstate the extent and danger of the evils they lament. We have often in these pages insisted that the indictments so freely framed against American society pertain to classes rather than to the people as a whole. In a community like ours, where there are so many persons accumulating wealth and advancing in the social scale, there will always be a good deal of vulgar ostentation and extravagance, and the example of this class is with many persons undoubtedly pernicious. In periods when there is a rapid and general decline in prices, especially those that follow times of inflation and speculation, there will always be many instances of defalcation and faithless trust. Men's moral natures can withstand but a definite amount of pressure, just as their physical powers have an absolute limit of strain; and hence, in all transitional periods, whenever men are subjected to unusual temptations, or pressed by unusual disasters, an increased number of persons will be found to prove untrustworthy. But these instances, numerous as they may be, scarcely represent the real temper, tone, or character of the community—they represent only that speculative, reckless, unprincipled class that are found everywhere, and which so long as they prosper are little heard of, but who inevitably in reactionary crises are sure to go to the wall, both pecuniarily and morally. In the United States this speculative class is large, conspicuous, and, in a measure, dangerous, but to the great majority of people they are a warning rather than an example.

There is one characteristic of our people that should be considered by those who watch the signs of the times with so much apprehension. This is their elasticity, the readiness with which they abandon erroneous ideas, their quickness to perceive the evils that arise from any specific course of action. At bottom we are a practical, sagacious, reasonable community. That order must be maintained, property rendered secure, laws administered, and the general well-being of society preserved, are axioms deeply rooted in every American mind. The multitude may have erroneous ideas of finance, may indulge in a bitter denunciation of capitalists, may dream of an Arcadia for work-people, may cherish for a time the notion that legislatures can so regulate things that wealth shall be distributed with a more even hand, but these theories would quickly give way with the great mass if they were found to lead to anarchy or any form of insecurity. The political movements of the times look, doubtless, very dangerous to many cautious and conservative people, but it must be remembered that these movements are really prompted by a passionate purpose on the part of the multitude to better their condition,

and that wrong or impracticable as many of their theories are, they are adhered to because they are believed to be wise and just, and hence they are sure to be disarmed of their dangerous features by the sober sense of the community, should they ever come into practical operation. The errors of these people are not, moreover, to be overcome by denunciation or bitterness, but rather dispassionate argument. It is the fashion, for instance, in many newspapers to either sneer at or intemperately denounce all paper-money schemes and advocates. This exhibition of bad temper usually does nothing more than create a suspicion that those who display it are not wholly disinterested in their utterances. If the mistakes of these theorists were met with just and candid arguments, some good might be done; as it is, the course of the advocates of "hard money" is well calculated to do their cause more harm than good. It is well, in connection with the currency question, to remember that, in the case of the Silver law passed last winter, neither the predictions of its enemies nor the expectations of its friends have been verified.

We may rest in confidence that the wild vagaries of the day will for the most part go off into air; but are we, it may be asked, to be ceaselessly subjected to disturbances of this kind? Must the community be always in a state of agitation about currency, the rights of labor, the distribution of wealth, and kindred themes? Must there always be warfare between classes, and always the danger of a dominant power likely to be agrarian and destructive? Is there no way to settle principles and permanently fix our national and social policy? We think there is, but, most unfortunately, those who are most disturbed by the present mutterings and agitations have no clear idea of the method by which the spirits that threaten us may be exorcised. Now, just so long as it is generally assumed that government has some sort of occult parental authority over affairs; that its function is to give protection to industry, provide means for education, nurture the arts, aid science and literature, regulate the hours of labor and the rates of wages, furnish money, support enterprises of any kind, so long will there exist organizations and schemes designed to seize upon and direct this vast power to special ends. The sole remedy against them is in simplifying government, in rigidly limiting its functions and powers, in restricting or deposing the power which these schemes are attempting to control. If there could prevail through the length and breadth of the land a wise distrust of all government, if people everywhere realized that in every country and in every age the powers that rule have invariably worked mischief except when limited to purely police functions, that the sole business of the state is to maintain peace and administer justice, there would soon be an end to the agitations that now seem so portentous of evil. But if manufacturers struggle to manipulate tariffs to their own profit, if merchants

are ever clamoring at Washington for subsidies to further their enterprises, if men of science are busy with schemes that involve national aid, if writers and artists complain that government pay does not enrich them, if colleges and institutions of all kinds are ever restlessly intriguing for congressional endowments, if railway-companies take possession of congressional lobbies in the pursuit of favorable legislation, if we see every interest trying to manipulate the government to its own ends, is it at all surprising that the work-people should follow this instruction, and believe that laws can and should be made to foster their interests? How are we to expect the great working mass to withhold their hands when they see all the rest of the world struggling to get at the governmental paps? We need a radical upturning and revolution of public thought. We need a party the creed of which shall be, few laws and little government, the subordination of the state, and its exclusion from everything not absolutely necessary to the maintenance of order. There will be no peace for us until such a party arises and succeeds in inculcating the whole people with its doctrines. If we go on as we do, every decade will bring up its fresh issues, its new plans for impracticable things, its new threatenings and dangers. Teach the people that under the true ideal of a democratic government there should be the utmost freedom of exertion, absolute choice of vocation, the most unobstructed right to employ one's talents or resources in the way that suits him best—that he may buy without governmental tax or interference as he lists, sell as he lists, manufacture as he lists, come and go as he lists, adhere to what faith he lists, and that the sole restriction upon him would be to respect the rights in others that he exercises for himself; that the sole purpose of government being to provide that he shall not be molested in his buying, selling, manufacturing, coming and going, believing, or doing, everything else it attempts is sure in the end to prove a downright evil. With a wide-spread conviction of this character, we should secure to ourselves exemption from the turpitudes and dangers that now beset us.

THERE is one striking fact about the Socialism, Communism, Nihilism, or by whatever name it may be called, with which many believe we are threatened, that is worth noting. This is, that it flourishes really only in despotic countries, and soon languishes and withers whenever it comes in contact with real liberty. In a free country there is really no substantial food on which such fanaticism, bred in discontent, and nourished by oppression, can support its existence. In the United States it is producing, for the moment, a sort of yellow-fever epidemic among people out of work, and therefore in a state of discontent. But it is essentially ephemeral in a country where there is equality before the law, where there is no class oppression, or heavy administrative despotism weighing down upon the mass. It is likely, as we are already beginning to see, to waste itself in wind and words. The average American is too well aware of the ample protection which the laws afford him, the am-

ple opportunity he has "to get on," and the danger to his own material well-being from any serious overturning, to listen long or calmly to the wild theories of the Socialist and Communist. This is a land where, happily, it is only the very few who have not "a stake in the country;" the men who have no property to save, no family to cherish, are rare. Were there real, serious, seated grievances; were the people ruled, and taxed, and conscripted, without reference to their own desires or opinions, Socialism might find a foundation whence to work a great deal of mischief. As it is, the fever will doubtless pass, and leave us still grounded on the substantial basis of orderly government.

The fact that such theories or violences as those of the Socialist can only thrive or become formidable when the people are really oppressed by unjust and arbitrary powers above and independent of them, is strongly illustrated by the change that has taken place in France during the past eight years. Socialism flourished and was to be feared under the second empire. It shook the throne of Napoleon III., who recognized in it his most inveterate and perhaps most potent adversary. The people then had a real grievance. They were ground down by taxes they did not vote; they were governed capriciously without regard to their will; they were plunged into war without their consent; they were over-ridden by a great, corrupt, extravagant administrative machine, the movements of which they were quite powerless to control. All this was so much nourishing food for Socialism, which grew and threatened, and, after the fall of the empire, had become strong enough to seize and hold Paris, and long defy the veteran army of France. Eight years of republican liberty have changed all this. Only the other day, M. de Marcère, the Minister of the Interior, declared in a speech that there was no country more free from the dangers of Socialism than France. Liberty came and Socialism dwindled. The grievance on which it thrived was taken away. In England, Socialism has never flourished or become formidable. It is in the two most despotic countries in Europe—in Germany and Russia—that Socialism has become a real and increasing danger. In both it works by the dark methods of conspiracy and assassination. The Emperor William was twice shot at by Socialists within a fortnight. Two of the chief police officials of Russia were murdered by Nihilist emissaries within a few weeks of each other. In Germany it is found necessary to pass a law that suppresses the freedom of meeting and of the press, solely because the Socialists are so numerous, so dangerous, so secret, and so murderous. In Russia, the offenses of Nihilists are to be tried by the short, summary jurisdiction of military tribunals. What makes Socialism the more to be feared in both empires is, that it is not confined to the proletariat, to the lower classes, nor is it led only by coarse demagogues. Among its ranks are to be found nobles and professors, women of rank and education, lawyers, doctors, and even, in Russia at least, government officials. Working in the most impenetrable secrecy, with a network of organization throughout the empire, it may

well be looked upon with dread, even by potentates who have at their command an army of police and of spies, and who are able to apply their power with the rapidity and precision of military methods.

LAST month we had something to say about the significance of names and the effect they have upon the association of ideas. It is remarkable, indeed, what influence names often have upon the mind. How quickly they recall pleasant or unpleasant sensations! The name of one we have loved and lost, recurring after the lapse of years, produces a profound emotion. We are always prepared to like a stranger of whom we hear that he or she bears the same name as an old sweetheart or friend. On the other hand, the name of one whom we have disliked for any reason always grates at first upon the ear. A mere name will often vividly recall scenes long left behind, and even forgotten; just as does a strain of music, or a peculiar perfume, or the sight of some structure. Juliet's query, "What's in a name?" is answered by an indefinable though universal sentiment. There is sometimes that in a name which makes or prevents the making of a reputation, seizes or misses a chance in life. In art, politics, or letters, for example, a name is not seldom a powerful aid, or an equally powerful drawback. It must be difficult for a man named Smith to win fame; and, when we find a famous Smith, we are prone to credit him with having subdued one more obstacle in his path than most people have to do. But a name that is quaint or sounds oddly must help its bearer along the road to reputation. Shakespeare could hardly have avoided attracting notice when he presented himself to the public as a writer or actor of plays, by reason of his curious patronymic; and Cruikshank's name to a clever etching must have at once drawn attention to him. A curious illustration of the effect of a name, even upon minds the most prosaic and practical, occurred recently in a London police-court. A man who answered to the name of "Joseph Grimaldi" was brought before the magistrate charged with being found in "the third degree of drink." The case was clearly proved; but the magistrate hesitated. The familiar appellation had struck him, and, addressing the prisoner, he said: "You bear a famous name, and it is a pity that any one bearing it should bring discredit upon it. We most of us remember things in connection with the celebrated man who had the same name; and you can go!" The genial, childlike, inimitable clown of fifty years ago would surely have been gratified, could he have been conscious of it, at this testimony of his survival in the tender memory of a later generation, and might have exclaimed that, after all, fame is more than a mere "delusion of the imagination." Nor was he, who was worthy to have a biographer in Dickens, unworthy of this mark of respect to his memory; for Joseph Grimaldi, in his time, did as much to drive dull care away from the London heart as any man that lived.

Of course, the sentiment which so suddenly blossomed out of the law-laden, magisterial heart might be carried too far. It would not do to acquit an embezzling

John Howard, or a burglarious Milton, or a murderer who chanced to bear the name of Chesterfield; nor, on the other hand, would justice be done if a Titus Oates were convicted without evidence, or a Jonathan Wild consigned to Portland Prison because of his unfortunate cognomen. It has been related by a noted traveler that "in Greece the visitor becomes accustomed to having Pericles for a groom and Clytemnestra for a kitchen-maid;" and every time a famous name is thus found serving baser uses he who remembers the historic bearer of it can scarcely avoid feeling something like a shock. This feeling is turned to humorous account sometimes by our newspapers, which find some wit in remarking that "George Washington was yesterday convicted of stealing a pumpkin in Fulton Market," or that "John Milton was arrested in Oshkosh as a tramp." The importance of getting rid of an uncouth name, and assuming a well-sounding one, is betrayed by the frequent applications to exchange one for the other made to the State Legislatures. New cities and towns, despite the manifest convenience of having a uniform system of naming streets, frequently pay their homage to the sentiment and beauty there are in names by labeling their thoroughfares with a poetic and picturesque variety of appellations. The time of naming an infant is, with most families, a rather momentous crisis, and often the desire to name a child after some venerated ancestor or beloved relative is abandoned because the ancestor's or relative's name is unprepossessing, and a pleasantly-sounding name is substituted. Why should a boy be named Ichabod or Aaron when there are such names as Charles, Walter, and Alexander; or a girl be known as Keziah when she might be Grace or Mary? Thus it is that people, often being scarcely conscious of it, render homage to the significance of that mere word or sound—a name.

THE visit of a foreigner of cultivation and kindly instincts to this country is always something more than a merely social event. Especially is this so if the visitor exercises, by reason of his wisdom and position, a broad influence over the thoughts and opinions of his own countrymen. Acquaintanceship between nations, as between individuals, is a very powerful means of producing appreciation, amity, and concord. It may be said that with every Englishman of culture, accurate observation, and social influence, who comes to this country, the gross misconceptions with which Americans have been regarded in England are lessened. Charles Lamb, when asked on one occasion if he liked a certain man, replied, "No." "But do you know him?" "No, you dunce; for, if I did, I should like him." Now, every such visitor as we have described acts in his sphere as an authoritative introducer between the two nations; and the more wide-spread his influence, and the more fair and accurate his judgment of men and things, the more effect his introduction has. In this light the trip of Dean Stanley, of Westminster, to the United States, however private and merely recreative he may intend to make it, is a gratifying event. The dean is already well known in this country as one of England's most accomplished scholars,

most liberal theologians, and most effective teachers. By family, education, and surroundings, aristocratic, and in breeding and culture one of the highest and best types of English scholarship and gentlemanliness, Dean Stanley has yet always been alive to keenly popular movements and wants, and has deeply interested himself in all the events and tendencies that go to make up the progress of his age. He has been especially conspicuous for the deep interest he has taken in the culture and aspirations of young men; and his teachings have done very much to sustain among young Englishmen a high moral and intellectual standard. It is something, too, which it is well worth while for Americans to remember, that, being one of the most eminent of the aristocratic circle of the West End and the court, having his principal associations with the nobility, which, with few exceptions, were hostile to us, Dean Stanley was from first to last an ardent well-wisher and advocate of the Union cause.

We need not expect or wish that this distinguished scholar should, after the manner of Dickens, Trollope, and Dixon, sit down on his return in his historic study at Westminster, and write off his "impressions" of America; but we may be sure that, having observed us with the eye of a kindly and most intelligent critic, his judgment of us will be authoritative among a class that has misjudged us much, and will have its use in extending the acquaintance of the two countries. Besides the influence thus exerted by liberal-minded and well-observing Englishmen who come hither, each one who comes sets a fashion of coming. Others will follow, and will carry home their stories of the vigor, spirit, enterprise, rapid growth, and real culture, of American life. Englishmen are beginning to find out, as Americans did long ago, that a voyage across the Atlantic is, after all, a trifling trip. It looks less formidable every year. One no longer settles up his affairs as if he were going into distant and unknown regions, and amid mysterious perils. He decides on the voyage twenty-four hours before starting, packs his valise, and "takes a run across." There are many Americans who cross the Atlantic every summer for their vacation, as they used to go to Saratoga or the Adirondacks. So it is fast becoming "the thing" for eminent or titled Britons to run over either to lecture, or to take a jaunt to Niagara and Newport, or to seek a more lordly sport in the free Western wilds than the moors of Scotland or the fens of Lincolnshire afford. The more who come the better; for, although we may be quite independent of spiteful, unfriendly, and ignorant criticism, it is better to be friends with other people than coolly indifferent with them; and to have ourselves truthfully rather than erroneously reported to them.

SINCE the days when the old black-letter gave way to the form of type now in use, but few changes have been made in the art of book-making. The paper-makers have found the means of glazing and bleaching paper, and improved machinery has greatly reduced the cost of its production; the type-makers have varied the face of

type, securing greater elegance and delicacy of form; steam has rendered it possible to produce impressions with lightning-like rapidity, and the invention of stereotyping and electrotyping has enabled the printer to duplicate his book-pages with slight additions of cost. But, while numerous and important improvements have been made in the details of printing, no definite change has been made in it as an art. Movable types are still used; impressions consist of blackened letters upon a surface of white or slightly-tinted paper; and the form of a book when bound is nearly identically the same that it was when printed volumes first came into circulation. But an ingenious gentleman of Georgia now sends us several suggestions that, if carried out, would fairly revolutionize the art in a breath. His propositions are certainly original; they are eminently ingenious; they are radical and revolutionary; shall we venture to say they are wholly impracticable? He is a bold man who, in these days, dares to confidentially predict what will or will not come to pass. We will, therefore, let the reader draw his own conclusions both as to the practicability and desirability of our correspondent's suggestions. Here is his letter:

WASHINGTON, GA., September 7, 1878.

*Editor of Appletons' Journal.*

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to recommend, through the columns of your journal, some changes in the present method of printing that have suggested themselves to me as being worthy of some consideration. In the first place, it is well known that a great deal depends on the get-up of a book, for its popularity, in respect to size of type and interlineal space, and also in respect to the length of the lines, the narrow, double-column pages of your journal being more favorable to easy reading than the long-lined, single-column page. I would propose that the letters be printed by blackening the space, so that the letter be white rather than black, as at present printed, and over the whole page a greenish light varnish may be laid on, or the paper tinted green, to relieve the eye of fatigue that arises from too constant inspection of a white, glittering surface. Another suggestion is that the paper for fine books be saturated with some odorous drug as it comes out of the vat, to give it a pleasant fragrance. Many cheap, odorous substances may be used for this purpose. All confirmed bookworms, being well acquainted with the pleasant smell of old volumes, may appreciate the value of this suggestion. Thus it would follow from this proposed custom of printing that a library-room would breathe of the flavors of spices and pressed flowers instead of being, as now, redolent of printers' ink and leather bindings. Another improvement in regard to the subject of book-making might be to have the sheets of which the book-pages are composed made of a fluted, long sheet, folded like a fan, one side being printed, so as to be read without cutting the pages, and when this has been perused the other side may be read by unclamping the paper, and reversing the outer and inner edges, the book of folded paper being held in its binding by means of a metallic clamp or springy back. This would enable the book-maker to dispense with thread and paste, and at the same time lessen the labor of book-making, thereby cheapening books. It may be mentioned, finally, that the eyes of readers may be relieved of fatigue from the glitter of some paper by placing upon the book-page a thin sheet of glass tinted green or blue.

ROBERT TOOMBS, M. D.



## Books of the Day.

HAVING already in a previous number of the JOURNAL sketched Mr. Stanley's journeyings through and across Africa, and summarized his geographical discoveries, we need not undertake more in connection with his recently-published book<sup>1</sup> than to indicate its merits as a piece of literary work. It should be said at the start, however, that no mere outline of his journeys and discoveries can give an adequate conception of what Stanley has actually done for science. That he has solved nearly all the doubtful questions regarding the great lakes Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, penetrated the very heart of the "dark continent," and finally settled the ages-old problem concerning the sources and course of both the Nile and the Congo—these great achievements would furnish a more than sufficient basis for a world-wide and lasting fame; but, if he had solved no single one of the vexed questions of geography, his book would still be invaluable for the information which it contains concerning the countries, peoples, languages, customs, productions, fauna and flora, geology, meteorology, and scenery, of Equatorial Africa. Indeed, the copiousness, minuteness, and variety, of the information conveyed in every chapter, and on nearly every page, frequently render one forgetful for the time of the larger issues involved in the exploration, and the heroism and dauntlessness of purpose with which they are being pursued. Every incident, every detail, every fact, which is reported to him, or which falls under his own observation, even the changing aspects of Nature, are set down with the precision and exactness of a military report; and it is fatiguing merely to think of the constant mental alertness and strain of attention, to say nothing of the physical labor, which such a record represents. Though without the scientific training of several of his predecessors, it may be confidently affirmed that no previous African explorer has ever brought back with him such a quantity and variety of data regarding the geographical position, physical geography, altitude, climate, products, geology, and ethnology, of the various localities visited. Even the numerous illustrations which the volumes contain are mostly from photographs and drawings made by Stanley on the spot; and the admirable maps are understood to be little more than amplifications of the charts with which he had filled many pages of his note-book. And the wonder of all this is not fully realized until we reflect that all this information was gathered and recorded in the very midst of labors, dangers, difficulties, losses, sufferings, and responsibilities, such as would amply justify any man in postponing everything to the one object of preserving his own life and the lives of the confiding and helpless creatures whose safety depended upon his sagacity, watchfulness, and fortitude.

Another important feature in which the ampler narrative possesses a decided advantage over any possible abstract of it—even the explorer's own, as contributed to the journals which commissioned him to the enterprise—is the more favorable and attractive light in which it places Stanley's character and conduct. Considered in view of all the facts as now given, the charge that he acted aggressively toward the natives, and caused need-

less bloodshed, is utterly discredited. It is true that he records many "battles," and that he literally fought his way across a considerable portion of the continent; but there is not the slightest evidence that he participated in any conflict which he could avoid without abandoning the objects of the expedition, and imperiling the lives of those whom he was peculiarly bound to protect. No doubt it is possible, and even probable, that the accounts of his collisions with the natives have been somewhat dressed over with a view to meeting this charge; but there is an unmistakable kindness of feeling throughout the narrative which could not be simulated for a purpose, and which is very different from what one would naturally expect of a truculent captain, impatient of obstacles and ready at any moment for an appeal to arms. The success of the expedition, however, and the record of its losses, is the most conclusive bit of evidence. The loss of fifty-eight men, women, and children, by "battle and murder" during three years' wanderings through Africa, part of the time among the fiercest and most savage tribes of the entire continent, some of them armed with guns, cannot be said to indicate an excessive indulgence in hostilities; and the battle of Bumbireh Island, which has been made the special ground of complaint, appears to have been fought purely and solely in self-defense, though Stanley's was nominally the attacking party. In fact, the only substantial ground for the charge is that Stanley would not, like Livingstone and Cameron, allow his expedition to be thwarted by the threats or even the attacks of savages whose countries happened to lie on the line of his march, and whose only provocation to hostilities toward him was that he was a stranger, and that his people were few. In this, certain tender-hearted humanitarians will doubtless consider him to blame; but it should be frankly admitted that if every explorer were actuated by the motives which seem to have determined the course of Lieutenant Cameron at Nyangwé, the source of the Nile would have remained forever the impenetrable mystery which has baffled geographers for two thousand years and more.

Coming now to the literary quality of the book, the least observant reader will hardly fail to remark in it a decided improvement in manner as well as matter over the author's "How I found Livingstone." The consciousness of really great achievements—the consciousness, too, of possessing the qualities by which those achievements were rendered possible—has apparently had a sobering and elevating effect upon the whole tone of Stanley's thought and feeling; and the reader of the present work will lay it aside with a much kindlier feeling toward the author as well as a much heartier sentiment of respect for him. There is in it scarcely a touch of that uneasy self-assertion and aggressive egotism which marred if it did not spoil his earlier work; and most readers will be even more charmed with its variety of incident and adventure, and its graphic, spirited, lively, and picturesque style, than with its teeming abundance of information. Merely as a piece of literary workmanship, no previous or subsequent record of African discovery has quite equaled Captain Burton's "Lake Regions of Central Africa;" but, taken as a whole—considering the interest of its narrative, the extent of the field which it covers, the importance of the discoveries which it records, and the variety and exactness of its information—"Through the Dark Continent" is the best book of its kind that has thus far been produced.

<sup>1</sup> Through the Dark Continent; or, The Sources of the Nile, around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa and down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean. By Henry M. Stanley. With ten maps and one hundred and fifty woodcuts. New York: Harper & Brothers. Two volumes. 8vo, pp. 522, 566.

In his study of what he terms "The Origins of Contemporary France," M. Taine has now reached the most difficult as well as the most interesting portion of his work. In "The Ancient Régime," with the portrayal of which his task began, he had to deal with stereotyped and easily-distinguished social forms, with the orderly, natural, and logical progress of events, with a nation and people agitated, it is true, with the first throes of a gigantic political and social upheaval, but still recognizing the ties which bind men together in societies, and presenting to the casual observer a brilliant if deceptive appearance of strength and stability; in the "Revolution," of which the first volume has just been issued,<sup>1</sup> he has to portray a society which, as he says, has succumbed not to *revolution* but to *dissolution*, in which the ordinary sequences of cause and effect seem to be suspended, in which we behold the spectacle of a great social structure, the slow growth of centuries, resolved into its original elements, and the passions of the savage raging around the noblest and most venerable monuments of civilization.

In his survey of the Revolutionary period, M. Taine pursues the same method as that which he applied to the delineation of the Ancient Régime; and readers who can recall our notice of the earlier work will gain from it a sufficiently accurate idea of the character and quality of the present one. Discarding the commonly-accepted authorities, and the whole body of historical doctrine based upon them, M. Taine addresses himself directly to the original and contemporary sources of information—to the gazettes and newspaper files, the public and private memoirs, the letters and journals of travelers, and above all to the vast mass of manuscript documents preserved in the State Archives, and comprising the correspondence and reports of prefects, directors, farmers-general, commissioners of excise, magistrates, military officers, ecclesiastics, employés, and public and private persons of every kind and every degree. "Among these," says the author, "are men of every rank, profession, education, and party. They are distributed by hundreds and thousands over the whole surface of the territory. They write apart, without being able to consult each other, and without even knowing each other. No one is so well placed for collecting and transmitting accurate information. None of them seek literary effect, or even imagine that what they write will ever be published. They draw up their statement at once, under the direct impression of local events. Testimony of this character, of the highest order, and at first hand, provides the means by which all other testimony ought to be verified. The foot-notes at the bottom of the pages indicate the name, condition, office, and dwelling-place, of those decisive witnesses. For greater certainty I have transcribed as often as possible their own words. In this way the reader, confronting the texts, can interpret them for himself, and form his own opinions; he will have the same documents as myself for arriving at conclusions, and, if he is pleased to do so, he will conclude otherwise." Herein, indeed, consists the chief merit of M. Taine's work—it is a compilation at first hand from original and authentic documents, many of which are so important and instructive that it seems as if the real history of the Revolution has been hitherto unpublished. No previous writer has succeeded in giving us so close and intimate a view of the Revolutionary period, enabling us to contemplate as it were by actual vision the condition and sufferings of the

people, their blind throes of agony under the grinding weight of taxation and tyranny, their sudden awakening to the consciousness of power, their rude bursting of all the bonds that had hitherto held together the social fabric, the rapid predominance of the lowest and most violent elements of the populace, and the terrific rush from a state of feudal oppression to the wildest excesses of anarchical license.

It should be said in qualification, however, that the book has all the defects of its qualities. It is a truly marvelous product of laborious industry combined with penetrating insight and the highest literary skill; but it is the raw material of history rather than history itself, and the mind is bewildered and finally revolted by the infinite accumulation of details which illustrate no principle and lead to no formulated conclusion. As every judge and advocate knows, there is a point at which the mere cumulation and multiplication of evidence ceases to be of any use; but after M. Taine has proved, confirmed, established, and demonstrated a fact or proposition until no reader would dream of questioning it, he still goes on through page after page, crammed with details as compactly as a pocket-dictionary with words. The result is, that the reader loses the capacity either to retain or to discriminate; and after the first hundred pages or so, each successive chapter seems but a repetition with minor variations of what has gone before. In the present case, moreover, the steady and monotonous marshaling and classification of facts is relieved by very few of those brilliant, almost spectacular, descriptive passages which contributed a literary or rhetorical charm to the other attractions of "The Ancient Régime." The sentiment is colder, the tone more cynical, the style more severe, and the grouping less artistic. In our notice of "The Ancient Régime," we compared it to one of those wonderful mosaics in which rich and picturesque general effects are produced by the harmonious aggregation and arrangement of almost infinitesimal particles. In the present case, the mosaic assumes the rigid outlines of geometrical figures rather than the more pleasing forms of Nature or the imagination.

WITHOUT being in any sense what is called a great novel, "Mag,"<sup>1</sup> one of the recent issues in Harper's "Library of American Fiction," possesses qualities which lift it quite above the level of the ordinary stories of the day. For one thing, it is wholly removed from the conventional type both in plot and in characterization. Love-making, courtship, and marriage, play a very insignificant part in it; the customary avenues by which novelists usually seek to approach the sympathies of their readers are either avoided or ignored; and polite society will be apt to be slightly shocked by the manner in which its standards and prejudices are repudiated. The heroine of the story is a dissipated and reckless Irish girl, with one of those abnormally violent tempers which keep their unfortunate possessors in almost perpetual collision with their kind, and which carry with them the possibilities of fathomless degradation and crime. When first introduced to the reader, she is soliciting alms for the means of crossing a ferry, having just expended her last cent in the purchase of a pair of shoes, which she is carrying to her boy Johnnie, of whose origin, perhaps, she could give no precise account, but for the sake of visiting whom she has run away from her place and mistress. At the next stage we find her raging like a caged wild animal

<sup>1</sup> The Origins of Contemporary France. The French Revolution. Volume I. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, D. C. L. Translated by John Durand. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 12mo, pp. 356.

<sup>1</sup> Harper's Library of American Fiction. No. 4. Mag: A Story of To-Day. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 122.

in a jail, to which she has been committed for being drunk and disorderly, and for ferociously assaulting the magistrate; and from this point almost to the end, her career is that of the habitual "jail-bird," sinking rapidly from one deep of degradation to another, until at last she has lost even that passionate affection for her child which at best was but the animal instinct of maternity. Finally, she is rescued, after many efforts, by the compassionate sympathy and ministrations of a young lady, who, brought in contact with her by a series of accidents or coincidences, has been the reluctant witness of her downward progress; but the attempt to reform her is only so far successful that when she is killed by an accidental fall, we experience a sense of relief in the thought that she was called to the judgment-seat while her feet were groping toward the light, instead of staggering as usual along the broad highway of debauchery and sin. Even Nancy Sykes would be a much nearer approach to the conventional type of heroine than Mag; and yet the interest and even sympathies of the reader are very powerfully enlisted in her behalf, and there is no faintest suspicion of that taint of vulgarity and moral repulsiveness with which such a person and such associations are apt to be accompanied.

The narrative of Mag's career, indeed, is the sermon by which the author endeavors to enforce the text that our jails, as usually conducted, are agencies for the propagation of crime and criminals rather than for the abatement of the one and the reform of the other. This is the real aim and *motif* of the book, so that "Mag" is what is called "a story with a moral;" but it is wholly free from the dullness and the fantastic Utopianism which commonly characterize such stories. The character of Mag, merely as a piece of psychological portraiture, is well worthy of study, and her very difficult personality and surroundings are managed with surprising skill and delicacy. Nor is it only in the case of Mag that the character-painting is well done. Many figures flit across the pages—many more, in fact, than are at all necessary to the movement and coherence of the story—but each one assumes a distinct individuality, and acts naturally and intelligibly. A sentence or two, an anecdote, or a bit of dramatic dialogue, is all the author requires for outlining a personality, and her characters seldom degenerate into types or lay-figures. The sketches of negro life and character, which form a conspicuous feature of the book, are full of humor, and, though somewhat exaggerated, never lose their *vraisemblance*. The least successful portions of the story are those in which the author attempts to work within the conventional lines—the love-passages between Bertie and Albert, for instance; but even these are up to the average, and "Mag" exhibits a versatility of resource which, if the author can shake off the idea that she has a "mission," is full of promise for the future.

In the case of Paul Heyse the rich promise of his short stories and magazine sketches has reached an ample fulfillment in his novel "In Paradise."<sup>1</sup> Since the publication of Auerbach's "On the Heights," no finer or riper product of the German imagination has claimed the attention of English readers than is to be found in this intense, picturesque, original, and opulent story; and we can hardly be mistaken in predicting that it will obtain for its author a reputation as high if a popularity less extensive. Already, in Germany, it has been ac-

cepted as one of the masterpieces and classics of contemporary fiction; and in the exceptionally excellent English version in which it now appears, less than usual seems to have been lost of the qualities which have elicited for the original work the enthusiastic admiration of those best able to judge of the fidelity of its character-studies, the truthfulness of its social pictures, and the harmony and appropriateness of its local coloring.

"In Paradise" is a story of artist-life, and takes its rather enigmatic title from a club of Munich artists, which has been formed by a select circle of congenial spirits on the theory that it is possible even in the midst of this world to throw off the hypocrisy of society and return once more to a state of innocence—to substitute for the constraint, and conventionality, and Philistinism of ordinary life a social state in which each man shall act out his own individuality, and reveal himself as he really is. The opportunity thus afforded for depicting Bohemian artist-life, as it may be called, is very happily availed of by the author; and by those best capable of judging, the picture is pronounced a very faithful and vivid one. After all, however, the Paradise Club plays only a subordinate part in the story, and is used by the author chiefly as a medium for bringing together his leading characters and establishing their perspective and social *milieu*. These characters are all thoroughly fresh and original types, without being in the slightest degree *bizarre* or exaggerated; and, in spite of their remoteness from the conventional figures of society and the fiction-writers, have a natural air and a distinct individualism about them which convince the reader that they correspond to real existences, and are not mere creatures of the novelist's imagination. A more picturesque, amusing, and original figure than that of Herr Rosenbusch, the romantic battle-painter, verse-writer, and lady-killer, has not lately been introduced to the jaded public of novel-readers; and the half-hoiden, half-sprite, Zenz, has an archness, and vivacity, and *spirituelle* grace which are French rather than German or English. Not less pleasing if less piquant is the quaint, homely little figure of the portrait and flower painter, Angelica, whose enthusiasm for art is tempered by a genuine woman's instinct for the gentle amenities of domestic life, and whose fantastic humor and biting wit but thinly disguise a thoroughly tender and affectionate nature; and Kohle, Schoepf, Schnetz, and Rossel, types of the sharply contrasted but mutually attractive personalities which meet on this neutral ground of Bohemia, are effectively discriminated and individualized. Nor, if the author prefers the ampler field for his talent afforded by this artist-Bohemia, does he show a less familiarity with other and more conventional social circles. At several points, and through more than one leading character, his "Paradise" is linked with what may be termed high life above and low life below stairs; and the careful limning bestowed upon his favorite group is hardly more effective than the sharp chiseling and bold strokes with which the others are outlined. The canvas, indeed, is as crowded with various and diverse figures as one of Herr Rosenbusch's battle-pieces; and not the least impressive feature of the book is the skill with which the author discriminates, and realizes to the imagination, so many individuals and such numerous types of character. The only persons who lack this definition of form are the hero and heroine (Jansen, the sculptor, and Julie, his betrothed); and these are intentionally placed in a sort of inner sanctuary of genius and ideal beauty, into which the author himself is reluctant to pry too curiously.

The plot of the story is ingenious and intricate without being complicated, and the interest expands and

<sup>1</sup> In Paradise. A Novel. From the German of Paul Heyse. Collection of Foreign Authors. No. XII. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols., 16mo, pp. 322, 391.

deepens to the end. The style is wonderfully copious and picturesque, and the entire book exhibits an opulence of knowledge and intellectual resource which stimulates the intellect as much as the story stirs the emotions. One can obtain from it a profounder insight into the true principles and aims of art than from whole libraries of special treatises, and the artist-life of the time, or of any time, has never been portrayed with a more ardent sympathy or a higher literary skill. No recent story will be found to possess so fresh and original a charm; and though the book is long, few readers will reach the end without a feeling of regret that so keen an enjoyment is over.

In the popular estimate, which would not differ widely from that of the critics, no later stories of Bret Harte's have quite equaled in freshness of topic and vigor of treatment those earliest ones which so rapidly carried his name and fame wherever the English language is spoken or English literature admired. He has never descended quite to the commonplace level of the conventional storytellers; but there was a time when it really seemed that in both prose and poetry he had exhausted the original fount of his inspiration, and could do little more than repeat his themes with slight variations. That his genius was not extinguished, however, but only suffering from a temporary eclipse, was proved by occasional brilliant gleams of the old light, and is demonstrated anew by the latest collection of his stories, entitled "Drift from Two Shores,"<sup>1</sup> and containing some of his very best and most artistic work. Most of the contents of the volume have already appeared in one or other of the magazines; but the impression of the author's power, and especially of his variety of resource, is greatly increased by reading them together where the effect of contrast and comparison is brought out.

Of the two divisions of the book, it is evident that the first, containing stories and sketches of far-Western life, is much the best; but when we come to the particular stories, it is not so easy to decide. "The Man on the Beach" is in a vein somewhat different from that usually worked by the author in his Western studies; but it exhibits the old skill and vividness of delineation, and will take its place among the score or so of Bret Harte's stories upon which popular favor has set its seal. "Two Saints of the Foot-Hills" is more in the author's usual style, though not in his happiest, since its motive is satirical instead of sympathetic, and plays upon a lower key of feeling than is touched by his better stories and poems. "Jinny" is one of those inimitable studies of animal character in which Bret Harte's peculiar humor and his faculty of acute observation appear in almost their most pleasing form; and "A Ghost of the Sierras" has a dramatic intensity of interest which renders the reader indifferent to its melodramatic action and its somewhat obtrusive artifice of construction. "Who was my Quiet Friend?" and "Roger Catron's Friend" are excellent stories of the usual Bret Harte type; and "The Hoodlum Band, by Jack Whackaway," belongs to the series of "Condensed Novels," in which Bret Harte may be fairly said to have surpassed Thackeray, the hitherto recognized master in this field. "The Hoodlum Band" is not one of the best of the series as a literary performance, but it makes a murderous assault upon a too prevalent type of cheap juvenile literature, and may contribute to rectify one of the undoubted evils of the time.

The second division of the book contains sketches of Eastern (American) life and manners, and is altogether

of a slighter texture than the one devoted to Western life; yet some of the sketches are exceedingly happy, and all have a certain vivacity of style which makes them very easy reading. Particularly good are "The Man from Solano," "My Friend, the Tramp," and "The Man whose Yoke was not easy;" but comparisons are indeed odious when instituted between things which are all so well calculated to afford pleasure, and it is sufficient to say that in placing "Drift from Two Shores" on the shelf beside the collection containing "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and its companion-pieces, the reader will feel that the expectations aroused by the one have not been disappointed in the other.

AMONG the many schemes for the entertainment and instruction of juvenile readers, none of recent date seems to afford a fairer promise of usefulness than Mr. George M. Towle's "Young Folks' Heroes of History," of which the initial volume has just been published.<sup>1</sup> "The aim of the series," says Mr. Towle, in his preface, "is to present, in as interesting a way as the author may be able, the true and exciting stories of some famous voyagers and discoverers whose names are not unfamiliar to young people, but whose deeds and adventures are less well known . . . to relate truthfully the romantic and thrilling adventures of the 'heroes' who are to form the subjects of the volumes, and to do this in a way that will attract and hold the absorbing attention of the young reader from beginning to end." Mr. Towle rightly thinks that important lessons in history can be conveyed by concentrating attention upon the achievements of great discoverers, conquerors, pioneers, and travelers in strange lands; and not only so, but principles of the utmost value in the formation of character can be most effectively instilled by exhibiting them as exemplified in the career and conduct of distinguished men.

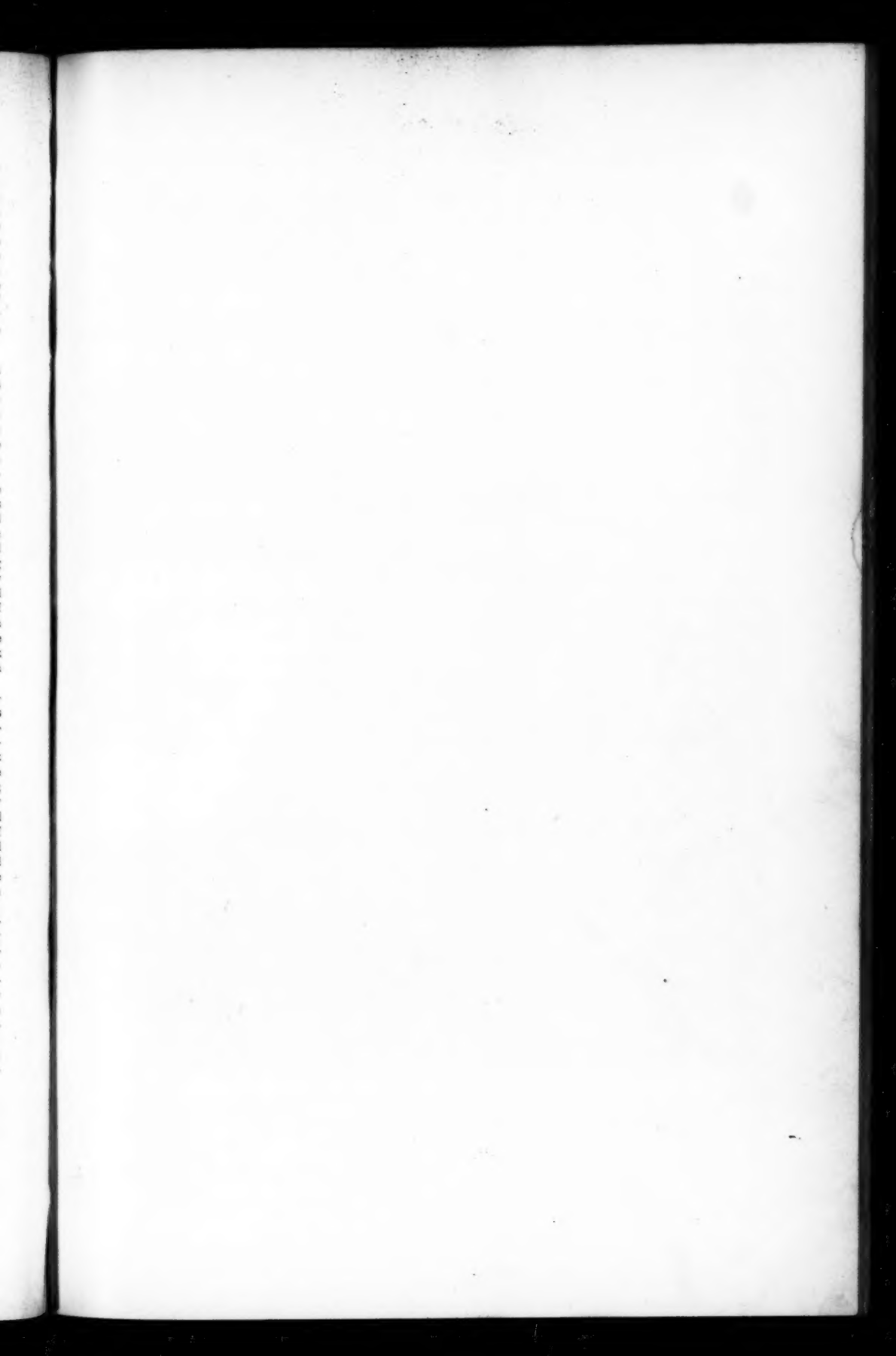
For the opening volume of such a series a better subject could hardly have been found than "The Voyages and Adventures of Vasco da Gama." Next to the discovery of the New World by Columbus, Da Gama's voyage round Africa to India was unquestionably the most important event of the age in which it occurred, and the one which has had the most far-reaching consequences; and no voyage of ancient or modern times was ever characterized by more thrilling, picturesque, striking, and romantic adventures. The plainest and barest record of these adventures would have an undying interest; and as narrated in Mr. Towle's vigorous, animated, and rapid style, they exercise upon the reader's mind the irresistible fascination of an Arabian Night's tale. Viewed from the standpoint of the audience to which it is addressed, the only fault of the book lies in its omission of all details concerning Vasco da Gama's life prior to his being selected by the king to command the expedition to India. With young readers, who are apt to be hero-worshippers by instinct, the primary interest will be in Da Gama personally; and they will be sure to want to know whence he came, what he had done, and what were the circumstances of his life, prior to that picturesque episode in which, as an elegant and courtly cavalier, he saunters across the palace-hall, and is then and there chosen by the king for the perilous task which he performed so nobly.

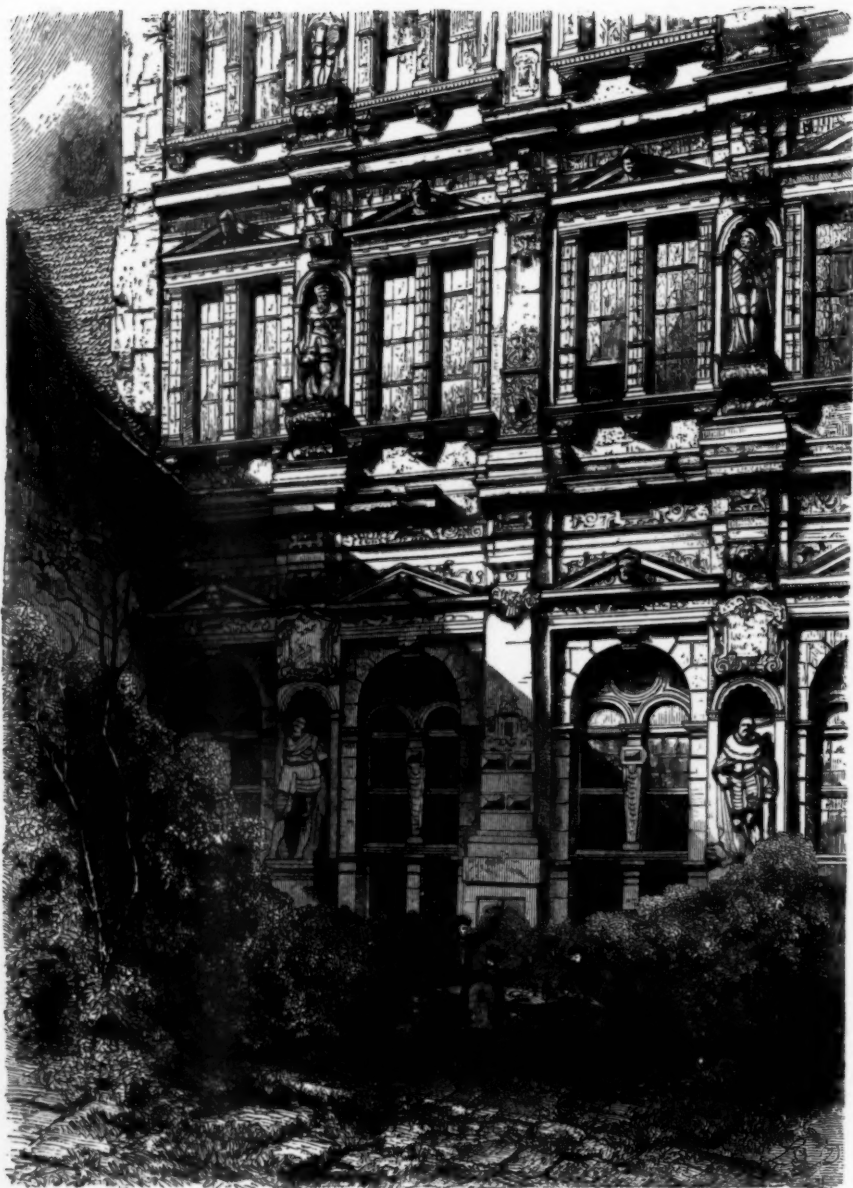
The book is issued in tasteful and attractive style, with a number of rather pleasing woodcuts, one of which, at least, might very well have given place to an outline map showing Da Gama's route in going and returning.

<sup>1</sup> Drift from Two Shores. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Little-Classic style, pp. 266.

<sup>1</sup> Young Folks' Heroes of History. The Voyages and Adventures of Vasco da Gama. By George M. Towle. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo, pp. 294.







FREDERICK'S WING, CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

*"A German Town and Castle," page 497.*